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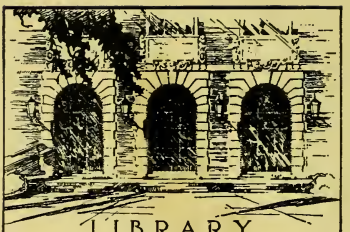

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# THE ADVENTURES

OF

# A KING'S PAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALMACK'S REVISITED."

"If you would know whether Virtues or Vices keep a man farthest from a Court, go to Court and learn."—WINTER'S TALE.

"Les bonnes copies sont celles qui nous font voir le ridicule des méchants originaux."—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1829.

# THE ADVENTURES

OF

# A KING'S PAGE

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## CHAPTER I.

SOME months had already elapsed without any remarkable event having taken place, and Beverley therefore gladly accepted the offer of a brother officer to accompany him on a mission to the celebrated guerilla chieftain, Julien Sanchez, whose band was stationed in one of the small villages in the Sierra de Gata, two days' distance from Guinaldo, whither he had just returned from a successful excursion against the enemy, which was however marked with circum-

stances of such atrocious barbarity, as to call forth the immediate interference of the English general.

The position of this mountain-hamlet, accessible only by a narrow path winding through a deep glen, between whose high impending rocks rushed a foaming torrent traversed by a single arched bridge; its stupendous precipices, its lofty crags and yawning chasms, its wild and elevated situation, commanding a view of the country on one side as far almost as Salamanca, and on the other to the mountains of the Tras os Montes, were admirably adapted for the retreat of those desperate men, who neither showed nor hoped for mercy. The scene which the interior of the village presented was perfectly in character with the wild region in which it was situated; numbers of these bold and ferocious-looking guerillas were scattered about the streets in attitudes and occupations at once picturesque and characteristic.

Some lay asleep before the doors, rolled up in their brown cloaks; others, with their close shaved heads and shaggy faces peeping through the slit in the centre of their striped blankets,

which hung in loose folds over their shoulders like a circular mantle, were burnishing their weapons; whilst others again were seated on the ground, performing for their comrades that kind office so peculiar to the Spanish toilet; some lying on the pavement, were playing at the Spanish game of cards called *montes*, whilst a few others standing by, were either calmly smoking, or preparing their paper cigars: here, a party were assisting the village smith to clinch on the rude shoe upon a horse whose drooping ears and falling quarters, as well as the mark on his neck and flank, bespoke him to be a prize from the enemy; there, within an enclosure, a group of finely formed fellows, with the montero cap of Andalusia, bare necks, and shirts worked with black worsted, were amusing themselves at the athletic game of the *Vara:* * whilst half a dozen bystanders, their heads enveloped in red or blue handkerchiefs, dressed in the broad leather belts and brown jacket of Castile, were squeezing a

* This consists in throwing an iron crow bar to a great distance: the principal art is, to hold the arm at right angles with the body, so as to make the iron spin vertically through the air, and pitch on its point; it is an exercise requiring great muscular strength and skill.

thin frothy wine from a pig-skin, into wooden stoups.

The dresses of those who were equipped for duty, of whom several were sauntering about the village, were at once soldierlike and fantastic. It consisted of a large bear-skin cap, similar to those worn by the French horse artillery, with red pouch, a long feather of the same, and a blue or brown hussar pelisse, trimmed with black undressed sheep's skin. Their overalls were of the same materials, capped and seated with brown tanned leather, vandyked, and worked with red cotton, and ornamented down the side with a row of metal buttons; whilst their feet were protected by the common ox-hide sandal peculiar to the province, few possessing the luxury of a pair of boots. Their arms comprised a long lance with a red pennon, and a carbine slung across their shoulders; around their waists was entwined the common red worsted sash, surmounted by the ancient leather cartouche box, in which were stuck a brace of large horse pistols. A sabre clanked from their left side, whilst on the other was suspended by a leather thong the murderous *cuchillo*.

On inquiring for the Chieftain's quarters, they

were ushered into a low chamber, where they found Sanchez reposing on a bed which occupied the alcove. From his mouth protruded a paper cigar, and in his hands were a pack of dirty cards; whilst two ferocious-looking men, enveloped in large mantles, were seated on wooden stools by his side. Upon the entrance of the English officers, the two men, whom Don Julien called his aid-de-camps, rose, offered their seats, and then retiring on one side, commenced cutting, rubbing, and rolling some tobacco in the palms of their hands, for the cigars which they subsequently offered to Beverley and his companions.

Without being in the slightest degree disconcerted at the appearance of the strangers, Sanchez raised himself in his bed, and exposed his naked, shirtless chest and shoulders; and after breaking forth into an hundred welcomes and vivas, interlarded with the frequent repetitions of the favourite Spanish oath, said, "You must excuse my getting up to embrace you, Señores; my wardrobe is not large; one of my people is now washing my shirt;" *dos espuelas y una camisa, carramba!!* and then wishing that an hundred devils would carry off

the dilatory rascal for being so slow at his task, he dipped himself under the blanket, which served him as a coverlid, and then drawing it over his shoulders, thrust his head through a slit in its centre, and thus caused it to perform the office of a cloak; then inhaling an immense quantity of smoke, he retained it for a while, with evident satisfaction, in his mouth, and again sent it slowly forth in two long streams from his expanded nostrils, and grunted out a deep-toned *carramba!*

In the mean, time one of the aid-de-camps took a Bota, or leathern wine bag, which hung near the head of the bed, in company with a little ivory crucifix and *bénitier*, and squeezed from it four or five glasses of sparkling red wine; whilst the other placed on the table a goat's milk cheese, some of the *chorizos*, or hard sausages of Estremadura, a few nuts of garlic, the fragments of a ham, and one of the delicious white loaves of the Val de Carneiro.

Whilst Beverley and his friend were doing honour to this homely fare, which their long ride and the keen mountain air rendered most acceptable, Arthur took the opportunity of ex-

amining the person and figure of the celebrated partizan. To a short but well-proportioned figure, somewhat inclining to corpulency, Sanchez added loins and shoulders of remarkable strength and compactness, and limbs peculiar for their muscular power; few of his band being more expert in the use of the sabre, or more skilful at the athletic game of the *vara*. His teeth, in despite of perpetual smoking, were white and regular, and his eye piercing as that of the vulture; his thick sinewy neck supported a well-formed head, covered with jet-black curling hair, and as far as it was possible to distinguish his features through the forest of whisker, moustache, and shaggy eyebrows which in a great measure concealed them, their expression was that of momentary passion and irritability, rather than of habitual cruelty.

After having satisfied their appetites, and drunk to the healths of Fernando Septimo and of the good King George, *il padre de su pueblo;* Arthur's companion opened the business of his mission, and proceeded at once to remonstrate with Sanchez upon the barbarity with which he had treated some unfortunate sick and wounded French who had lately fallen into his hands.

"I am come to inquire," said the officer, delivering a paper from Lord Wellington, "in what manner you have disposed of the prisoners whom you took at Fuente-roblé."

"*Mi gente los ha cuchillados,*" replied the Guerilla coolly, puffing forth a column of smoke.

"What, in cool blood!" exclaimed the officer, with every mark of disgust and horror.

"Yes!" rejoined Sanchez, with the accompaniment of the never-failing oath; then clenching his teeth, and striking his hand against the wall, whilst his eyes assumed an expression of peculiar ferocity, he added, "Yes!—had they been two thousand instead of two hundred; had their blood flown in torrents like the waters of the Tormes, it would not have quenched one spark of that fire of mortal hatred and vengeance which rages within my heart and those of all my people."

"This cannot, must not be permitted," replied the officer; "such a mode of warfare is unworthy of the noble name of Spaniard; it is disgraceful to us as your allies, and scandalous to human nature. I am commanded by Lord Wellington to say, that if you continue these monstrous cruelties, he will withdraw his pro-

tection, and you will neither be supplied with arms, ammunition, nor rations."

"I can take from the enemy more than I require from the one; and where ten of your people would perish from hunger, an hundred of mine can subsist with facility," proudly replied the Guerilla.

"I am not come here to argue the subject, Señor Don Julien," rejoined the officer calmly, "but to deliver the commands of my General: you best know how far it will be prudent for you to disobey those commands: all I have to add is, that you and those of your people will be rendered responsible for the lives of the prisoners who may fall into your hands, his Lordship being resolved to put an end to these inhuman butcheries."

"Butcheries!" roared out the indignant Chief, his mouth foaming, and his eye fiercely rolling, whilst the suppressed oaths and murmurs of his two attendants kept time to the exclamations of their Captain;—"butcheries!" continued Sanchez; "yes, I was once a butcher, but I slaughtered cattle only; until these bloodhounds came amongst us, the thought of spill-

ing human blood would have congealed my own. Butchers! yes, did I not see my grey-headed father and helpless mother murdered before my very eyes?—did I not witness the pollution of my wife and sisters?—was I not plundered of all my worldly possessions, and the very roof under which I was born, reduced to a blackened mass of cinders? Speak not, then, to me of mercy and humanity,—you who have no wrongs to redress! Talk not to me of the cruelty of my people, you who have no murdered parents, no violated wife or daughters, to revenge!—Know, Señor," added he, in the same strain of vehemence, "that there is not one man amongst my poor companions who is not bound to me by the same spirit of mortal vengeance; there is not one who has not sworn never to sheathe his knife so long as it can drink the blood of these monsters. Yes! every Frenchman who falls into our hands alive, shall only be wrested from them a corpse; be they awake or asleep; sick, or wounded; fainting with hunger, or burning with thirst; grovelling at our knees for mercy, or clinging to the image of the blessed Virgin for protection:"—here he paused,

seized the knife which hung by a thong to his girdle, and exclaiming with an air of desperate ferocity, "thus shall they perish, *guerra al cuchillo*!" drove the blade up to the very haft in the wine-bag suspended near his bed, whence the red liquor spurted across the room with all the similitude of blood.

During this conversation, the apartment had gradually filled with numbers of the guerillas, who, partly from curiosity, partly from the loud vociferations of their Chief, had been attracted to the spot. The fierce countenances and fiery gesticulations of these men, their oaths, murmurs, and the manner in which their hands grasped their knives, together with the savage roll of their eyes, as they glared over one another's shoulders, showed how fully they participated in the feelings of their leader; in fact, it seemed as if they merely awaited a signal from Sanchez to spring upon the officers, who, with an involuntary movement of self-defence, placed their hands upon their sword-hilts, and turned towards the half circle which was drawing closer around them.

Appeased, as it were, by having expended

his choler on the Bota, Sanchez bade his people, in no gentle terms, to quit the apartment, and again addressed the English officers, saying, "Fear not, children, we are brothers: I love the English. Here, *higos*, bring wine." Then, filling a large coarse glass to the brim, he lifted it up, and ere he poured the contents down his throat, exclaimed, "Long live Wellington! Long live Don Julian Sanchez! and perish the French!"

"Let them perish, the dogs!" was re-echoed by an hundred deep-toned voices, whose gnashing teeth and uplifted hands showed the desperate sincerity of their invocation.

After a further conversation of some duration, and after submitting to the operation of being embraced by Sanchez and several of his officers, Beverley and his companion took their leave, and proceeded on their return, attended by half-a-dozen of the *Guerillas*, who were ordered by Don Julian to escort his visitors until they should reach the British outposts.

Having passed the night at a small village at the foot of the mountains, the party continued their journey towards the Agueda, at a

rapid pace, eager to reach head-quarters, as the rain, which fell in torrents, not only produced a mist, which shrouded the surrounding landscape at the distance of a few yards, but completely put a stop to all conversation. They had already approached within a mile or two of the river, and were ascending a narrow precipitous glen, whose banks were clothed with a thick and impervious covering of the flowering cistus, arbutus, and flexil; Beverley was listening to some of the many patriotic songs then current in Spain, which, in spite of of the weather, the Guerillas were chanting in that nasal but not unpleasant tone peculiar to the muleteers and peasantry; he had begged them to repeat that, the first stanza of which begins:

"Adoude vas, Marmont?
Tan templana y de mañana:
Si te coge Wellington,
Te hay de zurrar la pavana.
Ay Marmont! Marmont!"

"Where goest thou, Marmont?
Why, thou 'rt early astride;
If Wellington catch thee,
He'll dust thy old hide."

Suddenly he was startled by hearing a shrill whistle from the Guerilla, who, as a matter of form rather than of necessity, had been sent on as a vidette. Looking forward, he saw him cast back his mantle, lower his carbine, stoop, fire, spring from his saddle, and, abandoning the animal he rode, disappear amongst the surrounding underwood. At the same moment, a thousand black caps, created as if by magic, rose from amongst the adjacent foliage; a thousand bright barrels gleamed through the mist; there was an instantaneous rolling of musketry, the whistling of shot, and the echo of groans; and ere Arthur could disengage himself from his heavy mantle, his horse bounded into the air, reared, plunged, crouched trembling to the very ground, and then, making one desperate spring forward, rolled head foremost in the agonies of death, bearing his rider senseless with him to the ground.

When Beverley recovered the use of his faculties, he found himself lying on the bank by the way-side, surrounded by numerous strange faces; and so unexpected had been the surprise, so well arranged the ambush, so sudden

the transition from liberty to captivity, that he could scarcely believe it possible that he was a prisoner in the hands of the French, a large number of whom filled the glen. An instant's glance at the scene around convinced him of the melancholy reality.

He looked for his companion; more fortunate than himself, he had escaped; but in the centre of the road lay two of the Guerillas, from whose dead bodies a party of French soldiers were stripping the garments; whilst a more numerous assembly were proceeding to hang a third Spaniard to the grizzled root of some dwarf plant, which projected from the crevice of an overhanging rock. In dragging their victim towards the fatal death-place, they passed close to Arthur, who saw that the miserable wretch's thigh was dreadfully shattered. By the big drops of perspiration which stood on his pallid brow; by his clenched teeth, his distorted features, and expanded nostrils, it was evident he suffered unutterable anguish; still, he neither groaned nor asked for mercy; but rolling his dark eye with a look of inextinguishable hatred and defiance, he uttered one

long and terrible malediction on his tormentors, and submitted, without farther murmur, to his fate.

With the exception of the loss of his watch, and whatever valuables he possessed, Arthur received no farther injury from his captors, who consisted, as he afterwards ascertained, of a strong patrole of cavalry and infantry, who had been reconnoitring the English outposts on the Agueda; more vigilant and quick-sighted than Beverley and his party, they had seen them from a considerable distance, and hoping that they formed the advance of the whole of Sanchez's band, had hastily thrown themselves into the covert, concealing their cavalry in the ravine below.

Having wreaked their vengeance on the Guerilla, the French again formed in regular order, and proceeded on their route; and it may be imagined with what bitter feelings of humiliation and disappointment Beverley attended his captors to the head-quarters of Marshal ****.

## CHAPTER II.

On arriving at the French head-quarters, Beverley met with all that attention and kindness, which he had in some measure anticipated from the gallant enemy into whose hands he had fallen; for, however severe and merciless their treatment of the Spaniards, especially the Guerillas or armed peasantry, it is but a just tribute to say, that their conduct towards the English was, with few exceptions, generous and noble-minded in the extreme.

Arthur's immediate necessities were forthwith relieved by orders of Marshal ——— himself, who forthwith directed a flag of truce to be sent to the British outposts, to request a supply of money and other necessaries; and in

the mean time invited the prisoner to dine with him.

In despite of the unpleasant reflections which the nature of Beverley's position naturally awakened in his mind, he awaited with considerable anxiety the hour which had been appointed for his presentation to the French Marshal; and if all he saw around him excited his curiosity even to a childish excess, so new, so strange did every thing appear, he plainly saw, as he walked through the streets, that he also was not less an object of curiosity, and, above all, of criticism to his lively captors. It was evident, that his long-waisted, tasteless coat, its little epaulette, its skirts wide opening behind, his grey pantaloons, with thin stripes of silver lace on the outside, and its buff-leather lining on the other, his frill sticking out in front like an expanded paper fan held vertically, his little cocked hat covered with velvet, with its pendant cock's-tail feathers dangling down his back; —in short, his whole costume contrasting so strangely with the warlike and tasteful French uniforms, was not lost upon his new acquaintance. Many was the tongue thrust into the

cheek, many the waggish eye which slily winked as he passed, and many the half-whispering exclamation of "*sont ils drôles ces Anglais! c'est il baroque! 'cri di! c'est du rococo tout pur*," which were uttered as he traversed the streets, and entered amongst the crowd of aid-de-camps and orderly officers which thronged the Marshal's anteroom. Still he met with nothing coarse or insulting; except in one instance, when passing near a corps-de-garde, he was saluted by a young soldier with "God dem;" he was, however, amply repaid for this impertinence, by the officer who commanded the post, a scar-marked veteran, decorated with the cross of the Legion, who not only roared out "*Fiche-moi ce blanc-bec aux arrêts!*" but instantly ordering his men to fall in, made them carry arms, and then advancing close to Beverley, he dropped the point of his sword, touched his shako with his left hand, and said, '*Honneur au courage malheureux!*" Beverley took off his hat, and returning the compliment, with a deep expression of gratitude, shook the brave officer by the hand, and replied, "If ever the same misfortune should occur to you,

my friend, and you go to England, do not forget the name of Roxmere."

After waiting a short time in the antechamber, Beverley was ushered into the presence of the French Commander-in-chief, who received him with the utmost courtesy and affability, spoke to him in the manner best calculated to encourage and console a man in his painful situation; and having ascertained his rank, his name, and the cause of his having met with the Guerillas, he paid several handsome compliments to Lord Wellington and the British army, intermixed with the most marked contempt for the Spaniards, and threats of vengeance against the "Brigands:" then artfully, yet delicately, drew the conversation to those points which were most interesting for him to be acquainted with. To his questions, Beverley replied without any affected reserve, at the same time without betraying any information which it was his duty to conceal; observing at the same time that the Marshal could not expect to extract much intelligence from any British officer, since the plans of Lord Wellington were not made known even

to general officers, until they had been already executed.

It was with feelings of extreme interest that Arthur examined the person and expression of the celebrated soldier before whom he stood. Marshal —— was then in the prime of life—his figure, rather above than below the common standard, was well proportioned, his manners dignified, and his countenance mild and attractive. To an eye expressive of more vivacity than reflection, he added a lofty, intelligent forehead, shaded with dark hair, which being slightly parted here and there with grey, bore ample testimony to the mental and bodily fatigue to which he had been incessantly exposed during twenty years of an eventful life.

Being almost the only one of all the French dignitaries who could lay claim to ancient family or hereditary nobility, Marshal —— piqued himself not a little on this distinction; and although he was entirely indebted to the Revolution for all his grandeur and military renown, yet he was not one of those who had ever gloried in the extravagant theories of republicanism, or

placed any reliance on the chimeras of equality; that equality which consists, not in the disinterested desire that all should enjoy equal rights, and become equal partakers in the blessings of fortune and freedom, but in that envious thirsting after exclusive possession, that restless craving after paramount wealth and dominion which, with few exceptions, has marked the conduct of all the most notorious democrats and public agitators since the earliest days of political or religious revolutions.

Fond of splendour and representation, no one was more profuse in his expenditure than Marshal ——; none of the French generals were in the habit of making such repeated appeals to the liberality of their mighty master; who, though unostentatious, temperate and frugal almost to affectation, both in his dress and mode of living, was nevertheless well pleased to witness the utmost display of splendour and magnificence in those whom he had raised to affluence and distinction—those whose brilliancy was but the reflection of his own glory, and who only held their possessions by the fragile tenure of his despotic will; and there was nothing perhaps in

which the vanity of that wonderful man showed itself more conspicuously, than in this particular point.

Marshal —— carried this love of display even into the field; for his table was supplied with almost as much luxury and profusion in a miserable town on the plains of Castile, as it would have been in the valley of Auturiel; whilst his courtly manners and urbanity communicating themselves to those about him, gave the air of a little court to his head-quarters, and softened that *ton de garnison* natural to men who had for the most part risen from the ranks, or had been educated amid the lawless licentiousness of camps. "Hah!" said Lord Atherley, when a friend told him of the French Marshal's luxurious mode of living, "I should like to have *dined* with him, and *fought* with Lord Wellington."

The contrast between the brilliancy of the French Marshal's dress, his table, the variety of the uniforms of his suite, and the simplicity of his great antagonist in all their matters, was not less striking than the arrangement of their respective cabinets. The furniture of the British

Commander, or rather his camp equipage, less luxurious than that of many of his generals, was confined strictly to necessaries, and was consequently well adapted to the activity and vigilance of the man upon whose single head reposed such immense responsibility; for, had any thing occurred to him, he had no successor—the glory of the British army would have died with him. His couch consisted of a small camp-bedstead, with its leather pillow and mattress; serving by night for a bed, and by day for a sofa: near this stood a portable table, on which were placed his writing implements, some weekly returns or official papers, together with a few books, amongst which were Montesquieu, Adam Smith, and three or four pamphlets and publications on financial subjects. Upon another table were laid out maps, on which the stations of the different corps and divisions of the contending armies were indicated with coloured pins: add to this a sword, spy-glass, and sash hanging to a nail driven into the wall, two or three camp chairs, a mat for the feet, and one or two large red leather office-boxes, and the whole is told.

There all bore an air of service and military promptitude; here all was luxury and apparent effeminacy. A rich carpet covered the floor, silk hangings were *draped* before the windows, pieces of tapestry, the spoil of some palace, concealed the dingy walls. Vases filled with artificial flowers stood on either side, an ormolu clock on one table, a handsome *vermeil* toilet occupied another, above which hung the portrait of a lady, certainly not that of Madame la Maréchale, whilst a beautiful bed, with rich silk curtains festooned around the French Eagle, bearing in its beak a Marshal's staff, stood in a recess. In fact, on looking around, one might have have imagined oneself in an admirable apartment in the *chausée d'Antin*, instead of a miserable hovel on the road to Salamanca.

Such was the intense and absorbing interest with which Arthur attended to every thing which passed during dinner, that he, for a while, lost all remembrance of his misfortunes; and he could scarcely believe it possible that he was listening to accounts of battles and political occurrences, narrated by some of the very men

whose names were celebrated throughout the world, and who had been the principal actors in the very transactions which they recounted. It was, in fact, with feelings of almost puerile curiosity, that his eye wandered from the countenance of his celebrated host to those of some of the Generals present, amongst whom there chanced to be the scientific T——, the pompous, pedantic S——, and the brave, yet jealous D——, whose rivalry of his master accounted for that want of unity and activity which was often observable in the combinations of the French Chief; there also sat another S——, one of the roughest and most rapacious and cruel of the army, surpassed only by the merciless one-armed L——, whose name, execrated throughout Portugal, will be coupled, by future generations of Portuguese, with some of the bloodiest and most melancholy traditions of their country.

The day happening to be the anniversary of one of Napoleon's thousand victories, his health was therefore drunk with enthusiasm; and this, of course, led to the narration of several anecdotes.

"It is ten years since you were made an officer," said the Marshal, addressing a fine soldier-like looking man, in the third Hussars: "I remember the circumstance well: you played a desperate game."

"One can but die once, Monsieur le Maréchal," replied the officer.

"But one can think twice of the matter," rejoined the Marshal; "a man less devoted to the Emperor and to France would have considered the subject longer than you did; however, as I dare say you are too modest to relate the circumstance yourself, you must permit me to do so for you: it is a proof both of the wonderful self-possession and calmness of our illustrious master, and of your courage and devotion."

The soldier bowed, parried the compliment, and the other proceeded.

"It was during the hottest part of the battle, a shell fell immediately under the Emperor's horse, who either did not, or pretended not, to remark it, but continued, with the utmost sang froid, to give his orders to me. At this moment, an orderly hussar sprung from his saddle,

threw himself on the ground, and laid his chest on the burning fuse of the shell, nay, in short, I expected he would be blown to atoms, but by some extraordinary stroke of good fortune, the shell did not explode. Interrupting his observations to me, the Emperor turned, stooped down, and coolly said, 'Lève-toi! c'etoit inutile, *elle n'auroit pas eclaté, et quand même, elle m'auroit respecté*,' and then resumed his conversation without taking any farther notice of you, whom I need hardly say, were the brave Hussar.—Allons, Messieurs!" continued the Marshal, filling his glass, and bowing to Beverley, and then to the officers, "à la santé des braves de tous les pays!"

The Hussar, to terminate the anecdote, said, "I returned to my horse, and not a little disgusted with the little notice which the Emperor had taken of me, vowing never to expose myself a second time; but the battle was scarcely won ere I had reason to know the great injustice I had done to the Emperor; for the Prince of Neufchatel sent for me to his bivouack, attached this cross to my button-hole, and gave me the brevet of first-lieutenant."

"This is also the anniversary of poor Kleber's assassination," observed General S——.

"Apropos," replied the Marshal, "it is known to all that Kleber was in the Austrian service; but you are none of you aware, perhaps, that there exists documents to prove that he was a favourite of Maria Theresa. I do not say to what extent their intimacy proceeded; but it is a positive fact, that she noticed him most particularly."

"I hope, Monsieur le Maréchal, that you do not intend to cast any imputation on the virtue of that most respectable Princess?" said the General smiling; "though I see no reason why Maria Theresa should not have her moments of weakness as well as Catherine, and certainly Kleber valoit bien Potemkin."

Kleber, the son of an architect, at Strasburg, was, by profession, a surveyor, and went to Vienna to seek his fortune. Maria Theresa saw him; and being struck with his fine martial figure and noble countenance, offered him employment in her service, first made him a Captain, and subsequently conferred higher grades upon him; in short, ere he quitted

Austria he had already the rank of Colonel, and the Empress's picture set in diamonds to console him.

"Poor Kleber!" rejoined General S——; "I shall never forget a scene which took place between him and the Emperor in Egypt, in consequence of his refusal to execute some order which had been transmitted to him by the latter. No sooner was the Emperor apprised of this breach of discipline, than he sent for him to his tent; and I think I now see before me the noble, manly person, the long flowing curls, en chien mouillé, of the one, towering above the emaciated and diminitive figure of the other. As Kleber entered the tent, the Emperor stepped up close to him, placed his hands behind his back, and measuring him from head to foot with that irresistible, annihilating air of command, before which the bravest quail, said, 'I have sent for you, Citizen General, to know if it is true that you have dared to disobey my orders?' Kleber started at the word dared, but made no reply.

"'So,' continued the Emperor, 'I will now tell you, that the difference which exists be-

tween you and me is, that you are a head taller than I am; refuse one moment longer to obey my orders, and, by heavens! that difference shall cease to exist.' Kleber looked astounded, paused, struck the point of his sabre on the ground, uttered, in a low voice, 'Homme extraordinaire, bientôt l'universe sera trop petit pour te contenir!' and then quitting the tent, he proceeded, without further hesitation, to execute what had been commanded.

On returning to the quarter allotted to him, Beverley found that his clothes and other necessaries had arrived, and with these a packet of letters from England. The joy with which he would have received any intelligence from home, at such a moment, was however completely damped, on perceiving the broad, black edge and mourning seals; and it was therefore with a trembling hand that he tore open the envelopes. It is needless to exhaust the reader's patience by a minute transcript of these letters; a slight sketch will suffice to explain a few of the most important events necessary to the thread of the narrative.

The first letter Beverley opened was from his

grandfather, announcing, in terms of the most bitter sorrow and despondency, the death of the Countess, whose dying benediction and last worldly thoughts were bestowed on her grandson. It then spoke of Lucy (who had returned to the Castle immediately after Arthur's departure,) with enthusiastic admiration and affection; and concluded, by urging Beverley to lose no time in returning home, where circumstances of the most vital importance, which however it was imprudent to commit to paper, required his presence.

The second letter was from Mr. Delmore, detailing more fully the particulars of that excellent lady's death, whose loss was so universally deplored. It united with Lord Roxmere in beseeching Arthur to lose no time in retracing his steps to England; hinted that this measure was the more necessary, since the precarious state of Lord Roxmere's health excited the utmost apprehensions; and added, that there were other circumstances which rendered Arthur's presence in England a matter of imperative duty to himself and his family. It then recounted the numerous donations and bequests which had been

made by the Countess to the poor of Beverley, and above all, the munificent legacy of ten thousand pounds, which she had bequeathed to Lucy. Delmore then alluded to the Granthams, stating that Camilla had been married within a few days to Mr. Cornwall, and that Mrs. Maltby was, according to general report, subject to the most brutal treatment on the part of her husband. It appeared that many weeks had not elapsed ere the real disposition of Maltby broke forth, and that spirit of jealousy, vengeance, and utter want of gentlemanly delicacy which formed the basis of his character, evinced itself in every word and action. It is better, however, for the sake of human nature, to pass over the details of this individual's wanton and cruel behaviour, from which neither the beauty, innocence, nor delicate situation of his lovely wife, could protect her, whilst every remonstrance on the part of her friends and family, only served to increase the wretch's maltreatment and bitterness of temper towards his victim.

Though prepared, in some measure, by previous accounts of Lady Roxmere's declining health, for the melancholy intelligence of her

death, yet the impression upon Arthur's mind was not the less poignant, aggravated as it was by the nature of his situation. When he thought of his being a captive, at the very moment of all others when the enjoyment of liberty was of the utmost importance; when he considered that he was destined, perhaps, to remain for years in France—that France which had proved so fatal to his parents—and that he was doomed, most probably, never to see his only remaining relative again; the loss of her whom he had loved with filial tenderness and veneration from his childhood, came home to his heart with tenfold anguish and intensity.

It is true that the law of nature bids us be constantly prepared for such visitations; every hour, as we advance down the vale of life, we must await the loss of those that are nearest and dearest to us; each day we must expect either to be called away ourselves, or to see those who have given us birth, those on whose dear lips we have hung during our infancy, who have cherished us during our youth, supported us during our manhood, or who have been the loved friends and companions of our riper age,

drop off, one by one, around us: yet when the fatal shaft strikes its victim, when we see those beloved beings torn from us, the bitterness of our grief, the extent of our bereavement receives little diminution from the painful conviction that such events are inevitable attendants on the mortal frailties of our nature. It is, above all, when the communication of such sad occurrences are made to us during our absence, that our afflictions are aggravated, our loss embittered, —they come upon us with all the overwhelming abruptness of sudden death. We have, it is true, been apprised of the previous illness, still we have not witnessed the commencement of the disease; we have not watched those gradual wastings of the frame, those partial aberrations of intellect, which prepare us for approaching dissolution: all we know is, that they are gone —gone for ever. Our memory recals them not, such as they must have been, pale and emaciated on the bed of death, but such as they were when last we saw them, in all the bloom of youth, in all the enjoyment of life and vigour; their joyous accents still ring in our ears, we see their smiles, the impression of their embrace still

warms our cheek, the pressure of their hand still thrills through our frame; and we can scarcely believe that they are—dead. There is an awful, mysterious, annihilating signification in that short monosyllable, which sends back the warm life-blood chilled to the very heart: to die, is comparatively nothing, it is the fate of all—in that there is still hope; but dead—once dead, there is none—it is eternity, boundless and unfathomable.

The result of Beverley's meditations, after reading his letters, was, that he would not accept his parole, which, once given, would preclude all possibility of his escaping, even should the occasion present itself, before he reached the French frontiers; and he was determined to make the attempt whenever there appeared the slightest prospect of success. Not only was he induced to this by the mysterious urgency with which his return was demanded, but from a secret foreboding that his entry upon that soil, where his unhappy mother had perished, and where her murderer still lived in all the vigour of power and influence, would prove fatal to him.

The communication of his resolution to the

French General, of course, subjected Beverley to rigid surveillance; the bridle of his horse which he was permitted to ride, as an indulgence, was fastened to the saddle-bow of one of his escort by day, and at night an officer slept in the same room, and a sentinel was always stationed at the door. It was on the third night of their journey towards the Tormes, that a party of officers supped with the Chef d'Escadron, to whose care Beverley had been committed. It chanced to be the anniversary of some victory, and the party, in order to do honour to the day, gave themselves up to that riotous gaiety, which, more than the quantity of wine they drank, sufficed to intoxicate them all: though a partaker in the good cheer of the evening, partly from the strength of his head, and partly from having remained tranquil, Beverley kept full possession of his senses, and the thought immediately flashed across his mind, of taking advantage of the drunken state of his guardian; but this appeared to have been by no means desired by the other. No sooner had the noisy party staggered down the stairs, than the officer approached Beverley with that air of gravity and wisdom

which always denotes inebriety, and tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Ecoute, mon ami! quoique tu es ivre comme un Sapeur, je vois que tu as diablement envie de me bruler la politesse cette nuit. Eh! ne t'ai-je pas deviné? allons, je te connois pour un brave, donne-moi ta parole d'honneur que tu ne feras aucun tentatif de te donner de l'air avant le jour, et tope! nous irons nous coucher comme si rien n'en etoit, mille bombes! si je ne commence pas à croire que j'ai la calebasse un peu ébranlée."

"I will give you no promise," answered Arthur, "it is your affair to look to my security, and mine to escape, if I can; but if you will look around, there does not appear much danger of my making the effort."

"Ventre saint gris!" exclaimed the other, "tu es au moins bien franc; allons, si c'est comme ça, si par force tu veux tenter de ficher le camp, il faut que je prenne mes précautions; voyons," said he, examining the apartment with the lamp, "il n'y a ni cheminée ni croisée;" and then drawing a mattress before the door, and throwing himself upon it with his loaded pistol and drawn sabre, he added, "voyons, mon cher, il

faut que tu sois diablement malin, pour pouvoir à présent prendre la clef des champs." Having placed the lamp near the alcove in which he ordered Arthur to lie down, he rolled himself up in his cloak, and ere many minutes, was buried in the deep sleep of inebriety.

Kept awake more by the mournful nature of his own reflections than by any hope of making his escape, which seemed impossible from the nature of his place of confinement, Arthur lay tossing about upon his mattress, and as his eye wandered round the apartment, which was a small loft or attic over a stable filled with cavalry horses, he thought he perceived the light from beneath, penetrating through the chinks in the floor, as if there was one of those small traps which often form a communication between the stable and loft in the Spanish peasant's cottages.

A ray of hope darted like lightning through his heart: if this should, in fact, be a door, if he could open it and descend undiscovered, he might escape, for he was convinced that the egress to the stable was on the side of the house opposite to that at which the sentinel was

stationed. The attempt was, at all events, worth making. Dressing himself with the utmost silence and dispatch, he fastened his boots round his neck, slipped close to the couch of the sleeping Hussar, blew out the priming from his pistol, took from him his sabre, his forage-cap and great-coat, and then having ascertained that what he had seen was in reality a trap-door, succeeded in lifting it, not however without the hinges creaking so loud as to awaken the officer, who grumbled out an immense oath, cursed the rats and the horses beneath, and after breaking out in a sort of half-drunken laugh, in a few seconds snored louder than ever.

During these few anxious moments the heart of Arthur (who had crouched close to the ground) beat almost audibly; he watched, with fearful suspense, the countenance of his guard, as he again saw his eyes close, his mouth open, and every symptom of sleep overpower him. To rise up, to seize the lamp, to extinguish it, and pour its contents over the rusty hinges, was the work of an instant, and to his utmost joy he found that his plan succeeded—the door gave way without the slightest noise, and in a moment

was wide open. Beneath, all was silent, save the snorting of the horses and the snoring of the soldiers, who were rolled up in their cloaks in one corner. Arthur leant forward, looked towards the door; it had been destroyed; a tattered blanket supplied its place: the night was dark and tempestuous; a single lamp flickered against the wall; if he could drop down without noise, he might easily dart into the fields, and trust to the darkness of the night for protection, until he could gain the woods which he had observed on either side the road. No time was to be lost. Seating himself on the ridge of the aperture, he turned round, gradually lowered himself with his hands, with one foot extinguished the lamp which hung within two or three feet, and then dropped amongst the straw beneath, not however without frightening the horses, one of which plunged, snorted, hung back, and snapping the chain of his collar, got loose, causing several others to kick, neigh, and in short make such an uproar, that it awoke every one below and above. Scarcely had Arthur time to slink under the manger and bury himself amongst the wet straw, ere, amid a

thousand curses and execrations, two or three of the soldiers arose, and having groped out the refractory animal, seized him and led him back to his place, with a full accompaniment of kicks and reproaches.

Scarcely daring to breathe, lest the sound of his respiration should betray him, Beverley lay motionless on the ground, the foot of the trooper absolutely touching his arm; and as the former stooped to feel for the broken chain, twice his hand was in the straw which lightly covered him: his situation was one of most painful and agonising suspense. In a few seconds, however, the animal was secured, and the soldier, feeling his way back to his corner, again rolled himself up in his blanket, and to all appearance was asleep in a few seconds.

Trusting to the darkness of the night, and the noise of the horses' chains as they rattled against the manger, Arthur now crept towards the corner near the door, sprung on his legs, and gained the street; bounding across the road he climbed a wall, passed through one or two small gardens, and in the course of a few minutes had left the village a mile behind him.

## CHAPTER III.

AFTER continuing his progress with as much speed as the pitchy darkness of the night and violence of the storm would permit, Beverley at length gained the cover of one of those immense woody tracts, studded with cork and evergreen oak, which abound in the lower parts of Castile, especially near the Gata mountains. After pursuing his course for some time longer, he deemed it prudent to await the dawn of day, as well for the sake of rest as to prevent the danger of his losing himself amid the intricate mazes of the forest. Leaning against the stem of a tree, Arthur drew the French officer's great-coat close around him, and in this position anxiously awaited the first glim-

merings of the daylight, which would guide him in the direction of the English outposts. Fatigued, and drenched to the skin by the rain which had continued to fall with unbated fury all night, under any other circumstances Beverley would have deeply felt all the misery and inconvenience of his situation; but the thought of having regained his liberty absorbed every feeling of physical suffering, and even conveyed a degree of temporary warmth to his frame. After a night which appeared interminable, the sluggish day at length began to dispel the gloom by which he was enveloped, but the rain and storm continued undiminished; there was not the slightest gleam of sunshine, not a tinge in the heavens to indicate the quarter in which the sun was rising; the same dull, heavy, grey mist surrounded him on every side, and even rendered objects at the distance of a few yards utterly invisible.

With feelings of indescribable suspense, Arthur waited in hopes of the weather clearing up; his frame had become numbed, and stiff from wet and cold: the violent perspiration which had arisen from the speed with which he had conti-

nued his course after leaving the village, had given way to an icy chillness, which was now increased by the anxiety he felt, lest he should have mistaken the direction of Ciudad Rodrigo. In vain he examined the moss on the stems of the trees, or the bending of their branches; in vain he endeavoured to catch some glimpse of the sun's rays refracted on the dark clouds which rolled in heavy volumes above the wood, in hopes that he might thus ascertain the points of the compass; but an impenetrable foggy shroud hung over his head, and rendered all his efforts fruitless.

To remain longer where he was, without risk of perishing from cold, was impossible; for although he had endeavoured to produce some warmth by walking rapidly backwards and forwards, yet the chilly numbness of his limbs communicated themselves even to his very heart, and in addition to this, he felt an almost overwhelming inclination to sleep; but to have yielded to this sensation would, he well knew, prove fatal. Casting off the French officer's coat and cap, which might have subjected him to be massacred by any straggling party of Guerillas or

armed peasantry, ere he could declare to what nation he belonged, he sought to retrace the impression of his own footsteps; by this means he regained, with some difficulty, the open plain, and at length struck upon a beaten track, which appeared to run for some miles parallel to the forest. This latter discovery, combined with the temporary bursting forth of the sun's beams, by which he ascertained that he was proceeding southward, raised his spirits, and lent him additional courage to accelerate his pace, an exertion rendered extremely painful by the torpor of his body, and the wetness of his garments.

Upon reaching the crest of a slight acclivity, which had concealed the country for many miles behind it, Beverley anxiously expected to see the spires of Ciudad Rodrigo rising above the woods, but his hopes were instantly annihilated, for within a few yards beneath appeared a heavy column of French cavalry. That misfortune, which he had most apprehended, had in reality befallen him; bewildered by the darkness of the night, and his ignorance of the bearings of the village whence he had escaped,

he had unfortunately shaped his flight in a direction diametrically opposite to the English outposts; he had in fact taken that conducting towards the Tormes, and he was now merely tracing back his steps to the very place which he had quitted the preceding evening, and the troops before him were the advanced guard of those in whose hands he had recently been a prisoner.

To turn round, and to attempt to regain the wood, was no sooner thought of than done; the dread of being retaken lent him momentary speed and vigour; he darted forwards, hoping that he had escaped observation; but the whiz of a shot, as it struck hissing on the heather near his feet, and the humming ring of another near his head, instantly succeeded by the cracking report of two or three carbines, the shouts of several voices, and the trampling of horses, warned him that he had not alluded the vigilant look-out of the French videttes.

The wood which flanked the road was within two hundred yards before him, his pursuers at about an equal distance behind. Being not

less celebrated for his speed on land than for his dexterity in another element, Beverley knew, that at any other time he could have easily outstript the fastest horse over such broken and uneven ground; but in his present condition, not even the despair of his situation could overcome the mortal lassitude and stiffness which almost paralysed his members. After a few yards' violent exertion, his respiration became thick and difficult, a giddy, faint sensation caused him almost to stagger, his speed relaxed, that of his pursuers increased; every moment he became weaker and more weak, whilst the sound of the horses' hoofs, and the voices of their riders, fell louder and louder on his ear. The friendly covert was still more than fifty yards distant; alas! he felt that his strength must fail even before he could overcome this short space. Suddenly, however, the sight of one of those deep and broad crevices, so often formed by the rains in the Spanish plains, appeared immediately before him, and reanimated his almost breathless frame: could he place this obstacle between himself and his pur-

suers he might still escape, no French horse or horseman would ever attempt such a leap.*

Collecting all his force, and pausing for an instant for breath, Beverley made one desperate effort, ran, sprang, and alighted safely on the opposite bank; but the treacherous soil, undermined by the action of the waters, gave way; he slipped, fell, and ere he could again climb up or extricate himself from the mud and sand, his pursuers were at his side. Resistance was vain; and therefore, in a few minutes, he again found himself a captive.

Anxiety of mind, combined with the effects of remaining so many hours in his wet clothes, brought on a fever, which confined him to the hospital at Salamanca for many weeks; there he remained until he was directed to accompany a large detachment of prisoners and disabled soldiers on their route to the Pyrenees. Still, however, trusting that he might be rescued by some of the bands of Guerillas which

* The anecdote of Lord C—— M——, who was indebted for his escape to a similar circumstance, is, I conclude, known to the generality of my readers.

so often successfully attacked the French convoys on their passage through Biscay and Navarre, he persisted in refusing his parole, and was consequently subjected to more rigorous treatment than he would otherwise have experienced. I shall not, however, accompany him, in his sorrowful and tedious journey, from the banks of the Tormes to those of the Adour; suffice it to say, that at the expiration of more than a month, the column to which he belonged reached the French territory, whence the prisoners were ordered to march in small divisions upon the various depôts of which they were destined to form a part. After traversing some of the finest provinces of France, from south to north-east, Beverley arrived at ——, when finding all probability of escape impossible, he at length consented to give his parole, and was forthwith summoned to the Hotel of the Municipality, in order to go through the usual forms of examination and *enrégistrement*.

Whilst Beverley, with a few others, his companions in misfortune, were waiting in the great vestibule of the Town Hall, two or three carriages drew up at the door, and the Prefet

of the department, accompanied by several public functionaries, who were proceeding to attend the balloting for the Conscription, advanced through the crowd of spectators collected upon this occasion. Instead of bowing or taking off his hat, a mark of respect which the captives received from almost all other persons, the Prefet no sooner saw the red uniforms, than he uttered some coarse observation about " des God's dems" and " boxeurs," (that last miserable resource of low and witless minds,) and then, approaching still closer, stared in their faces with an air of vulgarity and want of feeling, as insulting as it was cowardly towards men in the unfortunate situation of Beverley and his brave comrades.

Having been subject to much of the same treatment from the lower orders, in their progress through the departments, this insult would have attracted little notice on the part of the Englishmen, had not the Prefet, on passing near Beverley, suddenly started, paused, turned pale, and continued to gaze upon him for some seconds, with an expression of mixed astonishment and momentary terror, as if the sight of



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his features had awakened in his heart reminiscences of a guilty or painful nature. Whatever might have passed across his mind, its effects were however but momentary: quickly recovering himself, the colour again returned to his cheek, and he proceeded with his attendants into the apartments of the Mayoralty, leaving Beverley as much surprised as he was disgusted with his behaviour; for it appeared to him that he had never seen a more repulsive and forbidding countenance, or features which, at first sight, excited such sudden feelings of antipathy and dislike; and he almost fancied that he saw before him one of those blood-thirsty monsters of the reign of terror, whose accursed hands were stained with the gore of all that was best, most noble, and most virtuous in France.

Having waited a few hours, now witnessing the joyful ecstasies of those who, having escaped the fatal conscriptional numbers, came bounding from the inner apartments, and now observing the ill-concealed air of dejection and inward agony of those upon whom the fatal lots had fallen, the officers were at length summoned into the office, where it was necessary

for them to perform the requisite formalities. Here each prisoner was in his turn directed to approach a table, placed near the embrasure of a window; and being stationed in such a position as to cause a strong light to fall upon his features, was required to answer various questions touching his age, country, rank, and service; which replies were carefully entered in a register by one officer, whilst a second was employed in noting down the height, form, complexion, and, in short, every little peculiarity of feature and person by which the individual might be recognised.

When it came to Beverley's turn to go through this ceremony, the Prefet, who had entered during the proceedings, approached close to the side of the examining officer, and leaning over his shoulder, appeared to listen, with the most intense interest and curiosity, to the replies of the Captain. Having terminated the necessary formalities, Beverley was about to join his companions, who had already withdrawn, when the Prefet, calling to an officer of the gendarmerie, whispered a few words in his ear; the latter listened, bowed, and immediately recalling Be-

verley, civilly it is true, but peremptorily, to open the bosom of his dress; this injunction, however degrading and unnecessary it appeared, not only to the prisoner himself, but to all the bystanders, was complied with without remonstrance by the former, although the uncontrolable presentiment of some hidden misfortune chilled his very heart's blood, as he bared his breast, and exhibited the mark indelibly impressed by terrified nature before his birth. Satisfied with the examination, the gendarme returned to his employer, and communicated, in a low tone of voice, what he had seen; and never did human countenance exhibit such hellish, such malicious joy as that which instantly glanced from the Prefet's eye.

Being at length released, Arthur retired to join his companions; and it may be imagined what were his feelings of surprise and apprehension, when he ascertained that the man whose sinister countenance and unmanly conduct had excited his disgust, was no other than the mortal enemy of his house, the assassin Mainforte, or rather the Count D'Arville D'Avrancourt.

If any thing could have been wanting to increase the measure of Beverley's vexation and distress of mind at the prospect of a long captivity and separation from his family, it was this discovery: he had often, since his capture, meditated, with deep anxiety, upon the inexhaustible animosity of this monster, and upon the danger his life would incur if D'Arville should ever discover that he was a prisoner within the French territory; but thus to fall at once into his power, was a greater misfortune than he had anticipated. Indeed, it was impossible for him to reflect, without feelings of inward shuddering, upon the wonderful dispensation of Providence, which had thus placed him at the mercy of the wretch whose hands were imbrued in the blood of his grandfather and unhappy mother, and who had so long thirsted after his own life; of him, in fact, of whose incredible iniquity nature herself had perpetuated the memorial by imprinting the bloody record of his atrocity on the bosom of his victim's offspring. What mercy could Beverley expect, now that he was defenceless and a prisoner, at the hands of that man, who

to gratify his unextinguishable hatred, had formed the daring project of carrying off his relative even from the shores of England, and who, in despite of the difficulty of the undertaking, had nearly succeeded in his desperate enterprise? "May the same Almighty Providence which rescued me from the perils of the 'Shark's Jaws,' watch over and protect me now!" was the sorrowful ejaculation uttered by Beverley, when he reflected on the danger of his present situation; a danger from which there was no retreat, and from which no sanctuary could now secure him,—for it was evident that he had been recognised.

Having satisfied the thousand anxious inquiries of the numerous *détenus* who pressed around him, eager to obtain some direct intelligence of their native country, from which most of them had been separated by one of those acts of unjustifiable violence and aggression, as dishonourable to the character of the French Emperor as it was contrary to humanity and the rights of nations, Beverley retired to the small lodging which was allotted to him, where, having made the few arrangements which his position

required, he proceeded to fulfil a dinner engagement with one of the English families long established in the town. Beverley had not proceeded many yards towards the residence of his friends, ere he was accosted by two men, who declaring themselves to be agents of police, desired him to follow them to the abode of the commissary; it was already dark, and the idea of some treachery immediately occurred to Beverley's mind; but he was aware of the inutility and danger of resisting the police, and therefore submitted to their orders without making any further remonstrance. After walking through several secluded streets, his conductors led him through a narrow passage, and then opened what appeared to be the door of a large garden. Having traversed this, they came to a second door at the opposite extremity, which opened into one of those lonesome lanes often to be met with near the darkest and most remote portions of fortified towns. Close to this spot stood a small calèche into which Beverley was directed to ascend, having been previously threatened with instant death if he spoke or moved: his two guides, who were evidently

disguised gendarmes, then placed themselves in the vehicle, and driving off at a rapid pace, quickly left the gates of —— at some distance behind them.

Beverley's knowledge of D'Arville's character was quite sufficient to account for this aggression on his person; and no doubt remained in his mind of the fate which was in store for him. Every attempt, however, to obtain a word of explanation from his companions had been ineffectual; they preserved the sullen silence and *impressibility* of men callous to every call of humanity, and knowing no other law but that of their superiors. Every time the vehicle stopped to change horses, Beverley expected to be summoned forth to assassination; the fate of the gallant Captain Wright recurred to his memory; but ere he could terminate the prayer which he offered up to heaven for resignation and mercy hereafter, the renewed motion of the vehicle (at the bottom of which he had been forced to stretch himself, whenever they approached the post houses,) told him that he had not yet reached the place of execution.

Never did man pass a night of more fearful

agony; even the certainty of death would have been preferable to the horrible suspense he suffered. At length, after travelling a distance of twenty leagues, he perceived, by the retarded pace of the horses and the hollow sounds of the hoofs and wheels, that they were passing over the drawbridge of some fortified town, and he concluded they had now reached the place of his destination: a few minutes would probably determine his fate. He was not mistaken; for after a short delay at the gates, for the usual exhibition of passports, the vehicle again drove on at a rapid pace, and after traversing several streets, at last drew up at the door of a large building, evidently the prison;—here Beverley was ordered to descend, and in the course of a few minutes he found himself the occupant of one of its most solitary and unwholesome dungeons. During the first period of his confinement, Beverley prepared himself to meet with fortitude the death to which he concluded he was condemned; but hours and even days passed by, without any attempt being made upon his life; and the thoughts of death gradually faded from his mind; that of being doomed to linger

out the remainder of his existence in that worse than death, that living grave, a solitary cell, harrowed up his very soul.

Week after week, month after month rolled on, bringing with it no alleviation to his agony, no chance of escape, not even the prospect of terminating his misery by death; even this mercy was denied him; he was evidently destined to rot out the remainder of his life in this horrible abode of wretchedness. His situation was indeed most pitiable: confined in a cell which barely afforded him space to stand upright, his limbs galled with heavy chains, deprived of light, save that which pierced through two circular loopholes perforated in the massive walls; furnished with food of the coarsest kind, and that also in quantities barely sufficient to support nature, he not only suffered every physical privation and endurance, but, from being denied all communication with the world, all conversation even with his keepers; all means of making his situation known, not being permitted the use of pens, paper, or books, or even of a nail wherewith he might have scored the miserable record of his capti-

vity on the wall, he was left to all that horrible vacuity of mind, that listless, lethargic inactivity of body, to which the severest labours of the galley slave are comparatively an earthly paradise. It seemed wonderful even to himself that he was enabled to preserve the use of his faculties; he even deplored it; the loss of reason would have been a blessing:—but I will not enter more fully into the details of his sufferings, or recount the miserable agonies of the captive when he thought of his grandfather and of Lucy; for, strange and inconsistent as it may appear, it was to her that his thoughts constantly reverted,—it was in her image alone that his heart felt some comfort amidst the bitterness of his affliction, for he knew that she had loved him: with the conviction of Camilla's treachery, the illusion, which, like the Circean cup, had intoxicated his mind, had been dispelled, and Lucy, the loved companion of his childhood, had gradually resumed her empire over his heart.

If it be true, as La Rochefoucauld says, that "c'est un espèce de bonheur que de connoître à quel point on doit être malheureux," Beverley

had certainly that sorrowful consolation; for, alas! for him

"There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No hope, no change—no good—no crime—
But silence, and a stirless breath,
Which neither was life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless."

It is necessary, however, to return for a while to the execrable monster of whose atrocities the reader has already heard such glaring examples in the early chapter of these volumes. This man, more fortunate than Carrier, Robespierre, Le Bon, and a thousand others of his infamous associates, had escaped the too lenient fate which had terminated the hellish career of those fiends. Having early connected himself with S——, and having, through his influence, attracted the notice of the Emperor, he had been employed, and that too upon several of those mysterious occasions which, in despite of all sophistry or argument, must cast an indelible blemish upon the memory of the most wonderful man that ancient or modern ages have produced. Mainforte's devotion and zeal for the service of

the Emperor, the success which attended several missions with which he had been entrusted, (particularly that which was directed against the life of the unfortunate Colonel Bathurst,) brought with them immediate reward; he was, in the first place, decorated with the cross of honour, subsequently raised to the rank of nobility; and having succeeded in retaining possession of the family estates, he obtained permission from Napoleon to assume the name and arms of D'Avrancourt, in addition to those of D'Arville, which appellation he had adopted during the early days of the Directory.

D'Arville's vigilance, his severity, and, above all, his peculiar hatred to the English nation, was a strong recommendation in the eyes of his master, and he was consequently removed from the marine Prefecture of —— to the department of the ——, in which was situated one of the most considerable depôts of English prisoners. That species of fatal destiny which often hangs over the heads of the most eminent persons, and persecutes them with such singular tenacity, even to the very tomb, appeared to have pre-ordained that this individual should have been purposely

selected for the post he occupied at the moment of Arthur's arrival at ——.

The extraordinary resemblance which existed between Beverley and his ill-fated mother, which was as near as it was possible for the features of a manly youth to approximate to those of a beautiful woman, had always been a source of admiration to all those who had ever known Mrs. Beverley. Alas! that which had been his pride amid the gay circles of London, that which attracted the eyes of all those who saw him, was now destined to be the principal cause of his misfortune.

On passing near the prisoners, D'Arville, who had been attracted by the tall and noble figure of the young Englishman, was struck with amazement at the sight of a countenance, which instantly brought back to his memory the bloodiest scenes of by-gone years: he started, and could scarce give credit to the evidence of his senses—it seemed as if the grave had cast back its prey, or as if the head which he had seen fall beneath the fatal knife, was again re-animated, and again returned his gaze with the same steady calmness, the same air of innocence and resigna-

tion, which had called forth the admiration of the infamous terrorists, when he, the parricide, had demanded the lovely victim's condemnation. D'Arville shuddered as he gazed; his guilty conscience shot a burning throb of remorse and terror across his mind; but it was the sensation of a moment, his self-possession and cold-blooded command of countenance quickly resumed their empire; and having cast a look of vulgar contempt and haughty ferocity at the unconscious object of this momentary embarrassment, he proceeded with his attendants into the apartment in which the crowds of young men, surrounded by their anxious relatives, were awaiting the decision of the fatal urns.

Although D'Arville, in despite of the resemblance, little suspected that the individual he had just quitted was in reality his kinsman, yet his curiosity was so much excited, his mind had been so much disturbed, as to render it impossible for him to attend to the business of the ballot, and he was therefore not long ere he withdrew, and entered into the apartment in which the English officers were performing the duties required of them. It would be impossible to de-

scribe the sentiments of fiendlike surprise and delight which showed themselves in the expression of the monster's features, when he heard the names Arthur D'Avrancourt Beverley. No words can depict the abominable satisfaction he felt, when he ascertained that the defenceless prisoner before him was, beyond all doubt, the son of his murdered cousin Julia. Even had any question still arisen as to his identity, that also terminated when the gendarme informed him that the mark of a red hand was distinctly imprinted on the young man's chest.

It might be supposed that this last intelligence, this almost supernatural record of his crime, would have awakened some slight sentiment of remorse in the bosom of D'Arville; but no—it served to fill his heart with fresh schemes of cruelty, and stimulated him to fresh acts of atrocity. High in power, affluence, and the favour of his imperial master, now possessing that as an irrevocable right which he had obtained by acts of such detestable atrocity; securely protected by the laws against all possibility of reclamation at home or abroad, he could not fear any rival in France, and had still less reason to dread any in-

terruption from Arthur; it was therefore the sole love of malice and villany which urged him to persecute a man who could not, by any possibility, ever interfere with his possessions: but it seemed as if the very sight of Beverley had rekindled all those detestable passions which had urged him to the commission of the most atrocious crimes. His first impulse was to get rid of his victim instantly by putting him to death; but although a man in his situation could easily have framed a legal pretext for such a crime, yet by a refinement of cruelty, rather than from any sentiment of pity, he determined that his victim should live, but that his life should be to him a burthen, a curse more terrible than a death of torture.

Selecting agents on whose fidelity he could rely, he drew up a plan for Beverley's immediate seizure, communicated his instructions for their subsequent proceedings, and furnished them with a letter for a creature of his own, the principal keeper of the jail of ——, who had been one of the most cruel of that monstrous band of assassins who shared in the massacres of September 1792. To this man, D'Arville

transmitted positive orders not only to place the prisoner strictly *au secret*, but to watch him with the utmost vigilance, to deprive him of every possible means of communication with any other individual, except his keeper, who was on no account to be permitted to hold the slightest conversation with the captive.

Not content with the weight of his own authority and the assistance of his protector S——, to secure him from any evil consequence in the event of Beverley's disappearance becoming the subject of investigation amongst the English *détenus*, or a matter of reclamation for that of the British Government, his malice suggested a plan, by which he hoped he should not only escape all suspicion, but by which a stigma would be cast on Beverley as well as that of the nation he belonged to. Affecting complete ignorance of Beverley's disappearance, he proceeded to the Mayoralty early on the morning subsequent to his seizure, and having framed some excuse for sending for all the officers who had arrived on the previous day, directed them to be summoned before him. Beverley alone was absent; his lodgings were

examined; he had not slept there the preceding night; he had not kept his engagement with the family with whom he had promised to dine—the town was immediately searched—he was not forthcoming—every possible inquiry was instituted, but no tidings could be obtained. He had not destroyed himself, or his body must have been found. One cause for his absence alone remained; it was evident that he must have broken his parole, and that he had escaped. The guns were fired, the tocsin was rung, notice was immediately dispatched to all the neighbouring brigades of gendarmerie;—in short, all the formalities usually adopted on the evasion of a prisoner, were gone through, as if in reality D'Arville had been ignorant of his fate. The plan succeeded—Beverley's fellow-prisoners fell into the snare; and with the generous disgust of Englishmen, at the thoughts of an act at once dishonourable and disgraceful to a soldier, not only expressed their sentiments without reserve, but presented a memorial to the French Government, declaring, in terms of indignation, their unqualified disapproval of a proceeding so unworthy of the character of a

British officer and a man of honour. Weeks and months passed by, however, and as no intelligence was received, either of his arrival in England, or of his recapture on the Continent, it was concluded that he had perished in his attempt to escape. In the mean time, intelligence of every circumstance had been transmitted to Lord Roxmere, who never, for a single moment, gave credit to the possibility of his grandson's having dishonoured himself; the name of D'Arville was quite sufficient to explain the whole mystery; and no doubt remained upon his mind of Arthur's having fallen a victim to the rancour and the malice of that wretch; of course, the Earl did not fail to communicate his suspicions to the Government; but under the then existing state of political relations between the two countries, without any proofs, or evidence of any kind, it was impossible that any measures could be taken to investigate the subject: and thus the unhappy old nobleman, after many months passed in all the agony of suspense, was obliged to abandon all hope of ever seeing him again; whilst Mr. Maltby, the heir-at-law, awaited, with greedy anxiety, the termination of a life

which would at once place him in possession of the titles and estates to which he laid claim.

More than three years had elapsed since the first period of the miserable Beverley's incarceration; not the slightest amendment or alleviation had taken place in the rigour of his treatment; he was reduced to the most pitiful state of weakness and debility; he felt that his constitution, strong and vigorous as it had been, could not much longer hold out, and that before many weeks he should be relieved from all his sufferings. Intense mental agony, combined with physical privations, had sapped the vital functions; his frame had wasted to a mere shadow; even the very chains which had first chafed his flesh, now dropped from his emaciated and attenuated limbs, and he looked forward to that death which he felt to be fast approaching, as to a haven of refuge.

It was upon a day toward the termination of the winter of 1814, ere yet the dim light of early dawn had penetrated into his cell, that he was aroused by the loud roaring of cannon and rolling of musketry. At first, he concluded that these sounds proceeded from rejoicings in

consequence of some victory obtained by the French arms, or perhaps that they were in honour of some public festival; but instead of quickly dying away, as had been the case on several previous occasions, the thundering peals continued to increase in vigour and intensity during the whole day, nor did the shades of night bring any diminution to their violence. It was therefore in a state of most painful anxiety and curiosity, that he awaited the daily visit of the turnkey, from whom he trusted he might obtain some explanation of noises so strange and unusual. At length the keeper made his appearance, and in reply to Beverley's eager inquiry, informed him that the town was besieged by the Russians.

Having remained in absolute ignorance of the important events which had produced such extraordinary changes in the political situation of Europe, since he had been deprived of liberty, Beverley listened to this information with a strange mixture of joy, surprise, and incredulity. For the first time since his imprisonment, a ray of hope shot across his heart: should the Russians be successful, could he make his position

known to them, his deliverance was certain; and yet this feeble hope vanished, when he reflected how improbable it was that his persecutor would permit him to escape; if D'Arville lived, all hope was vain.

Day after day rolled on; the terrible din of war continued unbroken; he had vainly endeavoured to obtain some information of the progress of the siege from his jailor, but the man had relapsed into his former state of morose taciturnity, and refused to answer the slightest question. At length, after three weeks of incessant firing, during the latter part of which the roaring of cannon and the bursting of various projectiles seemed to increase in fury, a sudden tremendous explosion shook the solid walls of the prison to their very base; to this succeeded a dead silence,—the firing was not renewed. It was evident all was over; but whether the Russians had retired, or whether the place had surrendered, it was impossible for him to ascertain. It was with trembling, fearful anxiety that he awaited the return of his guardian, who was usually scrupulously punctual in his visits: the accustomed hour arrived; however he came not—it

passed,—still the man did not make his appearance—another and yet another rolled by—they seemed like years of eternal torture to the mind of the poor captive. Night came, that also passed: was he thus purposely neglected? Day dawned, still no sound was heard—evening returned, and yet no signs of the keeper—a burning thirst devoured him—he was not hungry, but sick, faint, giddy from debility; a few drops of water would have been an inestimable blessing—his supply was exhausted. The horror of being left to perish from inanition, burst upon his mind—strange contradiction of human nature! the death which, a short time previous, he had courted and prayed for as a boon, now appeared most horrible to him; in proportion as his heart had been elated with hope and expectation, so much the more was he now agonized with apprehension and a lingering adherence to life. At length he thought that he distinguished the echo of the well-known footsteps; but his senses, rendered painfully nervous by the horror of his situation, had deceived him—the sounds died away, or else they had been the mere creations of his own imagination—a painful singing in his ears, like

the confused tinkling of distant bells, alone remained: he shouted, but the echo of his own hoarse voice alone reverberated through his cell. The night was now fast approaching, when he was aroused from a momentary slumber, into which he had fallen, by the grating of a key in the door, and in a few seconds more the jailer stood by his side.

After apologizing, with unwonted civility, for his protracted absence, occasioned, as he said, by his detention on duty with the National Guards, he informed Arthur that the town had surrendered to the Russian corps d'armée, under Count W——, and that the allies were advancing in every direction upon the French capital: of D'Arville, however, he either could not or would not give any information further than that he had not been seen within the fortress for many weeks.

Elated by intelligence which opened a prospect of immediate deliverance, and encouraged by the unusual communicativeness of his attendant, Beverley urged the fellow to supply him with writing materials: having succeeded in obtaining this favour, he wrote a few lines to

the Russian General, briefly explaining his name, nation, and rank, and earnestly imploring immediate assistance and protection; and then, by the assurance of a considerable recompense, obtained a promise from the keeper, that the letter should forthwith be delivered into the hands of some Russian officer of rank.

After a night and the greater part of the following day, passed in an agonizing state of suspense, and when in fact he had almost abandoned all hopes of his letter having reached its destination, the buzz of human voices struck upon his ear—his mind, wrought up to a pitch of almost frenzied excitement, caused his heart to beat with painful violence—he listened with fearful, horrible suspense: alas! the glad sounds were not those of deliverance for him. Gracious God! it had been an illusion—his miserable weakened senses had deceived him—he threw himself on his wretched pallet, and would have wept, but exhausted nature had dried up the sources of grief,—she refused him this solace; a deep and bitter groan burst from his very inward soul.

As he sat with his face buried between his

emaciated hands, renewed noises again aroused him—he started up—the rattling of distant keys—the loud peremptory tones of angry voices, and the clanking of sabres, were audible beyond all doubt. Father of goodness! the sounds fell upon his senses like the consoling tones of ministering angels—his pulse, which had so long ceased to vibrate, save with the leaden feebleness of despair, now throbbed intensely with the quick pulsations of hope—his blood rushed wildly through his veins—a violent perspiration burst forth from his face and forehead—he absolutely gasped with extended mouth and nostrils, as if he could have eagerly inhaled the cheering sounds—his body shook until his very chains rattled, as though they had been purposely, violently agitated—his sensations were intense, so much so, that he even feared that he was deranged, that he was again deceived: but no, the sounds increased—they approached still closer—the strangers had reached his door—they called him loudly, distinctly—he would have answered, but his emotions were too violent,—a faint hysteric laugh was his only reply. "Am I insane?" said he to

himself, clasping his hands together, and falling on his knees, he endeavoured to pray: but enfeebled nature could no longer support these violent assaults; scarcely could he utter the words, "Almighty God, I thank thee!" ere a deadly sickness crept over his whole frame—his head became giddy—a dizzy film spread itself across his eyes, and he fell exhausted on the floor.

The turnkey had, in the mean time, been faithful to his promise; the letter had been delivered to a Russian colonel, and had at length reached the Count W——: that excellent man, who combines all the sterling characteristics of an English gentleman, and the polished urbanity of a well-bred Frenchman, with all the noblest and most essential qualities of a brave and experienced soldier; no sooner had the Count received Beverley's communication, than he hastened to the prison, attended by one or two aide-de-camps and a sufficient escort; at first, the Governor positively denied all knowledge of the Captain; but the instant application of a few stripes from the kantchous of the Cossacks, and the additional threat of immediate hanging,

extracted the truth from him, and when W——, attended by Colonel Naretchkin and Yermoloff, entered the cell, the sight which presented itself drew tears from the eyes of those brave men.

Stretched on the humid pavement of a dungeon, surrounded by damp and filth, lay a wretched human being, whose haggard features were partly concealed by a long and grisly beard: around his head were the remains of an old silk handkerchief; his feet were almost bare; his body was wrapped up in a tattered blanket, under which was still visible the soiled and torn remains of a red uniform, whilst his bones, starting through his pallid skin, and his closed eyes, deep sunken in his head, bespoke the horrible sufferings he had so long endured.

Who could have recognised in this pitiful attenuated creature, the manly form and noble countenance of the once admired and gallant Beverley?

To raise up the unfortunate from the ground —to unrivet his chains—to envelope him in his own cloak, and to see him instantly conveyed to his own quarters, was the immediate act of the

kind-hearted W——; and when Arthur recovered his senses, he found himself surrounded by every comfort and luxury which the care of his deliverer could procure for him: and when the latter quitted ——, to lead on his victorious columns towards the French capital, he not only supplied Beverley with money and every facility for prosecuting his journey to England, but promised him to bring D'Arville to a most summary account for his atrocious conduct.

Whilst eagerly awaiting the return of strength sufficient to enable him to bear the motion of a carriage, Beverley ascertained that he had been indebted for the preservation of life to a mere accident. D'Arville, who had been suddenly summoned from the department to Paris, by order of the Emperor, no sooner discovered that the rapid advance of the Allies threatened the investment of ——, than he transmitted orders to the Governor of the prison to *dispose of* the prisoner by any means which he thought proper; fortunately, however, the messenger intrusted with this and other dispatches, fell into

the hands of the Cossacks, and thus Beverley had avoided his doom.

The kindness and skilful treatment of his new friends,—liberty, that first, that paramount blessing,—and the idea of again seeing his country and aged grandfather, soon restored Beverley to a sufficient degree of convalescence to enable him to undertake the journey; and ere many days, he landed in perfect safety at Harwich. I will not attempt to depict the feelings of joyful ecstasy which animated his heart, when he found himself once more in England, or the almost drunken pleasure with which he gazed on the varied landscapes which fleeted by as he rapidly advanced towards the metropolis. That singular air of prosperity and abundance; that garden-like appearance of the face of nature; that look of sturdy independence and liberty, in the deportment of the inhabitants, as well as the remarkable beauty and sleekness of the animal tribes; the roads, the rivers, the thousand villages, the innumerable villas, the multitude of travellers;—in short, that remarkable display of movement, wealth, and social

intercourse, which is almost indigenous to England, seemed wonderful to Beverley's mind, and made him feel, in all their force, those pure sentiments of affection for his father-land, which, in despite of long years of absence, Englishmen feel with a degree of intensity, more acute, perhaps, than the individuals of any other nation. For I believe there are few amongst us who would not willingly exclaim with Rowe :—

"Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land;
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good."

## CHAPTER IV.

UNWILLING to trespass too far on the generosity and confidence of Count W——, Beverley had merely supplied himself with sufficient money to carry him, with rigid economy, to London; and, on reaching Harwich, he was consequently obliged to continue his journey to the metropolis in the cheapest, though perhaps not the most dignified manner for a young man of his rank and fortune. Thus the evening was already far advanced, ere the stage, on the outside of which the meagre state of his remaining pecuniary resources had obliged him to take his place, reached the eastern end of the mighty capital of the British islands.

Calling, without loss of time, for a coach,

and taking with him his small stock of luggage, which, as it may be imagined, little exceeded two or three changes of linen, he desired to be driven with all possible despatch to Portman-square.

The tumult of conflicting sensations which swelled his bosom, as he slowly passed through the long streets of the city, became every moment more and more intense: his impatience, irritated and augmented by the tardy, jumbling movement of the vehicle, at length became insupportable; the space in which he was enclosed appeared too confined, too narrow almost for him to breathe in—he put down both glasses, and exposed his bare temples to the night damp, as if that could have cooled his feverish anxiety—he moved from one side to the other, as if the change of his position could accelerate the motion of the machine: in short, such was his eagerness to reach the end of his drive, and so far did his impatience outstrip the sluggish pace of the jaded animals which dragged him painfully forward, that he had scarcely reached Holborn Hill ere he begged to be set down; and having given the coachman the

few shillings still remaining in his pocket, took the modest valise containing his clothes under his arm, and hastened forward at a rapid pace.

In despite of all the glad sensations of hope and anticipation, which had hitherto buoyed up Beverley's heart, even to intoxication, he now felt an extraordinary sentiment of doubt and depression gradually invading his mind, as each succeeding step brought him nearer the abode of his grandfather. At length, as he turned the corner of the noble square, as he saw the broad circle of lamps extending round the central enclosure, and almost distinguished the splendid mansion of Lord Roxmere on the eastern side, a thousand dear reminiscences of early days rushed upon his mind, and almost overwhelmed him. Having, in a few seconds more, reached the well-known door, he paused, and ere he mounted the steps, looked up at the windows; all were closed; there were no lights in the hall, no sounds within, no symptoms of occupation above or below, even the extra lamps, surmounted by coronets, which burned at all times on either side the railing, whether the family were in town or not, were removed:

a chill, unaccountable foreboding crept across his soul: thoughts, which during the bewilderment and excitement of first liberty and renewed existence, had never before entered his mind, or had been instantly repelled, now shot a feeling of melancholy gloom into his very heart's core: he knew not why, but his hand trembled violently as he seized the knocker; indeed, so extreme was his agitation, that he was obliged to lean for support against the wall: at length, summoning courage, he rapped loudly; but he was under the necessity of repeating this operation several times ere he procured the slightest indications of movement within. At last, however, the echoing of doors, and the scraping of feet, resounded through the stone corridors; a dim light glimmered through the species of skylight above the entrance, and he heard the voice of an old woman, who, putting her head to the keyhole, demanded, in no very pleasant terms, who it was that made such a disturbance. "It is I, it is I," eagerly replied Beverley, utterly forgetting that the tones of his voice, once familiar to and beloved by all his grandfather's establishment, must now be

changed and forgotten. "And who be you?" rejoined the female, as she unbolted the door, taking care, however, to leave the transverse chain so fixed as to render it impossible for any one to enter; "and what do you want at this time of night?—no good, I doubt," added she, exhibiting the hard features of one of those old charwomen who are often employed to take care of London houses during the absence of the families. "Open the door, I beg," rejoined Arthur: "it is I, Mr. Beverley."

"I won't do no such things!" answered the other. "What! I suppose you know the premises, and wants to rob the house! Come, go about your business, or I'll scream for the watch. Why, Laud a'marcy on me, if you don't look as if you could cut a body's throat!"

"I tell you, good woman, that I am your master's, Lord Roxmere's, grandson, Mr. Beverley."

"Don't tell me no such nonsense," rejoined the female Cerberus, taking up a link or two more in the chain; "you want to rob the house, you do; that's the way I was once served 'afore, when I was a charring a house in

George-street, Westminster; so go along, go along."

"I tell you, good woman, that I am no robber, but an officer just escaped from a French prison."

"Escaped from a prison! more 's the pity," returned the other; "why, didn't I tell you so? Never was such times! A'n't you ashamed of yourself, to come and tell a body that you 're just out of a jail?"

"You mistake me," replied Arthur, nearly losing all patience; "I am Captain Beverley, who has been so many years absent; and if you do not choose to admit me, I beg you will call some of the other servants who know me."

"There 's nobody else in the house but me," retorted the woman; "can't you see the bills in the windows? and if you have any thing to ask, you must go to Mr. Rennie's—the house is to let."

"To let!" said Arthur, as, with a melancholy presentiment of the truth, he added, "Why, where is Lord Roxmere?"

"What, the old one?" demanded the other.

"I know of no other," retorted Arthur.

"Oh, he's dead,—dead a long time!" said the woman, as, slapping the door in Beverley's face, she added, "and I shall catch my death a cold if I stays here a jabbering any longer."

There was something which appeared fearfully suited to the word, in the hollow sound of the closing door reverberating through the hall, as if in accompaniment to the monosyllable which thus suddenly announced to Beverley the loss of his beloved relative, and he could scarcely control his emotions as, turning from the house, where it was useless to remain any longer, he directed his steps towards one of the hotels in the neighbourhood of Bond-street. The fearful state of his mind, during this short walk, no words can describe.

Upon reaching —— Hotel, which was already closed for the night, Arthur rang, and after a short delay was admitted by one of the waiters, who, in reply to his demand if he could be accommodated with a bed, first stared at him, from head to foot, with an air of mixed surprise and impertinence, and then said, "A bed, Sir! I don't know, Sir; we don't take in

travellers, Sir!" and then eying him again with that supercilious insolence of manner peculiar to this class of persons, (who, in nine cases out of ten, are spoiled by the familiarities of the young men of fortune who frequent the fashionable London hotels,) the fellow cast a contemptuous glance at the small valise which Beverley held under his arm, and added, "I don't think that there is a bed; but I'll ask master."

During the interval of the man's absence, Beverley had leisure to examine his own figure in a mirror which hung over the table, in the passage, and he could scarcely feel any surprise that his appearance should excite distrust; it certainly was at that moment little calculated to inspire confidence. His features, naturally pale, were still suffering from the effects of his recent misery, and were even rendered more pallid by the dark black moustaches and curls which hung about his face. His dress, consisting of a white Russian forage-cap, (for the convenience of travelling,) coarse trowsers, and a loose half-military great coat, over which hung one of the short Bashkir fur cloaks, rendered his appear-

ance any thing but attractive: in fact, there was an appearance of shabbiness and wildness in his costume, and of subdued misery in his features, which ill accorded with the extortioning propensities of a smart London hotel-keeper, accustomed to all the careless extravagance and foppery of young men of rank and fortune.

As Beverley turned from the mirror, in which he could scarcely believe that he saw himself reflected, he perceived, through the glass partition which divided the bar from the corridor, the host and a party of friends enjoying their rubber: after waiting for several minutes, until the hand was played out, the landlord at length made his appearance. Thrusting both his hands into his breeches-pocket, as he approached Beverley, he said, "Oh! you want a room, do you? I don't think we have one vacant;" and as he scrutinized Arthur's person, and perceived the small valise, he added, "And suppose there should be a room, where shall we find your luggage?"

"You need not give yourself any trouble on that account," answered Beverley, "for this is all I possess at present."

"Well, then, I don't think we can spare a bed," returned the other; "but I will ask my wife;" and then putting his head into the bar, he said quite loud enough for Beverley to hear him—

"My dear Mrs. Bobbins! here 's a bagsman who wants a bed; there is no single gentlemen's beds vacant, my dear, is there?"

"I don't know, Bobbins, my dear," replied the spouse, in whom Beverley instantly recognised the quondam Mrs. Tape; "you had better ask the chambermaid."

"I think, Mrs. Bobbins, my dear, that 's in your department though," replied the husband.

"Laud-a-mercy, Bobbins, my dear," answered the wife, "how wulgar you can be! besides, what would you say, I should like to know, if I was to be troubling my head about single gentlemen; why you would be as crabbed as you were when the Duke of Devonshire's groom of the chambers gave me a ticket for the bachelors' ball."

"Well, well, my dear, don't be angry; I only asked, you know," rejoined the landlord, as, returning to Arthur, he said, "There a'ent no

room, every corner's as full as a tick; besides, Sir, we never take in people what hasn't no luggage—no servants—we a'ent a common pot-house."

"Ah!" said Beverley, "it is true that I have neither the one nor the other this evening,—for, the fact is, I am an officer just returned from a French prison, too happy to have escaped with life;—but I see you are suspicious."

"Oh, not at all," replied the host,—"not at all suspicious, only a *leetle* cautious; why, there is so many rogues and half-pay officers about town, that we are obliged to be cautious."

"Insolent scoundrel!" said Beverley to himself, as, suppressing the inclination he felt to knock the fellow down, he rejoined, "You are quite right to be on your guard; but I assure you, however much my want of luggage and attendants, and indeed, if I am to believe that looking-glass, my whole appearance, may be against me, yet when you know who I am, you will not repent having taken my word."

"Take your word!" replied the fellow; "no! as my brother Jem, the sheriff's officer, said; 'Mind, Tom,' said he, 'you never takes no

words; what 's words? gammon! no, never take no words, especially if they be ladies', parsons', or officers'; and I never do."

"Come, Bobbins, my dear!" exclaimed the voice of the wife, "I say it is your turn to lead off; and though you don't take words, you give a great many," added the lady, grinning at her wit; "so, don't stand chattering there; come, arts is trumps; there a'ent no beds, you know, for no such oy-polly; no luggage—no servants! don't keep us waiting here all night, or we 'll play dummy without you."

"I wish you would now and then, my dear," said Mr. Bobbins, between his teeth; and then turning to Beverley, he added, "Come, Sir, if you please, Sir, I am very sorry, but we cannot accommodate you;" and he pointed significantly to the door.

Seeing at once through the meaning of all this, Arthur perceived that his only chance of obtaining shelter for the night was by disclosing his name: however disinclined he felt to remain where he was, he feared that if he quitted this house and applied elsewhere, he should only subject himself to renewed insult.

"Well," said Arthur, "since I find my word cannot be taken, and as my appearance excites so much distrust, I will tell you fairly that I am Lord Roxmere; to-morrow morning you will have sufficient proof of my identity."

"Oh, you are Lord Roxmere, are you?" exclaimed the man, starting back; "well, if that ar'n't the impudentest thing what I ever heard of, hang me." Here he turned round, and whispered something to the porter about a constable, and then continued, "Now I 'll just tell you what, young fellow; you are either an impostor or a madman; and if you do not go about your business immediately, I 'll get you a night's lodging in the watch-house: why, you rascal, his Lordship only quitted my house this very morning for Beverley Castle; and I should think I should know him, for I lived two years in his service; so, be off!"

"If the melancholy intelligence which I have just heard be true, I am, most unquestionably, Lord Roxmere," replied Arthur: "God grant that it may be otherwise; but in either case you will some day repent your insolence;" and then drawing up his figure to its utmost height, he added, "To waste further words upon such a man

as you, would be a positive degradation:" then folding around him his rough capote, he issued forth into the street.

Never did a sentiment of such utter desolation and loneliness oppress the heart of any human being as that which almost annihilated Beverley, as he turned from the inhospitable door of the insolent hotel-keeper. How sadly, how suddenly, had all his visions of happiness been converted into a reality of misery! Instead of meeting the tender embraces and outstretched arms of a beloved parent, that parent was no more: instead of the warm greetings, and joyful congratulations of numerous friends, eager to receive him, he had been even refused admittance at a common house of entertainment, and treated as an impostor: instead of hearing a hundred glad voices raised to welcome the return of their young Lord to the hills of his forefathers, he had been repulsed, like a midnight robber, from the very threshold of that house, where once his wishes were a law, and where a crowd of menials awaited his commands. He who had been reared up in the very lap of luxury and affluence, who had been taught to anticipate

rank, grandeur, and respect, to whom gold had been as the dross of the earth, now found himself denied, scorned, houseless, absolutely without a penny to enable him to procure a night's shelter.

To a stranger, even though he be supplied with the amplest means of purchasing respect and attention, there is always a feeling of extraordinary loneliness and individuality when he finds himself unknown in the vast metropolis. Although surrounded by crowds, though within reach of every species of amusement and pleasure which money can procure, the very concourse and animation which environ him serve but to increase the solitude of his feelings; the gaiety and merriment of others do but augment the dejection of his own spirits. He sallies forth without any absorbing object of interest to guide his steps; he has no visits to make, no friends to meet, no fond eye watching for his appearance; he passes either utterly unnoticed, or is only stared at as being unknown. He gazes at shops, pictures, and sights, until his very brain becomes giddy, and he walks from street to street until his limbs are weary; but there is

nothing to satisfy the cravings of his heart. He neither recognizes, nor is he recognized by a single human being; he would give worlds for some one to whom he might address himself; but the social laws enchain his tongue, and he sees himself, in the midst of thousands, as much alone, as if he were in the Desert. What follows? fatigued, and overwhelmed by the monster ennui, he returns to his hotel, eats a solitary dinner in the midst of a crowded coffee-room, his only resource being either to converse with a pert, gossiping waiter, or to coax the poodle of some other guest, in hopes that his caressing the animal may draw him into conversation with its master. His monotonous repast terminated, his single pint, increased to a bottle, swallowed down, he then goes to the play or opera, and again alone, amidst hundreds, finds solitude and dulness where he had hoped for companionship and amusement; for what pleasure can the eye convey to the heart, if that heart lacks some one to whom it may declare its emotions? even the most tender, the most sacred affections of our souls lose something of their intensity, are robbed of a portion of their charms, when we

are deprived of this solace. The man who can receive any gratification from outward objects, he who can either love, hate, or enjoy happiness when alone, or who does not at all events feel that his enjoyments would be heightened tenfold had he some one to whom he might communicate the sentiments, some one to whom he might impart the overflowings of his soul, has, I should think, very little soul to boast of:

> But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
> To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
> And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
> With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
> Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
> None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
> If we were not, would seem to smile the less
> Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued;
> This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

Even those who have been long absent from the metropolis are not exempt from a considerable share in these painful sensations—when they first return, every thing seems strange, novel, even foreign to their eyes—in vain they look for the persons and objects of former times, a new race has sprung up—at every turn they find new equipages, new fashions, new people and new streets;

the gay friends and companions of earlier days are no longer to be seen—where are they? One by one fallen off, retired, replaced by younger successors, ruined perhaps, alas! perhaps dead! If he walks to St. James's-street, the very post at the corner, against which he has leant with half a dozen merry and youthful comrades, watching the crowds of acquaintance who passed to and fro, now seems to have assumed a new and even forbidding aspect; and in the hundreds of equipages which roll by, he vainly seeks for some of those countenances which might recall the glad spring-time of youthful days. Even the very coachmen by whom he at a distance recognized his friends, are no longer to be seen. Let him proceed further down and look in at White's; the faces he sees assembled there are no longer the same—the grey frosting of age has succeeded to the brighter lustre of youth—the wrinkles and frowns of disappointment have succeeded to the smiles of hope and expectation—they also, fashion's despots, have yielded to the influence of that time, of which many of them have made such unprofitable use—they also perceive that a younger race of votaries are

anxiously waiting for that inevitable blow which must, sooner or later, subject them to the great election of eternity. In short, go where he will, —to the court, to the ball, or to the club,—what fearful hiatuses in the list of his once numerous acquaintance! and by those remaining, how is he received? forgotten by some, he is wilfully neglected by others, or if recognized, it is done with that cold, heartless indifference, more revolting to a generous mind, than absolute forgetfulness itself.

## CHAPTER V.

ALMOST unconscious of the direction in which he was bending his steps, Beverley quitted the door and moved onwards. It was a raw and cheerless night, a drizzling rain fell upon his face, and added to the chill of his heart; the streets were slippery and plashy, and the long lines of lamps which dimly glimmered through the mist, or feebly glittered on the rain drops which trickled from the railings and cornices, served but to render the surrounding gloom more sombre. There was less movement, less life than usual in the streets; but at this Beverley rejoiced, for the sight of the few carriages which passed him, rapidly hurrying to balls and parties, served but to increase his own

misery, when he contrasted the splendid dresses and smiling countenances of their occupants with his own forlorn situation.

Where to go he knew not; to present himself, in his present condition, at the house of any of his former acquaintances was repugnant to his feelings, whilst he feared that every attempt to obtain a lodging at any of the hotels would prove equally unsuccessful. At length, however, he made up his mind to proceed to Lord Rumford's; that young nobleman had ever shown him the greatest possible kindness; besides, Arthur well knew that, amidst all his apparent frivolity and want of thought, a kinder or more generous nature could not exist; he therefore turned down Bond-street, and took the direction of the peer's residence. It almost appeared as if Beverley bore the very stamp of his misery and wretchedness legibly engraved upon his countenance, for even the miserable abandoned creatures who are permitted by our negligent police to infest the most frequented portions of the metropolis, and who, in despite of the inclemency of the night, were congregated in groups under the porticoes, even they did not attempt to molest him, or if

they did, they merely stared in his face, and then uttering some disgusting or blasphemous expression, which almost curdled his heart's blood, struck at him, and then returned swearing and grumbling to their covert.

He had gained Albemarle-street, and was about to turn into Piccadilly, when he observed a female figure, with an infant in its arms, seated on the steps of one of the houses: upon his approach she rose, and addressed him in accents in which Beverley plainly perceived, that want and misery, and all the horrors of utter destitution, were holding a fearful struggle with shame, remorse, and female delicacy. His speed had at first been accelerated on purpose to avoid her; but there was something in the language and tone of voice of the miserable creature, which riveted his attention, and caused him insensibly to walk more slowly, and even to look at her, and he perceived, by the dim light of the surrounding lamps, that she possessed a countenance and form of eminent beauty; he started as he gazed, for her features were decidedly not unknown to him, though their wan and haggard outlines bespoke unutterable sufferings of body

and mind. Conscious that he had not the means of relieving the poor creature, Beverley said to her, in accents more kind than are usually wont to greet the ears of such unhappy beings, "Leave me, I beg, my poor girl,—leave me, for I have nothing for you."

"See, oh see!" replied the female, interrupting him in accents of despair, "for I am hungry, very hungry, and my child is starving,—a few pence, the smallest trifle may save me from destruction; for twenty-four hours I have not tasted food; I am a wretch, a sinful wretch, but still—" and here she buried her face between her hands, and groaned in the bitterness of her spirit.

"I pity you from the bottom of my heart," said Beverley, "and would to God that it were in my power to relieve you! for there is something in your voice and manner which tells me that you merit compassion;—but, alas!" added he, with a deep sigh, "I am at this moment as poor and miserable as yourself; to-morrow, however, I shall be in a state to assist your necessities. Call at the Gloucester Coffee-house; you will there find a letter addressed to A——,

it will contain a sufficient sum of money for your immediate wants. I can do no more; for, indeed, I am this night as much in want of shelter as yourself."

Whilst Beverley was thus speaking, the woman gazed at him with a look of piercing intensity, and then covering her features with the remnant of the old shawl, which protected the face of her sleeping baby from the night rain, she exclaimed,—

"Good God! can it be possible! you, Mr. Beverley, Lord Roxmere alive!"

Then bursting into tears, she turned round, and was hastening away; when Arthur, forgetting his own misery and distress of mind in his surprise at being thus recognized and apostrophized by a person in her horrible situation, laid his hand upon her arm, and said, "You appear to know me; who are you? your features are all familiar to my eyes; I feel convinced that I have known you in better and happier days; tell me, I beg, who you are; it may be in my power to assist you,—to save you."

"Never, never," rejoined the female; "go, go,—I am unworthy of your commiseration."

The light of the large lamp hanging before the Gloucester Coffee-house now fell upon the girl's countenance, and, in despite of her endeavours to conceal herself, Arthur recognized, in the miserable being beside him, a young and beautiful creature, the daughter of the principal innkeeper at Beverley, and niece to Lady Roxmere's housekeeper, Mrs. Makesop, and who, from her extraordinary beauty and innocence, had been generally known throughout the neighbourhood as the Flower of Beverley.

"What, can it be possible!" said Arthur, "you—you—Jane Lawson, the flower, the glory of our village! you in this horrid situation! What ruthless fiend has wrought this accursed deed? Good God! have my misfortunes entailed misery upon all those who were once connected with my family? Where is your father?"

The girl sobbed most bitterly, but made no reply. Shame, remorse, the anguish that was consuming her heart, caused her tongue to cleave to her mouth; whilst weakness, inanition, and, above all, the dreadful feeling of having been recognized by one who had known her in

her days of innocence, completely overcame her, and she sank almost lifeless against the railing so suddenly, that Arthur had scarcely time to seize the infant, which would otherwise have dropt to the ground. Beverley's embarrassment was extreme; it seemed as if every circumstance had combined on this night to aggravate the misery of his situation; already more than one watchman—wretches either inured to scenes of depravity and misery, or disappointed because she had not been able to purchase from them the horrible privilege of remaining on their beat—had desired them to quit the spot. Already several persons of the lowest and most abandoned class had gathered around them; and whilst Beverley, forgetful of himself, forgetful that his own heart was racked with tortures, was endeavouring to succour the fainting unfortunate, he heard the coarsest jokes, and the most insolent observations uttered, upon his appearance. No time was to be lost; to abandon, in this wretched state, one whom he had known in all the glorious sunshine of innocence and loveliness, was to abandon her perhaps to death. Much as he

was in want of aid himself, the thought of his own suffering was completely absorbed in that of the girl; taking her under his arm and supporting her sinking frame with one hand, whilst he carried the baby, concealed by his rough cloak under the other, he proceeded onwards to May-fair; determining, in despite of the anticipated raillery of Lord Rumford, to borrow from him a few pounds for the girl that night, and, if possible, to use his influence with her family to place her in a situation which might rescue her from the horrible fate which would otherwise be the result of her transgressions.

"I will not insult your misfortunes," said Beverley as they walked along, "by attempting to rebuke you; but I solemnly adjure you to seize the opportunity which, I trust, it will be in my power to afford, of tearing yourself from the horrible gulph into which you have fallen. Where, I repeat, is your father?"

"Dead!" replied the other, sobbing most bitterly; "he died of a broken heart. I—I killed him."

"Where is your aunt—where is Makesop?"

demanded Arthur, almost dreading lest the good old woman, who had been nurse to his father as well as himself, should also have paid the debt of nature.

"She is in perfect health," answered the other, "and lives not far from hence."

The thought instantly struck Arthur that he would direct his steps to her abode, and demand a night's lodging; and the very idea cheered his soul.

"Do you know her address?" said he to his companion.

"O, do I not!" rejoined the girl; "many, many is the hour that I have passed in watching her venerable countenance through the blinds of her parlour."

"Have you ever applied to her for assistance?"

"Never; she scarcely knows whether I am still in existence. Fear, shame, the consciousness of my own degradation, and the disgrace and misery that I have entailed on my family, have withhheld me. An hundred times have I taken up my pen to implore forgiveness and mercy; but my heart has sickened with

a sense of my own unworthiness—an hundred times have I had my hand on the door, determined to throw myself at her feet, and supplicate for mercy, but my courage has failed; but God knows how anxiously, how eagerly I pray for the means of salvation. Heaven knows the torments which rack my wretched heart.—Oh, my Lord!" continued the forlorn Jane Lawson, "if those who see our persons arrayed in all the finery of dress and fashion,—who see our faces decked with smiles and levity, and apparent carelessness; if they could read our hearts, and see the hell which burns within, they would pity us with as much sympathy as they now justly abhor and despise us."

"Repentance can never come too late," said Arthur. "I do not wish to distress your feelings unnecessarily, but I must request you will tell me, whether the cause of your misery is in a situation to make any reparation to your character."

"No," returned the other, with the utmost embarrassment; "no,—for he is a nobleman, and married."

"A Nobleman, and married!" exclaimed Ar-

thur, with the most marked indignation; "hateful villain! it is a tenfold aggravation of his infamy. But were you aware of that circumstance beforehand?"

"No, on my honour; he introduced himself to me as the son of a wealthy tradesman; he gained my affections, how I know not,—for his countenance is ugly as his heart is wicked; but he swore he loved me; he promised wealth, jewels, fine clothes, and carriages; I believed him, and loved him in return; he persuaded me to fly from my father's house, and to accompany him to Gretna; alas! I consented. He took me to a small village, which he told me was in Scotland—a blacksmith performed a mock ceremony. I imagined that I was his lawful wife. He then proceeded with me to London, and there, in a few days, he abandoned me." Here the poor girl's emotion became too powerful for her to continue, and she was again nearly falling to the ground.

"No more, no more!" said Beverley; "all I wish to know is the name of this monster: and if public exposure or the law can make him suffer, by God! he shall be made to feel. Con-

fide in me,—you may do so with safety. Who is he?"

After a long hesitation and evident combat with herself, the poor creature groaned forth the name of Maltby.

"Maltby!" said Arthur, with a shudder of disgust; "Maltby! the deed is worthy of the man."

"Yes," added the other, "it was indeed Maltby, he who is now in possession of your title and estates;" and then taking courage, she continued, "Oh, my Lord! how shall I thank you for your sympathy and compassion; it is the first consolatory balm which has been poured into my heart since I quitted home; if you see my aunt, tell her, oh tell her! I beseech you, that I am not so bad, so lost, as I appear. I swear by the Great Being, whom I have so justly offended, that since the moment that I discovered the horrible treachery which destroyed me, I have done every thing in my power to support myself honestly and virtuously, and in this I succeeded for many months: but illness at length overtook me; I was confined for many weeks to my bed, and unable to

work for my support; my clothes, all I possessed, were gradually sold to purchase food; for my child's sake I wrote to Maltby, imploring some trifling succour,—my letter was returned unopened; at length, the patience and charity of my landlord were exhausted: seeing no chance of payment or relief, he determined to get rid of me; yesterday evening I was turned forth to wander in the streets; twice was I on the point of casting myself into the water, and thus terminating my misery; but my baby, my wretched baby, arrested my feet;—for thee, innocent, unconscious proof of thy mother's shame,—for thee alone have I consented to live," added the afflicted creature, as she stooped down and pressed to her bosom the sleeping baby which reclined on Arthur's arm.

They now reached a small but neat-looking house in Clarges-street, and Arthur's companion informed him that this was the abode of Mrs. Makesop. He then delivered to her the child, took from his shoulders his cloak, placed it upon those of the girl, and then remembering a ring of some value, which had escaped from the plunder of the French soldiers, he gave

it to her, saying, that it was of sufficient value to procure her a night's lodging at the apartment she had quitted; then bidding her feel assured that he would exert his utmost influence to restore her to her family, he directed her, as before, to call at the Gloucester Coffee-house, and rapped at Mrs. Makesop's door.

## CHAPTER VI.

AFTER waiting a few seconds, the door was opened by a maid-servant, in whom Beverley immediately recognized one of the former female domestics at the Castle. The sight, at that late hour, of a tall, strangely-dressed man, with a bearded face, made the girl start back, and she appeared half inclined to close the door against him; but she had been reared up in a family where the necessity of displaying the utmost civility and attention, even to persons of the humblest class, had been strenuously impressed upon the minds of all the domestics by their noble master. Perceiving what was passing in the girl's mind, Beverley said, "Do not be alarmed, I beg; I shall do you no harm;—tell

your mistress, that some one who has business of the utmost importance to communicate, wishes to speak with her."

"She is not at home, Sir," replied the servant, encouraged by hearing a soft voice proceed from so strange a figure;—"she is not at home, I assure you; if you have any business, you had better call in the morning: besides, Sir, she 's gone to the play, Sir,—'tis the anniversary of my Lord's birth-day, and we always keep it as if he were alive."

"Then I will wait until she returns," said Beverley, a tear almost rushing into his eyes, as he heard of this proof of affection for his memory. "I will wait, for I must see her this night: I am the bearer of good news from France."

"Good news from France!" exclaimed the maid; "is it any thing about my Lord? for there 's no other news she 'll care about."

"It is," rejoined Beverley, "the best news: "he lives, and will soon be here to claim his rights."

"Thank God for it! that will be indeed news," answered the other; and then she added,

with a mixture of doubt and caution not very flattering to Beverley's feelings, "but are you sure you a'ent a-cheating of me: there is so many rogues about, one never knows what may happen: there was our neighbour, the vinegar merchant, had his house robbed of a dozen silver spoons and a gold snuff-box the other day, by quite a gentleman-like, whilst the servant went to fetch a pen and ink for him to write a note."

"Have no fears," said Beverley: "if you really suspect me to be a thief, I can wait in the street until your mistress comes home; but I assure you there is no necessity for this caution."

"Well," answered the girl, "if you will step into the parlour, you can wait there until she comes home; but mind you do not touch none of the things; it's called my Lord's parlour, and every thing in it was brought from the Castle by my mistress, and she would as soon lose her hand, I believe, as a pin out of that room:" then thinking, perhaps, that locking in would be quite as efficacious as fastening out, she secured the street door, put the key in her pocket, and ushered Beverley into the parlour. As

they passed through this apartment, Arthur observed, with pleasure, the admirable cleanliness, comfort, and even elegance of the arrangements of the passage and staircase, which were well lighted up, and showed plainly that the aged owner of the house had reaped the just reward of her long and faithful services. Every thing bore that air of peculiar ease and substantial abundance, which is generally to be met with amongst the respectable class of middling householders, to which Mrs. Makesop now belonged.

On looking round the chamber, Arthur was not a little struck by seeing an arm-chair on either side the fire occupied by dogs, as he well remembered the extreme aversion the tidy old lady had always expressed to those animals in the house, and the numberless good-humoured scoldings he had received from her for having encouraged any of his canine favourites to mount upon the damask or silken chairs and sofas at the Castle. The sleeping animals, who at first took no notice of his entrance, riveted his attention, for in one he recognized an old and favourite spaniel, of that beautiful breed

which many of my readers may have seen at Arundel Castle. The maid, who had observed and mistaken the expression of Arthur's countenance, first apologized to him for the best chairs being thus engrossed by her mistress's pets; and then added, "But it is not any wonder, Sir; for if ever you knew my Lord, you must remember Rover. Poor blind thing! we all love him, for my Lord loved him; and since the day my Lord left England, the poor dumb creature has never held up its head:—and that, Sir," said she, pointing to the other, "that is Fanny. My Lord gave it to my mistress when it was but a puppy; and Miss Lucy, Sir, never sees it but she begs hard, with tears in her eyes, to have it; but my mistress would as soon part with my Lord's picture there. That's it, Sir, that hangs over the mantelpiece: he was but a baby then, pretty dear!—Do you know Miss Lucy, Sir?" continued the girl, her garrulity increasing in proportion to the patience and interest with which Beverley listened to her gossip. "If you knew my Lord, Sir, you must have known Miss Lucy Delmore. It was said, before he went a soldiering to foreign parts,

that he was to marry her; but I don't know how it was, the foreign ladies drove Miss Lucy from his memory, and then he came home, and got in with all the fine lords and ladies here in town, and they turned his heart; and then them Granthams got hold of him, and he was going to be married to Miss Grantham, and the day was fixed, and the wedding clothes was bought; and there was poor Miss Lucy was nearly a dying, and every body down at Beverley could a'cried, for no one could abide them Granthams. Well, Sir, do you know all of a sudden the marriage was broken off, and folks told strange ugly stories of Miss Grantham, that 's Mrs. Cornwall as is, though she be separated from her husband. Well, and then my Lord went abroad again to fight the French, and since that time there has been nothing but deaths and misfortunes in the family: first, there was my poor old lady, she died; and then came accounts that Mr. Arthur (that 's my young Lord) was taken prisoner by the French, and put to death in cold blood; and then the old Lord took ill, and at last he died of a broken heart, for he loved my Lord like his own child;

and then that Mr. Maltby, what beats his wife, poor creature! came in for the title and estates. And ever since the bad news came to England about my young Lord's death, Miss Lucy has never been herself; she has worn mourning, poor thing, as if she had lost a husband; and dear me, Sir, if you could but see her when she comes here, she sits in this room, before that picture, and cries, and then kisses the highland bonnet and sword there, which my Lord used to wear, and she sobs away enough to break one's heart to hear her,—for dead or alive she loves my Lord as much now as she did when they were children and used to play together, pretty creatures; and then all the world said what a beautiful couple they would make!"

Not a syllable of this long string of twaddling information was lost upon Beverley: these innocent but convincing proofs of the undying affection of one, whom he had so ill requited for her devoted constancy, filled his heart with sensations at once the most painful yet consolatory, and he, therefore, permitted the girl to chatter on without making any attempt to arrest her, although his emotion, at the simple

manner in which she narrated the little history of what had taken place during his absence, nearly betrayed him. Little accustomed to meet with such an indulgent auditor, the maid resumed, by saying,—

"Dear me, Sir, I 've got a deal more to tell you, only I must not stand chattering here all night, for they 'll be back directly;" and then she added, with a mixture of archness and naïveté, "I hope you won't rob the house, Sir, if I leave you here until Mistress comes home; but I think you said you were an officer;" and then hanging down her head and simpering, she concluded, "I don't know how it is, but one can't never refuse a soldier nothing: soldiers never robs nothing but hearts, as my brother James, in the Coldstreams, says;" and so saying, she hurried out of the apartment, leaving Beverley convinced, that some one more tenderly beloved, even than a brother, had the honour to serve in the ranks of that gallant regiment.

When left alone, Beverley approached nearer to the fire-place, near which reposed the sleeping animals, who being at length aroused, started up, growling and barking; the one in the

hoarse, husky tone which betokened his age; and the other in the sharper and more petulant note of youth. With a view of caressing his poor old favourite, Beverley drew still nearer to the chair, but ere he could speak, the creature suddenly ceased to bark: something extraordinary appeared to have struck upon its senses; it stood up, bent forward, pricked up its ears, opened wide its sightless eyeballs, and snuffed the air. In a moment more it yelped, scratched, fidgetted, and springing from the chair to Arthur's feet, and running round him, again sniffed, whined, and lifted up its head, with a look of melancholy intelligence and expression, as if it felt the utmost inward anguish, that its clouded eyeballs could no longer confirm the wonderful instinct with which nature had endowed its other senses: at last, however, as if satisfied of its master's identity, it burst into an almost human scream of joy, sprung into the extended arms which were stretched forth to receive it, wagged its tail, and buried its head in Arthur's bosom, licked his hands and face, and in short betrayed every possible symptom of rejoicing

and recognition, which it is in the limited power of these sagacious animals to exhibit.

It was with intense interest and emotion that Beverley had watched the actions of the dog; his heart was almost bursting; he felt all those indefinable conflicting sensations of pain and enjoyment, which thrill through the human frame, —that choking difficulty of respiration, that swelling fulness of the soul, which affects our senses when the overflowings of tenderness and gratitude are rushing to the eyes: he pressed the faithful brute to his heart, as he would have done some dear and long-lost friend; tears fell from his eyes,—tears, such as the bravest need not be ashamed to shed. The recollection of this poor blind animal, the affectionate expressions of the servant, the certainty he felt that one heart still fondly beat for him, that he was loved,—loved even beyond the grave; the conviction that he had still some friends left, cheered his mind and poured an indescribable balm upon his wounds.

Every object which met his eye in the apartment was of a nature to gratify and console him.

There was scarcely a single trifling article which did not either remind him of former days, or prove to him clearly how sacredly his memory had been cherished, and that also by one of a class of persons, whom it is too much the custom to tax with mercenary ingratitude and utter want of feeling. There, over the chimney-piece, veiled by a silken curtain, was a picture of himself, taken when he was yet a round-faced, rosy, smiling cherub, in that blessed period of infancy, innocence, and blind enjoyment, "*n'esse inganno d'alma ledo e cego*," as the great Camoens so beautifully expresses it, "*Que a fortuna nâo deixa durar muito.*" There, suspended between two fine engravings, portraits of the late Earl and Countess, were his highland bonnet, his tartan and claymore, decked with black crape; here, in this corner, was a small case of nursery books, out of which the good old mistress of the house had first revealed to his astonished mind the giant mysteries of the alphabet. There, again, were some of his early sketches, carefully framed; and there the silver cup which he had drunk from when a child. In short, it would be endless to recapi-

tulate all the various memorials, which seemed to have been preserved with a degree of touching fidelity and affectionate respect, as gratifying to Arthur as it was honourable to the heart of the worthy old dame. Indeed, so numerous were these tokens, that Beverley had scarcely time to examine them all, ere the rattling of a carriage arriving at the door, and the merry sounds of voices interrupted him. The house-door was immediately opened, and his heart was filled with delight when he distinguished the well-known accents of Mrs. Makesop's voice.

"Ma'am," said the maid to her mistress, whilst she was yet in the passage, "I hope you won't be angry, ma'am, but there 's a strange gentleman in the parlour; I locked him in for fear he might steal something."

"A strange gentleman!" exclaimed Mrs. Makesop; "why, what can he want at this time of night?"

"Oh ma'am, he 's an officer from France, with good news, and a great pair of black whiskers over his mouth."

"From France!" re-echoed the mistress, as she advanced along the passage,—"from France!"

"Yes, ma'am, and a tall, beautiful gentleman that I don't think wouldn't rob any body, though he has got great hairy whiskers, for all the world like the sign of the Turk's Head, down the Mews; and he says, ma'am, that my Lord's alive, and will be here very soon to claim his rights; and, dear me, do you know, ma'am, he stood quite dumb-like afore my Lady's picture, and I saw the big tear rolling like raindrops down his cheeks, and he sighed, ma'am, quite dreadfully; and do you know? if it was not for his great foreigneering whiskers, he would be as like the picture of Mr. Arthur down at the Castle as two pins' heads;" and then, as if a sudden light had burst upon her, she exclaimed, "Good God! why, what a fool I am,—why it must be—"

"Who, what?" demanded Mrs. Makesop eagerly interrupting her.

"Why, my Lord himself," replied the other.

"My heart misgives me wonderfully," said the old lady; "Good God! should it be him!" By this time she had opened the door, and in a moment more stood in the presence of Arthur. For a while she remained motionless, unable to distinguish Beverley's features from their being

in the shade; she then advanced a pace or two, paused, curtsied, hemmed, and though almost dreading to hear the sound of Beverley's voice, lest it should annihilate the hope with which her servant had inspired her, she said, "You have news, I hear, Sir, from France—from my Lord—for God's sake, tell me, is he alive?" Ere Beverley could reply, the light of the fire suddenly cast up a brilliant flame, and its rage completely illuminated his fine features. No other answer was necessary,—the affectionate eye of the old dame required no further confirmation; the sympathies of her heart could not be deceived. In a moment she recognized him, screamed, clasped her hands together, and ere Beverley could extend his arms to receive her, she fell half fainting at his feet, exclaiming, "Mr. Arthur!—great God!—it is, it is my Lord, my young Lord!"

To raise her up, to strain her aged form to his warm and generous heart with all the affectionate tenderness of a son, and to pour forth an hundred exclamations of thankfulness and joy, were the first impulses on the part of Beverley. This moment repaid him for the sufferings of

years: but we must pass over the rest of the scene: suffice it to say, that he asked and returned a thousand questions and answers, and having briefly narrated the outline of his own adventures since he quitted England, quickly made himself acquainted with the principal events which had occurred during his absence.

A few words will serve to explain to the reader the most interesting circumstances, without the necessity of retrograding hereafter in the story. On the death of the late Earl, which had taken place within a few months subsequent to that of his excellent consort, Mr. Maltby had laid his claims to the Roxmere peerage before the House of Lords, and having proved his titles, had carried his point without opposition, and was now in the full enjoyment of all its wealth and privileges. Delmore was at Beverley, where, in despite of the perpetual insults and opposition which he met with from the occupant of the Castle, he continued to perform his duty with the same pious and amiable rectitude which had hitherto distinguished him: his daughter was still with him—unmarried; and, to use the words of Mrs. Makesop, "Dear young lady, she

has never held up her head, since she left Portman-square to go to the North. I fear, my Lord, that she is not long for this world, poor thing! she carries a living grave within her heart. Folks do say, my Lord, that no one ever dies of love; but there's many a desolate heart that pines and wastes away in secret, and no one knows why; until at last comes the short hectic cough, the sleepless nights, the restless days, debility and consumption; and then there's a faint glimmering of hope, a bright momentary flash, a struggle, and then—all is over; and if ever I saw death written on human features, it is upon her sweet face; but she never complains, for fear it should distress her father." Deeply affected by what he heard, Beverley replied to these observations, by assuring the old lady, that ere twenty-four hours should elapse, he would hasten to Beverley; and that if Miss Delmore would forgive him for the weakness, the frivolity, and faithlessness of his conduct, he would place at her disposition his name, his fortune, his hand, and, above all, a heart which, although it might for a short period have been bewildered and imprisoned, had in reality never ceased to love her,

and her alone; so much so, that he heard with indifference that Camilla, who had been separated from her husband, was living in London, and, in despite of her character, was not one of the least fashionable personages in the great world. Of Mrs. Maltby the old lady gave the most deplorable accounts—that she was shut up in the country, a victim to the perpetual ill usage and unmanly treatment of her husband, who seized every opportunity not only of vexing and insulting her at home, but, what was still worse, of degrading her, by his sarcasms and cutting observations, in public. Before Beverley retired to rest for the night, he fulfilled his promise to the unhappy girl whom he had quitted in the street; and although in a matter of such delicacy, he was obliged to proceed with great caution, yet he had the good fortune to succeed in his generous and benevolent purposes: he found that the old woman's heart still yearned after her unhappy relative; and when she heard the real truth, as detailed by Beverley, she consented not only to forgive, but at some future time to receive her niece into her house.

## CHAPTER VII.

HAVING written to Delmore, (who, he found, had been appointed executor and trustee to his grandfather,) announcing his safe return, as well as his intention of forthwith paying him a visit, Beverley proceeded, at an early hour on the subsequent morning, to the chambers of his late grandfather's solicitor, where, as soon as the first moments of surprise at his sudden re-appearance, and congratulation at his providential escape had passed by, he at once entered upon the important business of his affairs. There was, however, an air of embarrassment and hesitation in the lawyer's manner, an evident reluctance to approach the subject, which impressed Beverley with no very agreeable forebodings; and although

he at first made no observation upon the subject, yet it was not lost upon him that the man of business addressed him as Mr. Beverley, and not as Lord Roxmere. At length, in reply to Arthur's request that the immediate steps might be taken to place him in possession of the title and estates, the solicitor answered:

"It is my duty to state fairly that it will be a matter of infinitely more difficulty than you are aware of, for us to execute your wishes with that promptitude which you require. Legal proceedings, especially in all matters of this nature, are attended with great delay, uncertainty, and expense; and the obstacles usually attendant on such matters are increased by Mr. Maltby's being in actual possession, not only of the estates, but of the title."

"I am not acquainted with the nature of the legal proceedings necessary to be adopted in such cases," answered Beverley, "but common sense (of which, notwithstanding all our boastings at the superiority of our institutions, in common English law there is no great portion) tells me that nothing can be more simple than to oblige Mr. Maltby to renounce a title to

which he can no longer lay the slightest claim, and to force him to relinquish into the hands of its lawful proprietor, that property to which he has no earthly right:—for my own part," added Beverley, "I should regret to act towards him in any way which might distress his feelings; on the contrary, I desire that your proceedings may be conducted in the most gentlemanly and even amicable manner; at the same time, allowing him every latitude, I should like to know at what precise period it will be convenient for him to quit the Castle. If I am desirous that no unnecessary delay should take place; if I am indeed anxious to find myself within the halls of my forefathers, you must not, Sir, attribute it to motives of avarice or ambition—nobler sentiments inspire my heart."

"I can most fully enter into all your anxiety," answered the lawyer, "to place this question at rest, Mr. Beverley."

"Lord Roxmere, if you please, Sir!" said Arthur, interrupting him with calm firmness; "unless, indeed, you wish me to set what you call the question at rest, by my abandoning my title and fortune to a man who, of all others, is

the least calculated to do honour to it.—The name of Beverley," added Arthur, "ceased to exist with the life of my grandfather."

The solicitor bowed and proceeded. "Before we enter into these matters, my Lord, it is my bounden duty to acquaint you with the state of facts as they really exist; any concealment or disguise, in a matter of such vital importance, would be an act of shameful duplicity on my part, as cruel to yourself as it would be dishonourable to me."

"It is the truth that I am anxious to hear," returned Arthur: "I cannot comprehend what occasion there can be for concealment or mystery; really, you appear to lay as much emphasis on this simple, straight-forward operation of unequivocal right, as if it were one of the most intricate questions of doubtful equity that ever puzzled the non-deciding brain of a Lord Chancellor."

"The intricacy of the subject is infinitely greater and more embarrassing than you are aware of," returned the other; "and I earnestly implore you to prepare yourself for informa-

tion, which, however painful to your feelings, must, sooner or later, be communicated."

The serious and emphatic manner of the man of business made considerable impression on Beverley's mind; but suppressing his feelings, he replied:

"Pray, proceed, Sir; for you may rest assured that no information that you may have to communicate can convey so painful a shock to my feelings, as that which disclosed to me the sorrowful event by which I became successor to the rank and honours of so many generations of illustrious men."

After a few moments' consideration, the solicitor replied:

"It is with the utmost reluctance, my Lord, that I venture to approach a question of such infinite delicacy, as that to which I must now call your attention; and I therefore entreat your indulgence, should any word escape my lips calculated to distress you; a more painful task never devolved upon any human being; but as your legal adviser, having been honoured with the confidence and friendship of your late

respected relative, and entertaining the deepest regard for your honour and welfare, I am bound to give you the best advice in my power, and to speak with the conscientious frankness of an honest man."

"What you can possibly mean by this solemn adjuration and earnestness, I am at a loss to conceive," answered Arthur; "but, in the first place, I am convinced that you are too honest to deviate from strict veracity, and that you have too good a heart to let fall wilfully any expressions which might hurt my feelings; for my own part, never having the intention of giving pain or annoyance to others, I am the last person in the world to anticipate such intentions on their part. However, not only by your manner, but by a secret mysterious sensation which I feel within my heart, I fear that your intelligence is of no agreeable nature; but I have taken some lessons in the school of patience and adversity since last we met; I therefore beg you will continue without further preamble."

"You are aware, my Lord, of the peculiar

mystery which enveloped the connection between your Lordship's parents."

"Connection!" said Beverley, with a look of extreme displeasure; "I can forgive much, Sir, in an old friend of my grandfather, but I must request you to be cautious; in the meantime I am aware of no other mystery attached to the marriage of my unfortunate parents, than that my unhappy mother fell a victim to the same accursed monster from whose hands Providence has rescued me; and that my poor father, unable to support the idea of her loss, put a period to his existence; the deed, Sir, was one of sin;—but to lose all that one loves on earth,—to see the being in whom is centered all one's hopes, joys, and expectations, thus torn from one, is more than sufficient to turn the brain of the coldest philosopher."

"I regret to say," was the reply, "that there has existed so much mystery respecting these transactions, as to encourage Mr. Maltby to revive his pretensions to the Roxmere title; it was of course utterly useless for him to take any public legal measures during the life of the late

Earl; but the moment the latter died, application was made to the House of Peers,—he was successful,—and to eject him now will be matter of consummate difficulty."

"Under the supposition that I had ceased to exist, nothing could be more natural than that Mr. Maltby should succeed to the title; but now that I am returned, what earthly plea can he have for disputing my right, for such, if I do not mistake you, is his intention? The intail is strictly in the male branch. Upon what does he rest his claim?"

"Upon the absence of all legal evidence to establish the certainty of your father's marriage," answered the solicitor, adding with great embarrassment and distress of manner—"upon your illegitimacy."

"Illegitimate!" exclaimed Arthur,—and if a mountain of ice had been suddenly cast upon his heart, it could not have chilled his whole frame more effectually;—"illegitimate! this is too much!—Nay, by the God who made me," continued he, striking his forehead, "if indeed this vile calumny proceeds from Maltby, he shall render me a bitter account,—his blood or mine

shall wash out the stain.—What! is it not enough that he should assume a title, of which even his temporary possession is a pollution—a stain upon my race—without attempting to rob me of my birthright,—without endeavouring to blast with infamy the holy memory of my innocent and virtuous mother?—But go on, Sir, go on," added Arthur, as he walked up and down the apartment, in a state of the utmost possible agitation.

"Most deeply and sincerely do I sympathize with your feelings," answered the solicitor; "but I give you my honour as an honest man, that I know not what remedy we can apply to the evil; all personal encounters are out of the question; the law is our only resource; and in what manner we can apply to it, I am at a loss to conceive."

"Was not my grandfather aware of Maltby's intentions?" reminded Arthur.

"Not until a few months prior to his Lordship's decease; this was the secret which rendered him so anxious for your return."

"Had not my grandfather the proofs of my father's marriage in my mother's handwriting?"

"Certainly; but these letters, I am sorry to

say, would not be admitted as evidence either before the House of Peers, or in a Court of Judicature; no, it is this absolute default of all evidence or proof, that renders our case so peculiarly indefensible. The law requires positive and documentary evidence; justice must follow the letter, and not the spirit; private conviction must give way to public proof, and without that, nothing can be done."

"Good God!" exclaimed Beverley, in the bitterest anguish of mind, "why was I kept in ignorance of these doubtful circumstances?—why have I been brought up with hopes and expectations over which there hovered so dark a cloud of mystery and uncertainty? What false kindness! what mistaken charity! Better a thousand times that I should have been reared up with the truth constantly before me, than that it should thus burst upon me with all the blighting influence of a pestilence;—but," added he, "were no steps ever taken to obtain the necessary proofs? Good God! in what blind security were my relatives plunged."

"No expense, no trouble was spared," rejoined the man of business; "but every re-

search proved fruitless; the ablest lawyers have been consulted; and I am sorry to say, that it is their unanimous opinion, that it would be an act of absolute folly, a wanton and useless waste of money, to prosecute our claims, or to attempt to set aside those of Mr. Maltby.—Such is the melancholy and ungrateful task which I have to perform," continued the solicitor; "but were I to give you any other advice, it would be an act of positive robbery, which would render me a disgrace, not only to my profession, but to human nature."

"Do you mean to insinuate," answered Arthur, "that I must patiently yield up my birthright without a struggle?—would you have me submit to public degradation, and thus, by my supineness, render myself instrumental in confirming the slanderous imputations which are cast on the memory of my mother? No, by heavens! as long as I have one farthing left,—as long as there is one man in England who will plead the cause of justice and innocence, I will not remain tranquil,—never, never will I tamely bow my head, that the hand of others may write infamy on my brow!"

"I would have you well consider the matter for a day or two, ere you plunge yourself into all the embarrassment of a lawsuit, which, as I before said, affords not the slightest prospect of success," answered the other; "but which will inevitably swallow up the few remaining thousands which are your only property."

"What!" said Beverley, upon whom the idea of pecuniary embarrassment fell with tenfold force, since he had ever been a stranger to the value of money—"what! abased, dishonoured, and a beggar also!—this is too much! Just Providence! what sins have I committed, that I should thus be singled out for such cruel misfortunes?" exclaimed the unhappy Arthur, as he paced up and down the chamber in a state of almost frenzied excitement.

When he had become in some measure more composed, the solicitor said: "Having performed that part of my painful task, it is now my duty to open your eyes as to the precise nature of your pecuniary affairs and resources. On the one hand, your grandmother having been lulled into security, by the secrecy with which Mr. Maltby veiled his intentions, and having be-

queathed whatever sums she had the power to devise, to Miss Delmore and other persons, there is no property coming to you from her estate beyond a few jewels and trifles of no great value. On the other hand, your grandfather having died with the conviction of your having fallen a sacrifice to D'Arville's hatred, combined with the strict entail of the property, unfortunately made no provision for you; thus all that we can lay claim to, is a sum of five thousand consols, which were devised to you by your great-uncle; you will therefore see the madness of risking, without a chance of success, the only small sum which you can call your own."

"It matters not;" answered Beverley, "my honour, my feelings, my respect for the memory of my murdered mother, the duty which I owe myself, bids me not rest in peace, until I have made every effort to wipe out this stain. I therefore beg that you will make every necessary arrangement, which your skill can devise, to prosecute the matter to the utmost; and whatever sums may yet be mine, let them be devoted to this holy purpose. I can live on bread and water; custom," added Arthur, "has made that

fare a second nature to me,—yes, the dry crust, moistened with the tears of filial affection, will savour sweeter to my palate than the richest meats, when I remember that whatever privations I endure, arise from the sacred cause in which I am embarked; for what cause can be dearer to the breast of man than to rescue the memory of his parent from obloquy and disgrace?"

After a further conversation of some continuance during which the worthy and disinterested solicitor vainly endeavoured to deter Beverley from involving himself in a lawsuit, the latter took his leave, and retired to his lodgings, where he threw himself on a sofa, and gave way to all the bitter anguish which overwhelmed his heart.

Anxious to hear the result of her young lord's interview with his solicitor, Mrs. Makesop at length took courage and entered his room, where she found him with his head buried between his hands, in a state of mind bordering almost on distraction. When she entered he rose up, and looked at her with an air of unspeakable and intense anguish; but his heart was too full to enable him to speak; he held out his hand, and begged her to sit down. Alarmed at the sight of

his wild and haggard looks, the affectionate old lady exclaimed, "Bless your dear heart, you have over fatigued yourself! those nasty lawyers, they're enough to make any one ill; do take something; do, my Lord!"—"My Lord!" exclaimed Arthur, striking his hand against his forehead,—"My Lord!—call me so no longer. I am an outcast, a beggar—a wretch without a name,—one upon whom the finger of scorn and contempt will now be turned with insult and derision."

Not less alarmed at the expression of her beloved young master's features than with the incoherency, as she imagined, of his words, of which she could not comprehend the meaning, Mrs. Makesop burst into tears, whilst she again addressed him in that mingled tone of affectionate respect and attachment, which is so often met with in England, amongst that class of old and faithful retainers, whose attachment to the family in which they and perhaps their parents have long served, even outlives subsequent wealth and independence, and only terminates with their lives. "Dear heart! dear heart," said she, "your sufferings, your journey, have been too much for you, you are quite tired;

you are not well; how pale you look; a few drops of hartshorn and water, or a glass of the strong waters, which you used to come to me for when you came home wet to the Castle,—aye, God bless it, we'll have merry days there again!" exclaimed the old lady, her eye lighting up with the fire of affection. "I have written down to tell them that the rightful Lord is come back, and if I know the hearts of the country, there will not be a poor body within ten miles of the Castle, who will not bless me for the news. Aye," continued she in the same strain of enthusiasm, "if it costs me a hundred pounds, there shall not be a headland from the eastern Ness to the Merman's bridge, which shall not be crowned with a bonfire, and lighted up as if the glory of God's sun shone upon them.—Yes," she added, lifting up her eyes and hands, "God has heard the prayers of an old woman." To Cæsar shall be given the things which are Cæsar's. Thanks to his bountiful mercy, I have lived long enough to see the last of the family I love, restored to his honour and title."

"Alas!" said Beverley, interrupting her, better that you—that I should have died, for you

have lived long enough to see the son of your noble master bereft of his titles, robbed of his name; a very beggar in the street is as noble, as respectable as I am; for, in the eye of the law, I am a bastard;" and here again Arthur covered his face with his hands, and groaned in the deepest suffering. During the rest of this most painful conversation, Arthur briefly explained all that he had heard from his solicitor; and it may well be imagined the grief and consternation of the old lady were not inferior to his own. After the first fearful moments of disappointed and mortified pride were passed, Beverley's mind gradually re-assumed some portion of that decision and energy which had always formed a prominent feature in his character, and with more composure than could be expected under similar circumstances, he manfully decided upon the line of conduct necessary for him to adopt in future.

His principal object in desiring to visit Beverley prior to his formal re-establishment at the Castle, had been that of personally assuring Miss Delmore not only of his present attachment, but that, in despite of all that had passed

previously to his departure from England, he had in reality never ceased to love her, and her alone. His inexperience, his ignorance of the world, combined with the vanity inherent in human nature, had caused him, it is true, to fall too readily into the snare prepared for him by Lady Bertha; but of that infatuation, which had as nearly proved destructive to his honour and domestic happiness, as it had, in fact, proved fatal to his liberty, nothing now remained save a sense of shame at his own weakness and inconsistency, not inferior to his indignation at the unprincipled conduct of Camilla; whilst on the other hand, all the tender feelings which had so entirely engrossed his heart in early days, matured by long absence and an intimate conviction of Miss Delmore's merits, were now revived with double intensity.

How paradoxical and absolutely inexplicable are the workings of the human mind, in almost all cases connected with the passions!

"Oh degli uomini inferma e instabil mente!
Come siam presti a variar disegno!
Tutti i pensier mutiamo facilmente,
Più quei, che nascon d'amoroso sdegno."

No sooner did Beverley quit England,—no sooner were his eyes opened to the perfidious intrigues to which he had so nearly fallen a victim, than Camilla was forgotten, or thought of only with a repulsive shudder of disgust; whilst Lucy, regaining all her former empire over his mind, alone occupied his thoughts; for, in proportion as the change in his sentiments had been unnatural and contradictory in the one instance, so had the reaction been sudden and decisive in the other.

Lucy's image, so intimately connected with all the happiest and purest moments of his boyhood, had been his constant companion, his only solace during the miserable period of his imprisonment—more than once, when urged by despair to lay violent hands upon himself, those precepts of resignation and submission to the Divine will, which had been instilled into his mind by her father, stayed his hand and poured comfort into his soul.

Awake, he beguiled the tedious hours by retracing the scenes of their young and innocent affections; asleep, she appeared to him arrayed in all the purity and glory of a ministering an-

gel, and bade him live for hope and her. When the darksome night of his captivity drew to a close,—when the golden beams of the glorious day first burst upon his enraptured sight,—when he saw above his head, not the loathsome arches of a humid dungeon, but the bright ethereal vault of heaven, quickened with fleeting clouds and glittering stars; when he eagerly inhaled the reviving air of freedom—freedom! the first, the greatest of God's blessings, it was her image, next to that of the Divine Being, who had safely protected him through so many dangers, to which his heart joyfully returned. He saw her in every flower, in each expanding leaf; he heard her soft accents in the notes of the wild birds, and in the murmuring of the stream; whilst the balmy fragrance of the breeze brought home to his senses all the purity of her nature; he never paused to consider whether she still lived, or whether she still loved; there was a something within his heart which seemed to assure him of both.

Convinced, upon his first arrival in town, that his hopes were not vain chimeras, the illusive

fruits of solitude and confinement, he had retired to rest, ardently sighing for the day when he might declare to Lucy that all his expectations of happiness were centred in her alone; he longed for the moment when he might tell her, that his only ambition in life was to see her the mistress of his hand and fortune, even as she possessed his undivided affections; but the events of the morning had put to flight these blessed visions. The farther prosecution of his suit, even supposing that it would be favourably accepted, was at utter variance with every principle of delicacy and honour. To prepare himself now, that he was not only a beggar but an outcast, for that hand which he had so wilfully, so unfeelingly renounced in the days of his prosperity; to propose, in short, that she should participate in his poverty and disgrace, on whose brow he would gladly have placed a diadem, and for whom he thought the wealth and titles of his ancestors an insufficient offering, was impossible. Pride, affection for her, friendship for Delmore, and duty to himself,—in short, every gentlemanly and chivalrous feeling forbade

it; and it was the conviction of this cruel duty, even more than the loss of his worldly goods and honours, which embittered his reflections and augmented his passion for Miss Delmore.

Whether in the pursuit of love, glory, ambition, or science, it is notorious that our passions are irritated and excited to the utmost degree by opposition; it suffices that any sudden obstacle shall present itself, and the most phlegmatic, the most indifferent, are instantly roused into exertion. It is a trite but no less true aphorism, that the real essence of all moral gratifications consists in the difficulty of attainment; even as the glory of all worldly achievements is enhanced by the dangers which have been encountered in their pursuit. That which is immediately within our grasp,—that which it requires neither truth nor exertion to attain, clogs even before possession; or if possessed, yields none of that intensity of enjoyment, is accompanied by none of those thrilling emotions of inward satisfaction, which reward him who, having long toiled, struggled, and endured, eventually obtains the fruits of his constancy and firmness.

The general who pursues a weak and unresisting enemy, knows none of those proud feelings of triumph which swell the bosom of the woman, who has torn the laurels of victory from the brow of a desperate and valiant foe. The lazy, luxurious epicure, who mechanically sits down amidst a phalanx of sycophants, to the rich repast, his diurnal fare, is a stranger to those sensations of contentment and gratitude, which fill the heart of the humble peasant, when, surrounded by the children who are indebted to him for their existence and support, he breaks and blesses the bread of toil, for which he has laboured during the week. The wealthy suitor who may select from amidst a crowd of lovely creatures, whomsoever he chooses, and who has no other impediments to his wishes and desires than his own self-love, or avaricious want of confidence, can form no idea of the raptures of him, who, after long years of doubts, fears, and denials, at length presses to his heart the being of his adoration—her who, in despite of calumny, absence, and threats, has remained constant and faithful to his memory. It is not therefore marvellous, that Beverley's attachment for Lucy

increased, if possible, from the moment in which he felt convinced that it was an imperative duty that he should renounce her.

It was not, however, any fear of rejection, or any dread of her sentiments being affected by this sudden revolution in his worldly position, which influenced his resolves;—no, his motives not only arose from a much more noble source, but his opinion of the female character was infinitely more elevated and exalted; he felt convinced that mercenary considerations, generally speaking, have infinitely less influence over their minds than over those of the sex who unjustly arrogates to itself all the superiority of virtue and magnanimity.

Not history alone, but the every-day occurrences of common life abound with the most striking proofs of the generous devotion and undying constancy with which women adhere to the objects of their affections, through the various storms of misfortune and adversity. A thousand instances came to his recollection of those who, rising high above the physical weakness inherent in their sex, have clung with unflinching tenderness to those whom they loved,

when they have been otherwise abandoned by the whole universe,—clung to them, through sickness, want, exile, and imprisonment,—aye, to the very scaffold; and there, setting forth glorious examples of resignation and heroism, have shared their fate.

Where, it may be asked, are such acts of devotion to be met with amongst men? and, if found, how few in number! how infinitely inferior in virtue and disinterestedness, in fact, in all those sentiments which ennoble and purify the soul. Beverley felt all this, and could well enter into the sentiments of our illustrious countryman, when he exclaims—

> "O woman, woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light quivering aspen made,
> When pain and anguish wring our brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE plans which Beverley intended to adopt for his future mode of life, will be best explained by transcribing a portion of a second letter written by him on the same day to Mr. Delmore. After recounting the substance of the conversation with his solicitor, and urgently requesting that the worthy clergyman would immediately meet him in London, he thus proceeded:—

"It would be superfluous to dwell upon the surprise and distress of my mind upon being made acquainted with Mr. Maltby's grounds for opposing my accession to the titles of my ancestors. Overwhelmed by this sudden blow, and still suffering from the effects of my capti-

vity, I am neither in a fit state of mind nor body to discuss the different bearings of this delicate subject. Would to God! the mistaken kindness of my lamented grandfather had not induced him to conceal it from me; for its effects are the more terrible since they have burst upon me at a moment when I was so totally unprepared to expect them. Believe me, however, when I assure you, that it is not altogether the loss of fortune and rank which I deplore, no—though it would be hypocritical to declare myself indifferent upon these points, yet it is the dishonour which wounds me most; to hear the name of my mother calumniated; to find a taint cast upon her honour and on my blood; to see myself degraded in men's eyes, —an object of contempt to the world,—is more than I can support.

"With the disinterested frankness of an upright man, Mr. Linwell has pointed out not only all the difficulties, but the absolute hopelessness of my case; with the intricacies and minutiæ of which he says you are acquainted. He has employed every argument of law and reasoning to dissuade me from litigation; but

were the case ten thousand times more hopeless, were the difficulties to be encountered a thousand times more insurmountable, I should resolve not to desist, until I had exhausted every possible means of rendering myself justice.

"Such are the extravagant expenses attending every process of this nature,—that Linwell says I shall be ruined in case of failure: be it so. I should be unworthy of the race from which I spring,—I should be a disgrace to the blood which flows in my veins, if I hesitated a moment between the sacrifice of a few trifling worldly enjoyments, and the renouncement of all that is dear to an honourable mind. I therefore earnestly implore you, by the affection you have borne me from my childhood, by the memory of him who was your friend, to unite with Linwell in adopting such measures as will best promote the success of my cause.

"It is my intention, after reporting myself at the Horse Guards, to retire on half-pay, and to retrace my steps to the Continent; my further sojourn in England will not only be ut-

terly useless, but most painful to my feelings; besides, there is a secret impulse within my soul which tells me, that it is in France that I shall discover such evidence as will enable me to triumph over my opponent; and for this purpose I request you will furnish me with every document, however minute, which may assist my search. The Allies are rapidly advancing upon Paris; in ten days I hope to join them. I have no fear of D'Arville; I shall confide in the justice of the French laws; but, above all, in His merciful protection who has twice rescued me from the most imminent peril; besides, I go there not to avoid, but to seek foes; yes, I go armed with a resolve,—still it is as much against your principles as my own,—which perhaps it may be improper to communicate to you; but the shades of my murdered parents, my own wrongs, cry aloud for vengeance. If this can be attained by my arm, both shall be satisfied; and never was vengeance more excusable, more holy.

"Remember me to your daughter, to Lucy; —remember me to her with all the respect and

affection of earlier and happier days. I dare not say more, and perhaps I have said too much."

Deeming it inconsistent with the present state of his affairs to show himself in public, and having neither spirits nor inclination to call upon any of his former acquaintance, Beverley occupied his time in consultations with his lawyers, and in making such arrangements as were necessary for his immediate return to the Continent. He trusted by this seclusion not only to remain undisturbed, but to screen himself from the unfeeling remarks and sneers of those heartless individuals who, with few exceptions, form the great bulk of the fashionable world. His experience, trifling as it was, had taught him how to appreciate the dispositions of these persons; he was fully aware of the hollow superficial nature of their friendships, and insincerity of their professions, and selfish indifference with which they look upon the miseries, ruin, and even death of their associates or friends.

He had seen them encourage the young and heedless to squander away their patrimony,

even to the last shilling; and then, when all was gone, join in the public clamour which invariably persecutes the fallen and unfortunate—he had seen them not only accept, but slavishly court the favours of those whose wealth (no matter how attained) could be converted towards the furtherance of their own gratifications, appetite, or ambition; and then, when the bubble burst, when sudden misfortune or disclosure overwhelmed them, turn their backs, either utterly denying them, or acknowledging, with affected shame, having had merely a *slight* acquaintance.

Owing to the officious yet well-meant good-nature of Beverley's worthy hostess, his arrival in London obtained a degree of publicity of which he was at first little aware. Proud of her young Lord's arrival, Mrs. Makesop had sent off a paragraph to several newspapers, in which the return of the "real Earl of Roxmere" was announced; and thus, whilst Arthur imagined that none but men of business knew of his presence in the metropolis, he was the topic of general conversation.

Paragraph upon paragraph filled the columns

of the journals, and amongst others his eye fell upon the following passages.

In one appeared the following mysterious announcement:

"The unexpected return of a gallant officer, who has been so long missing, will, it is said, give ample employment to the gentlemen of the long robe. The fashionable world is, in the mean time, busily speculating upon this mysterious affair."

In a second it was said:

"If report speaks true, a case of the most romantic nature will shortly come before the House of Lords; however, for our own part, we are led to believe that the present noble proprietor of B—— C—— has little to fear from the pretensions of the 'real Earl.'"

The unfavourable opinion which Beverley had formed of the individuals generally composing the great world, was in no way diminished by their conduct towards himself; for, although his affairs were the subject of general conversation, and his escape that of extraordinary curiosity during some days, yet "an elopement in high life" shortly diverted the

public attention into other channels; and in a few days he was no more thought of than if he were still an inmate of a French dungeon.

Of that long list of persons who, in more prosperous times, had eagerly courted his acquaintance, and almost tormented him with their attentions and invitations, few, very few took the slightest notice of him at present, and if they did, their recognitions were, for the most part, of a nature so chilling, formal, and repulsive, as to be ten times more painful to a generous heart than absolute neglect. Of those whom he met accidentally in his progress to and from Lincoln's Inn, some stared at him with that glassy look, which men of the world know so well how to assume when they are determined *not* to see, and passed by without the slightest symptom of recognition. Others, who could not avoid speaking, paused,—held out a finger —and exclaimed, "Bless me! how d'ye do? didn't know you,—been long in town,—full, a'ent it?—but I won't keep you standing in this confounded easterly wind."

A third said, "Ah! you've been in France, have you not?" and then to the affirmative re-

ply, answered: "Ah! well, I thought you had been somewhere, for I didn't see you at Mrs. Hope's last ball;" and then, as if the natural consequence of poor Arthur's situation must be an application for pecuniary assistance, added, "I do not know how it is with you down in ——shire, but I can't get a penny of my rents paid, it's the very devil, Sir, to be pestered with Irish property."

The behaviour of Lord Dorimont and Colnbrook formed, however, a gratifying and striking contrast to the rest. No sooner did the latter, who was absent from London, hear of Beverley's return, than he immediately wrote to him in terms the most friendly, earnestly requesting a renewal of their former intimacy, and expressing his intention of coming up to see him forthwith. It was evident to Arthur, from the spirit and tone which pervaded the young nobleman's epistle, as well as from the peculiar though trifling manner in which he alluded to the young Lady Roxmere, that both his disposition and sentiments had undergone a considerable change, and that he was labouring under some severe affliction of mind. One of the following chapters will probably throw some light upon that point.

Lord Dorimont, on the other hand, called upon Arthur immediately, and after having congratulated him on his return, entered into conversation in that strain of good humour and pleasantry peculiar to himself. After having offered his assistance and advice in every manner that could be serviceable, his Lordship took his leave; and the following note from him, received by Beverley during the course of the day, proved that his offers of assistance were not merely confined to empty professions:—

"Grosvenor Place.

"MY DEAR BEVERLEY,

"Though the world accuses me of being possessed of more than an ordinary portion of assurance, which is so necessary to a man of the world, yet I never can boast of less self-possession than when I am about to ask a favour; in such cases as in love, I feel with the French Troubadour, that '*quand la bouche est l'interprète, mal en explique le cœur.*' This must account for, and excuse, my intruding upon your time, after having already occupied so much of it during the morning. The fact

is, after all you told me touching the state of your affairs, and the kind confidence you placed in me, I am led to imagine that, under existing circumstances, and especially upon the eve of a confounded lawsuit, a few hundreds will not be unacceptable.

"I am, unfortunately, one of those persons whose ways have always had a wonderful tendency to outstrip their means, and the growth of whose wants far exceeds that of their timber; so that, in fact, it is not often in my power to assist my friends; but Fortune, who is not always so blind as some people imagine, has good humouredly favoured me with a run of luck during the last month, and I am now what is called 'a warmish man.' Therefore, do not be angry if I request you to draw upon me forthwith for whatever sums you may want. I say, forthwith; for the frost may come, and although it cannot chill my regard for you, it may unfortunately freeze up my resources, and leave me with nothing but the anxious and very unsatisfactory desire to be of use,

'Dum loquimur fugerit invida
Actas, carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

"Accept this offer, I beg, in the same spirit of friendship and frankness with which it is made; and believe me, whether in prosperity or adversity,

"Your's, most sincerely,

"DORIMONT.

"P. S.—I wish I could persuade you to renounce your plan of seclusion, at all events in favour of myself; a little society will benefit your health and spirits. Come—dine with me to-day: I have a very small party, and you will be as much at home as if you were chez vous.

"Should you not leave your name at Carlton House, as an old King's Page? It would not only be proper, but perhaps serviceable. The Regent has it in his power to be of use to you; and I need not tell you, that where merit and misfortune are united, no man in the British dominions is more ready to exert his influence, none so liberal, or so delicate in his mode of employing it."

To this letter, Beverley returned an immediate reply, in which, whilst he modestly de-

clined his kind friend's pecuniary assistance, as well as his invitation, he expressed his gratitude and thankfulness in the warmest terms, and communicated his intention of immediately attending to the concluding hint of his letter.

It was on the following morning, the third after Beverley's arrival in town, before he had yet quitted his bed, that his servant entered his apartment, and informed him that a messenger from his solicitor desired to see him immediately on business of the utmost importance.

"Show him into the sitting-room, and give me my dressing-gown and slippers. I will be with him in a moment," said Beverley, preparing to rise; but ere this could be accomplished, the door was pushed ajar, and the individual in question, an ill-favoured, vulgar-looking man, strongly marked with the small-pox, and dressed in glazed top-boots, a yellow silk handkerchief round his throat, striped woollen waistcoat, and shabby black coat, poked in his head, and looked round the room, then thrust in his body, and without taking off his hat, or making the slightest excuse or apology, approached close to the bedside. Astonished at a proceeding so

much at variance with common decency and civility, Beverley stared, and exclaimed:

"Upon my word, Mr. Linwell appears to have chosen a very improper messenger, to communicate with me or any other gentleman; you must be either intoxicated, or you are the coolest hand I ever saw.—Come, Sir," added he, raising his voice, as he indignantly observed the impudent attitude and look of the man, who stood near the bedside, fumbling in his coat-pocket;—"come, Sir! take your hat off, or I shall desire my servant to save you the trouble. —Here, Robert, desire this person to follow you into the next room, and tell him that he may consider himself fortunate that I do not chastise him for his impertinence.—Go, Sir! I shall settle this business with Mr. Linwell."

"You'll settle it with me first, I take it," replied the other; and then opening a large red leather pocket-book, he added, "Beverley defendant,—here, I've a bit of a writ against you."

"It matters not what you may have against me," exclaimed Beverley, who, from his utter ignorance of all such proceedings, did not at the first moment understand the comprehensive

meaning of the word 'writ.' "It matters not; were you a police-officer, armed with a warrant to arrest me, by heaven I would not allow you to insult me in my own apartment.—Take off your hat, I repeat, and retire into the next room, or you will drive me to do that of which both of us may repent."

"No, I won't budge one inch," returned the fellow; "and you'd better touch me, that's all; —I'll just tell you what, young fellow," added he, "it's best ways for you to behave like a gentleman and be civil, I can tell you, or maybe you'll laugh o' the wrong side of your mouth for it."

"You impudent scoundrel," replied Beverley, losing all further patience, "why, your brutality and insolence exceed any thing I ever witnessed; how dare you talk of civility, you whose conduct is so gross!" Then springing out of bed, and hastily flinging on his dressing-gown, he advanced towards the bailiff, seized his hat, and flung it towards the door, and added, "Now, Sir, if you do not forthwith quit this room, I will send you down-stairs more expeditiously

than you ascended, though the whole body of the police were represented in your person."

With a degree of coolness and indifference which almost astonished Beverley, the man stepped back, picked up his hat, brushed it down with his elbow, and then calling out to some one who was evidently in the corridor, he said, "Here, Jem, just step in and bear witness that this young fellow has resisted me in the execution of my duty; and if I don't pull him up for an assault, blow me."

At this summons, another mean-looking man, whose countenance expressed the utmost cunning, avarice, and sulky want of feeling, and who had evidently been waiting close to the door, now sneaked in, and said, "Yes, I 'll swear I heard him threaten to throw you down-stairs; and I see'd him knock your hat off, through the keyhole; have you sarved the writ on him?"

"No!" replied the other, "but here it is;" and then taking a piece of paper from the pocket-book, and holding it up before Beverley, without, however, entrusting it out of his own hands, the former was merely enabled to decy-

pher the words, "Doe," "Roe," "body," "morrow of all Souls," "capias," and one or two other technicalities equally unintelligible. "Come," said the man, "put on your toggery and go along with me, I a'ent no time to lose."

"And for what crime, and upon whose warrant, am I thus to be deprived of my liberty?" demanded Arthur.

"Oh don't talk stuff to me," retorted the other sulkily, "you knows what it is; why it a'ent for no crime, it's a writ from the Sheriff's Court, for debt."

"For debt!" exclaimed Arthur, his countenance lighting up, "why man, it must be a mistake; I do not owe a penny in the world."

"No more do'ent nobody," rejoined the other, "at least they says they doesn't; but I'd recommend you to come along quietly, and send for your attorney, instead of standing squaggering, it a'ent for a fleabite, why it's for ten thousand pounds."

"Ten thousand pounds!" rejoined Beverley: "why, this is too preposterous; and before you proceed any farther, I warn you to be cautious;

it is a mistake, on my honour it is impossible that I can be the person you are in search of."

"Don't talk nonsense to me," returned the bailiff; "why, what a soft one you must take me for! why, bless you, you knows all about it well enough; come, I can't stay here no longer; I've got to go down to Stevens's, Limmer's, and the Horse Barracks, to grab a whole lot of young kiddies; so come and dress yourself, and go along quietly with me, my young man."

"You will bear witness, Robert," said Arthur, turning to his servant, who stood aghast in the corner of the room, "that I have properly warned these men of their error; and if they still persist in arresting me, they must look to the consequences."

"Oh, don't try to frighten me with talking big," replied the other; "if your name's Arthur Dabbling, or Develing, Count Beverley, you're my man, and I'll stand to the wrangle; if there's any thing wrong, you must settle it with plaintiff's solicitor, and he's as nice a man as any in London; he gives me more to do than any twenty attorneys; he don't care a d—— for no-

body; man, woman, or maid, crack, he shops e'm all."

"Who is the heartless pettifogger?" demanded Arthur.

"Why, Scraggs, of Gray's Inn," rejoined the officer; "and, I take it, he's both plaintiff and solicitor in this matter."

"Scraggs!" said Arthur, and a fearful light suddenly broke in upon his mind;—"Scraggs!" and he almost sunk against the side of the bed for support. Recovering himself, however, after a few seconds, he uttered to himself, "Good God! is it come to this?—Oh Harley! under any other circumstance, how gladly would I have sacrificed, not only a few thousands, but even my temporary liberty, for your sake; but, at such a moment, it is indeed insupportable." Then turning to the bailiff, he said aloud, "The mistake is mine, and you are in the right; I am the person you are in search of; but although the law may give you the right to seize my person, it cannot sanction your losing sight of that decency and civility which is due to the humblest man who lives under its protection; for my own part, I am sorry that my hastiness should have

carried me away;"—and then added he bitterly, "your coolness, Sir, deserves great praise."

"Well, that 's as much as one gentleman can say to another," retorted the other. "I always be as cool as a cucumber: it a'ent no use getting into a flurry about such matters; I takes the law,—that's best,—I lives by it."

"I am your prisoner, Sir," said Arthur: "to what jail am I to be conducted?"

"Not to no jail," returned the other; "at first, only to my lock-up house, where you 'll be just as comfortable and pleasant as if you were at home."

"I suppose you will give me time to write to my solicitor," said Arthur: "this business is so unexpected, so utterly unlooked for—"

"No, don't say that, I've been looking for you ever so long," rejoined the other, grinning at his wit; "however, if you hadn't begun a blustering at first, I shouldn't a minded leaving my young man with you for two or three hours, if you 'd have paid him for his trouble; though Scraggs gave me particular orders not to show you no favour, but to lock you up directly. But, look ye here; I likes to behave like a gentleman;

I always does, and never inconveniences nobody no more than the law allows: why, dang it! I never likes to arrest no low people, them arn't no credit to one's house; why I've had the nicest fellows in London in it, and there's not one as ever complained; nay, there's some of 'em as says, as they'd as soon pass the Easter holidays along with me, as down at their governor's in the country."

"You are aware of the hardship of this case," said Beverley; "this debt is not my own."

"Aye, I heard on it," replied the other. "Now you look here: when you gets shut of this here matter, just you take a bit of advice; never you sign no paper, never you put your hand to no bill, bond, or security—I knows what it is—I am a d——d good natured fellow as you sees, but I woudn't go security, no—not for my own brother. Lend money when you have got it, that's all right; but never you come to pen and ink, for then they're down on you like a sledge hammer. Keep your money, folks says, and keep your friend; lend your money and lose him—that's nothing; for when you gets more money, you can soon get more friends; they

hangs together like sole and heel: but no security, no, d—— me, for there you loses both your money and your friend, and gets shopped into the bargain, and sometimes hangs yourself." Perfectly inattentive to the annoyance which was but too visible on the countenance of Beverley, the man threw himself into a chair and proceeded: "I'd as nice a young fellow as ever you see, a soldier officer, with a wife and two or three kids, what cut his throat at my house last week, just such a case as yours. To obligate a friend, he 'd been fool enough to put his name to a letter of attorney:—them's the devil, them letters of attorney; if you don't book up to the day, then they nails you, *nolens wolens*, whether you has it or not, as we says; slap they comes with a special original. Will, he signed a bond, and t'other party goes and gets killed just like your friend. Now, the law, you know, will have the money or the body if it can; and as the plaintiff couldn't get no money out of the dead, he 'd a mind to see what he could do with the survivor; so he puts a writ into my hands, and I shops him; though I hates doing business where there's children, and what not,—its all cry and no wool.

Now, he was under orders for foreign service, and instead of getting bail, and going over the water, and coming the white wash over 'em, as I told him some of the nicest chaps about town does, and don't think themselves not a bit the less gentlemen for it; why, he talked of his honour, and cut his throat in a fit of temporary derangement, as the coroner's jury said; but, bless you, if he warn't as much compos as I am, nay, I never serve another: for when I locked out his wife and the kids at night, he kissed 'em, and took leave of 'em just as pleasant and comfortable as if he had been going to take the benefit of the act; and when they was gone, he walks into my room, mutters something to himself, I believe it was a bit of a prayer, and then takes up a razor, and draws it, shish! slap across his windpipe, and there he was—a corpse."

Little attention had been paid by Beverley to the delivery of these horrid details; he sat leaning against the bed in a state of almost utter stupefaction; this new aggravation of his difficulties, this unlooked-for misfortune almost annihilated him. He must now either surrender his liberty, at the moment of all others when his

freedom was most valuable, or he must sacrifice the few remaining thousands which he had destined for the sacred purpose of rescuing his mother's memory from calumny. Had the debt been one of his own contracting, his feelings would have been different; but this was not the case. He had rendered himself responsible for another. It was one of those instances of which examples are to be met with so often in life. Young, generous, and inexperienced, he had been induced, on joining his regiment, to assist Major Harley in raising a large sum of money; they had fallen into the hands of Scraggs, who was one of those infamous scourges to society, those libels on humanity and honour, who unite the double capacity of law attorney and money-lender,—wretches who live upon the tears, and batten on the miseries of their fellow-creatures. Beverley's anticipated rank and good expectations, together with the exaction of enormous interest, counterbalanced all fear of risks in the mind of the mercenary usurer; the money was advanced upon their double bond; and as soon as Arthur came of age, he immediately legalized the securities, and took the whole liability upon

himself. He had merely heard of Harley's having fallen in Spain, the previous day; but, from being engrossed by more important considerations, he never thought of the heavy responsibility to which he had subjected himself. Confounded and bewildered, he sat for some minutes lost in abstraction, until he was aroused by seeing the bailiff rise from his seat, and approach the table on which the contents of a splendid dressing-case, a present from his grandfather, were laid out.

After examining the various articles, and turning and twisting them over, the fellow exclaimed, "It's all along of these here gewgaws, as there 's so many of you young kiddies what gets into quod;" then coolly taking up the razors, he passed them one after another across the palm of his horny hand, until he appeared to find one to his purpose; then pulling off his coat and cravat, and uncovering his short and sinewy neck, he seized the silver handled shaving brush and soap-stand, and proceeding to lather a face which bore decisive evidence of not having been shaved for a week, "Lathers like a syllabub, and smells as sweet as a daisy, though I

hates perfooms," said he, as pinching up his cheek with one hand, he drew the instrument across the black stubble which garnished his jaws with the other. "No—I never uses no perfooms, except a bit of a Tonkey bean, now and then in my snuff, or a cake of vindsor, and that's only because my misses's brother has got a manufactory of genuine vindsor, down at Gravesend.—Here, Jem!" said he, turning round to his assistant, "just you run down to Limmers, and tell John Collins to tell Lord Harry, that I've a little bit of a trifle against him, and he'd better get his bail ready, 'cause the writ's returnable on Monday.—Do you know Lord Harry?" continued he, addressing Beverley, who stood almost petrified with astonishment and indignation at the insolence and sang-froid of the fellow: "what, not know Lord Harry?" and he tweaked up his nose with the finger and thumb of his left hand, whilst he scraped off the bristles which garnished his upper lip with the right; "he's as prime a cove as any in all London; I 'll tell you a story of him presently.—Dang my beard, if it arn't a hard as a door-brush, and my skin's as soft as a chicken's," exclaimed the brute, as he cut a huge

gash in his face; "now, you young bucks would take half a yard of sticking plaster for this; but I takes cobveb—these here pock marks, them 's the devil,—my father never would let me be wagsinated:" then, as he continued his operations on his throat and chin, he added: "Well, Lord Harry, as I said afore, he is a good one; I likes to arrest him, 'cause he never gives no trouble; if I meets him in the street, and I has any thing against him, why, I winks with my left eye, and he winks with his right, that 's as much as to say, 'What, you want me, old boy, do you?' he never plays the grasshopper, but goes away down to my house, and orders dinner as quiet as a lamb."

Having terminated his shaving, the brute now filled the basin with water; employed his testaceous hands and knotty fingers, instead of sponges and tooth-brushes; gave his hand a shake like a wet mastiff; and then taking up the edge of the embroidered cloth, with which Mrs. Makesop had ornamented the dressing-table, dried his face. Whilst he was putting on his coat, he narrated the following anecdote of the young nobleman, which, as it was played off

against one of his own fraternity, he considered to be a master-piece of talent and dexterity utterly unrivalled.

"Well," said he, "Lord Harry, as I said afore, was in the Fleet, poor fellow! and that's a d— place to be in.—Were you ever in the Fleet?—So once he got a day-rule, just to have a bit of a lark; and as he was a swaggering up St. James's-street, who should he meet but one of his creditors what owed him a grudge? 'Oh, oh, my Lord,' says he to himself, 'you're at large, are you? but I'll clap a spoke in your wheel.' So, away he runs, gets a writ, finds an officer, one of the cross-grainedest fellows in our line; and after hunting about, at last they sees my Lord a quietly walking through Liecester-fields back to the City, and they grabs him. 'Hang it,' says my Lord, 'this is pretty considerably d— unlucky,' as Mathys says; 'but I suppose, gentlemen, you'll let me have some dinner first; egad, if you will, I'll treat you both, here, at the Sabloniere's.' After a little consideration they agree.

"'Now,' says my Lord, 'it will look rather awkward if the people have any suspicion of

what you are; I shall therefore say that you are country members what don't speak French, and if you'll just merely cry out, '*Oui, oui, certainement*,' when I ask you a question, or order any thing, that will do for the waiters. Well, they agree to this; and then my Lord goes to the bar, and says to the landlord, 'Those gentlemen which is there wishes me to order the best dinner you can give them—Don't you?' says he to them. '*Ouig, ouig, certinmong*,' says they. '*Bong!*' says the landlord, and brings the bill of fare. 'Turtle?' '*Oh, ouig, ouig.*'—'Turbot?' '*Certinmong.*'—'Venison?' '*Oh, ouig, ouig.*'—'Lime punch?' '*Certinmong*,' and so on, through claret, champagne, and all manner of the best of grub. Well, so there they sat, nudging each other under the table, and chuckling at my Lord's being such a spoony as to treat them, and they ate and drank until they had liked to have choked, until when there was only time just left for my Lord to get back to the Fleet, he calls for the bill, pulls out his day-rule, quietly says, 'Gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you for your civility and company, and should be too happy to attend you home; but you see

I have a prior engagement with old Nanny, and I therefore wish you a very good night. Tempus fuggit,' as they say at Westminster, 'and I must waddle;' and so saying, he left them, half drunk, half mad, to pay the bill. Wasn't that a good one, eh?"

It would be utterly impossible to describe Beverley's feelings during the whole of this time—more than once he had been on the point of darting across the room, and felling the insolent brute to the ground; but prudence, and a sense of his utter helplessness, as well perhaps as that kind of fear which a person unaccustomed to the ways and manners of such men, must naturally feel, restrained him. Never, however, did such a sentiment of humiliation and disgrace oppress his soul; yet to avenge himself upon such a fellow would only subject him to subsequent maltreatment, and merely aggravate the annoyance of his situation; and therefore, with a feeling of almost sickening disgust, he submitted to the insult; though his expanded nostrils, his quivering lips, and deep-breathing, sufficiently demonstrated all that was passing in his mind.

When the man had concluded his story, as well as the husky vulgar laugh which succeeded to it, Beverley requested him to retire for a few minutes into the next room, whilst he completed his own toilet; and then, being unwilling to alarm Mrs. Makesop, he desired his servant to tell her that his presence was required immediately in Lincoln's Inn. Quickly after this, following his conductor into the street, he threw himself into a hackney-coach, and in the course of half an hour found himself the inmate of a sponging-house.

## CHAPTER IX.

FROM the period of Arthur's departure from England until the death of the Earl and Countess, Lucy had been the constant companion, and indeed the only comfort of that noble couple—in fact, so essential had been her society to the happiness of Lord Roxmere, that he had prevailed upon Mr. Delmore to take up his residence entirely at the Castle. Childless, and a widower, bereft of the pride and only hope of his old age, by the disappearance of his grandson, the desolate heart of the sorrow-stricken nobleman eagerly turned towards the worthy clergyman and his daughter for comfort and consolation.

To a mind stored with the most wholesome

principles of moral philosophy, Delmore added the tenderest judgment and extensive information. Thus, on the one hand, his conversation was particularly qualified to soothe and divert Lord Roxmere from the recollection of his sorrows; whilst, on the other, the mild and cheering nature of Delmore's religious precepts was admirably adapted to tranquillize and encourage the mind of a man, who felt that the short span of his existence was fast drawing to a close, and who could not look forward to death without an awful mysterious sensation of uncertainty and awe. For who is there, however pure may have been the nature of his previous life, however great his hope and confidence in that to come, who can, without a thrill of the deepest emotion and even dread, see himself standing upon the brink of that fathomless, inscrutable gulf, that blind, darksome ocean of eternity, of which God alone knows the profundity, and is himself the only light;—who is there, even in the blooming, heedless days of early life, who can lay down his head upon his pillow, and say to himself, "I may never see to-morrow's dawn," without an over-

whelming sense of his own helpless nothingness, without a shuddering conviction of his own weakness and imperfection?

If the conversation and religious assistance of Delmore were peculiarly consoling to Lord Roxmere in preparing him for that awful journey, which he knew was not far distant, the innocent and affectionate attentions of Lucy diverted his mind, and spread a soothing charm on his latter days. Every word almost that she uttered reminded him of Arthur,—it was a sorrowful yet beloved reminiscence; it was their greatest pleasure to talk of him; they mutually recalled a hundred traits dear to the memory of both; his defects were forgotten, his good qualities alone remembered; his thoughts, his words, his features were recorded, repeated, and retraced with the most affectionate minuteness, until tears of parental tenderness streamed down the venerable features of the old Earl; and Lucy, overwhelmed by the intensity of her feelings, would rush from the room, and hurrying to her own apartment, throw herself upon her knees, and prayed for strength, comfort, and oblivion of the past.

With all the anxiety of parental fondness, Delmore had watched the progress of his daughter's attachment from its earliest growth through all its various stages; and he saw, with mingled pain and astonishment, that the affections of his child had even resisted Beverley's inconstancy; they had triumphed over that which, in the ordinary course of things, no tenderness can sustain, no fondness can support, and which, at once converting esteem into contempt, and affection into hatred, fills the heart with bitterness and disquiet, and is, in fact, the very grave of love.

We may forgive those who have hated us; but never can we pardon those who having once loved, abandon us for another—we can bow down our heads with submission to the blow which bereaves us of the object of our affections, and still adore their memory to our latest hour; but to see them *live* and cease to *love*, to think them unworthy, to be convinced that one's confidence has been betrayed, one's affections made the sport of caprice, the victims of wanton vanity, one shudders at the very thought.

Not only had Delmore remarked that his daughter's attachment had withstood Beverley's neglect, but that it had gained new life and vigour when the rupture of his marriage with Camilla had been made public; then, gradually increasing up to the moment of his misfortune in Spain, it had not even been extinguished when he was supposed to have perished. Delmore had, in the mean time, employed every argument, which reason and the tenderest affection suggested, to divert his daughter from cherishing these visions; he had tried change of scene and climate, but in vain; and it was with intense grief that he saw, not only that she remained constant to her sentiments, but that her constitution was evidently yielding to the devouring flame which consumed her. The feeble lamp of her existence, though it now and then radiated with the hectic and delusive brilliancy of health, appeared to be gently and yet perceptibly flickering away. At one moment the doating parent's heart was elated by seeing her appear in all the healthful glow of beauty and serenity; but, alas! the treacherous symptoms quickly vanished, and were suc-

ceeded by increased languor, feebleness, and agitation. He feared consumption; he dreaded the approach of that horrid monster, whose dainty insatiable appetite, rejecting the mature and vigorous, demands for its food the young, the best, the loveliest, and the most innocent.

If ever woman's heart acknowledged, in all its purity, the extreme influence of that terrible, that inexplicable passion, which, at one moment, elevating the mind of man above itself, ennobles his nature, purifies his soul, and leads him to the performance of the most generous acts of devotion and magnanimity, and at another, degrading him below the level of a brute, impels him to the perpetration of crimes the most atrocious;—if ever woman's heart was acquainted with that passion, sometimes the harbinger of bliss incomparable, but too often the forerunner of the bitterest regrets, miseries, and disappointments; if ever these sentiments were pure, holy, and divested of all grosser alloy, they were those which Lucy cherished for Beverley. If the words which the immortal Schiller places in the mouth of his Don Carlos be true, "*Der weiss allein was Liebe ist der*

*ohne Hoffnung liebt*," then, indeed, her acquaintance with love was full and undeniable, for her affections had not only survived hope, but they had outlived life.

Whether Beverley's conduct merited such rare and almost incredible proofs of devotion, is a question which lovers must determine for themselves;—they may, perhaps, be able to comprehend the causes of those wonderful sympathies which, imperceptibly drawing heart towards heart, and soul towards soul, at length unite them by bonds which neither time, nor space, nor absence can tear asunder; which neither the storms of the ocean, nor the burning sands of the desert, nor the danger of the battle-field, can weaken or diminish—they may be able to account for those undefinable attractions, those magnetic influences, which absorbing every other thought, wish, and pursuit, and abstracting us, as it were, from ourselves, at once enthral, bewilder, and enchant, and which certainly are not amongst the least marvellous or mysterious of Nature's agencies.

Some of these secret influences had, perchance, some share in operating upon Miss Del-

more's mind, since she had not been for many months so cheerful, so full of thought, and apparent health, as she was about the period of Beverley's return, which was still unknown to her. Her father had quickly perceived this amelioration; but he well knew the treacherous nature of the wasting malady to which he feared she was a prey. He dared not hope; he dreaded lest these formidable appearances should be but the delusive heralds of some fatal crisis; and he therefore endeavoured to prepare himself for the most terrible of all earthly visitations to a father's heart,—the loss of his child, and that child an only daughter.

It was on the third night subsequent to Beverley's return to England, that Lucy, attracted by the peculiar fineness of the weather, opened the folding-doors which conducted upon a small terrace in front of the vicarage. Drawing her shawl close around her, and stepping forth, she leaned upon the balustrade which separated her flower-garden from the road, and thence gazed with that mingled sentiment of awe and pleasure which inspires the soul, when, upon such occasions, one contemplates the ma-

jesty of nature, shadowed by the mysterious and imposing veil of night. The cottage inhabited by the Delmores, distant about a mile from Beverley, commanded a full view both of that place and of the whole bay, and therefore the prospect which Lucy's eye embraced was of great extent and beauty.

It was a fair and lovely moonlight night, such as in our cheerless northern climates, especially at that early season of the year, rarely occurs. The wind blew from the south, so mild, so calm, that it scarcely created a ripple upon the glassy surface of the drowsy ocean, or even moved the light and filmy cloud which hung in fleecy streaks upon the starry vault above. Before her, rose in solemn grandeur, the heavy masses of the venerable castle, the outlines of its towers, pinnacles, and battlements, being defined with peculiar distinctness, as their dark points and angles contrasted sharply with the transparent light behind. Beneath lay the little town, its white walls, and at intervals its lighted windows, either sparkling in the moonbeams, or twinkling through the shade, whilst far beyond stretched forth the noble bay,

bounded by its rocky headlands. One of these, "the Mermaid's bridge," rising in black and imposing majesty above the flood, presented a most picturesque and singular appearance; a part being concealed in impenetrable darkness, whilst ever and anon, the moon's rays shooting through its disjointed and fantastic arches, danced for a while on several long and rippled streams of flame upon the surface of the ocean, until they united nearer to the shore on one broad and uninterrupted expanse of silvery light.

The waters of the deep were calm, tranquil, and almost hushed asleep; nothing disturbed their repose, or broke the view between the shore and the distant horizon, save here and there the black hulls and tanned sails of a few fishing craft, whose crews, taking advantage of the tide, were endeavouring to work them into the offing; even the breakers, which usually burst with indescribable fury upon the Shark's Jaw, now merely curled and plashed around it in harmless sport.

It was with feelings of mingled melancholy and pleasure that Lucy turned her eye from the scene beneath, towards the glorious firma-

ment above her head; a feeling of almost superstitious awe crept through her veins, as she called to mind the times when the study of the heavenly bodies had been a portion of her daily amusement with him whose spirit was, perchance, looking down upon her from amid that glorious galaxy. There was one small but brilliant star, the brightest of Orion's group, which fascinated her eye; it bore a talisman for her heart—it brought back a thousand tender thoughts and passages in her existence—above all, it recalled her young lover's words when they yet loved dearly, but unconsciously. "If ever we should part," said Arthur, as, in his youthful fondness and sincerity, he threw his arm round the sylph-like creature who stood by his side; "if ever the fate of war should carry me to distant climes, look at yon glittering star, and think of me—your brother. So long as I have life, so long as that star shines, I never shall forget the dear friend of my youth,—my more than sister. If it is my destiny never to return; if I should perish, it is in that star my spirit shall take up its abode; thence, dear Lucy, will I look down

upon earth,—thence will I watch, pray for, and protect you.

The singular beauty of the night was augmented by the general silence which pervaded the whole scene, uninterrupted, except, occasionally, by the loud "ho-hi-yo" of the fishermen warping their vessels out of the harbour, or the shrill cry of the deer, which met the ear from the glens and dingles around the castle. Alas! when Lucy gazed upon its well-known walls—when she recalled the happy hours she had passed there—when she thought of the days that were gone, the friends that were no more,—when she thought of her blighted hopes, of her ill-requited love, of her widowed affections, the tears started to her eyes, and she sobbed with agony; and yet she thought herself more fortunate, a thousand times more to be envied, than her unhappy friend, the present Lady Roxmere.

Lucy's further reflections were now broken in upon, for, on looking towards the town, she perceived lights either quickly moving about in different directions, or re-appearing in the windows, whilst the sounds of shouts and the murmurs of congregating crowds, and the merry

pealing of the church bells, became distinctly audible. Something most extraordinary had evidently occurred; she was about to call her father, when the sudden flash and report of one cannon, then another, and another, made her start with surprise and alarm, and brought Delmore to her side. What could occasion these tokens of rejoicing, neither Delmore nor Lucy could surmise; it could be nothing in connection with Lord Roxmere, for he was abhorred by the townspeople, who, upon his taking possession of the Castle, had received him with closed shops and muffled bells, whilst even the vessels in the harbour had their colours half-mast high. As anxious as his daughter to ascertain the cause of this interruption to the usual repose of his parishioners, he was about to despatch a messenger to the town, when they heard the sound of horses' hoofs, galloping with hasty speed towards the house; and in a few seconds more, Delmore recognized the postmaster of Beverley, who had been formerly one of the chief domestics at the Castle.

Springing from his saddle, the man no sooner perceived the clergyman and his child, than,

with breathless haste, he exclaimed, "Here's news, Sir! here are letters; thank God! he's alive; he'll be here to-morrow; he's in London!"

"Who? whom do you mean?" demanded Lucy and her father simultaneously.

"Why, Mr. Arthur,—that's my Lord,—God bless him! and down with the false one! There's an express just come from Mrs. Makesop; and here's a letter in his own hand for you, and one for Miss, I believe, Sir, though I didn't stop to look.—Hark! hark! at the guns, hark at the shouts! the whole town knows it, aye, and he shall know it too before many minutes;" and then pointing to the Castle, and, in his enthusiastic zeal for Arthur, forgetting the respect due to Mr. Delmore,—"yes, he shall know it too, and be d——d to him;" and so saying, he remounted his horse, and rode off to communicate the intelligence at the Castle.

This sudden, this unlooked-for intelligence was too much for Lucy's feeble constitution. Scarcely had she heard the first words ere she fell fainting into her father's arms, and was immediately carried to her chamber. Whilst the female domestics were offering to her the neces-

sary succours, Delmore eagerly tore open the letters, and, with sentiments of astonishment and joy, perused their contents; indeed, so great was the pleasure the worthy pastor felt at Arthur's return, that it completely counterbalanced the pain he otherwise would have felt at the unfortunate revolution in his young friend's worldly prospects.

How various, how indescribable were the emotions which throbbed through the heart of the virtuous and beautiful Lucy, when, upon recovering her senses, she read in the smiles of her parent the corroboration of the postmaster's intelligence! how great was her ecstasy when Delmore gradually communicated the substance of Arthur's letters, and, above all, those parts which related to herself! In a delirium of joy, she threw herself into her father's arms, for she had no secrets from him, and burying her head in his bosom, she shed tears "of guiltless joy," not less pure than those "blest tears of soul-felt penitence," which—precious offering—gained for the disconsolate Peri the gates of Paradise. Not only was the object of her first, her only affections, arisen as it were from

the dead, but he was returned; her doubts, her fears were dispelled; she was beloved—he had written it, and her eyes devoured the words. Years of suffering and affliction were effaced in a moment by that magic sentence. It was not vanity; it was not pride; it was pure disinterested tenderness, springing from the noblest sources, which now influenced her heart, for she knew the nature of his situation;—the secret which he had only been apprised of within a few hours, had been communicated to her before Lord Roxmere's death. Misfortune had reduced him to a level with herself,—she almost rejoiced at it; for she could now love him without one single feeling of self-reproach, without a fear of being accused of mercenary or ambitious views. Yielding immediately to Beverley's wishes, and equally anxious to see him, as the former was eager for his presence in town, Delmore announced to his daughter his intention of proceeding to London early on the following morning. Delicacy forbade Lucy to express her anxiety to attend him; but her father easily read what was passing in her mind, and with all that confidence in her prudence, that affection and

pity for her suffering, and in fact, in the hope that a meeting with Arthur, as well as change of air, would be of service to her, he said, "I have long wished, my dear, that you should consult Doctor ——; this will be an excellent opportunity; what say you to accompany me?" The blush suffused over the cheek, and the gleam of joy which animated her countenance, as she pressed her parent's hand to her heart, sufficiently proved how gladly, how thankfully she received the proposition, though she replied, "I am quite well, I assure you, now,—I require no physician, but—"

"No buts, my love," answered the father, interrupting her; "your refusal would oblige me to exert my parental authority;" and then, being anxious to spare her feelings, he added, "Come, it is now late, and we must rise early to-morrow: retire therefore to your room, and order your maid to pack up; I will direct the carriage to be at the door by daybreak:" then pressing her in his arms, he bade her good-night; and entering his own apartment, collected together the documents and papers required by Arthur.

## CHAPTER X.

THE unusual and unexpected sounds which had brought joy and satisfaction to the humble abode of the Delmores, as well as to the numerous tenantry holding under the Lordship of Beverley, created feelings widely different in the bosom of Lord Roxmere. Although he felt convinced that Beverley's return could in no way endanger his titles and possessions, yet he entertained that animosity and jealousy which are the certain symbols of vulgar and ungenerous minds; and, as was usual upon all occasions when any thing an-

noyed him, his unfortunate and amiable wife was destined to bear the brunt of his caprice and ill humour. Whether the cause was a fall he had met with in hunting, the loss of a race, or that of his money, or even a head-ache, the result of a previous night's carousal, no matter! poor Fanny was the object upon whom he vented his disappointment and his anger. Neither the beauty, the gentleness, nor submission of his amiable and patient wife, had any effect upon him, nor could it wean him from a settled determination to repay her for so repeatedly rejecting him, by treating her in a manner as cruel as it was unmanly. Replete with cunning and dissimulation, he had instantly seen through the motives which had at length induced Fanny Grantham to accept his hand: thus it was, that at the very moment his tongue pronounced the vow to cherish and protect her, his head (for he had no heart) was filled with the meanest and most cowardly projects of vengeance. It were needless to enter into minute details, but we may give a rapid sketch of proceedings, of which, thank God, few examples are to be found

in real life, though, to the disgrace of human nature, alas! such instances have been and are still to be met with.

Scarcely a month had elapsed after his marriage, ere he began to betray his capriciousness, ill temper, and jealousy,—jealousy of the darkest dye, since it did not proceed from the slightest misconduct on her part, nor from that excess of affection on his, which could alone have excused that hateful passion; but from mere suspicion and want of confidence. Instead of striving to anticipate her wishes, his principal aim was to thwart them; instead of endeavouring to insinuate himself into her affections—instead of exerting himself to drive from her memory the image of another, by substituting his own in its place—instead, in short, of using every endeavour to obtain her friendship and esteem, he seemed to adopt every method to destroy all chance of their growth. Her movements were watched, her words were misinterpreted, nay, her very looks were misconstrued; if sorrowful and dejected,—for she had little heart to be otherwise,—her grief was attributed to dislike for him; if a ray of cheerfulness animated her

countenance,—a ray, such as the meteor "*che fa un solco nell' ombra e se dilegua*," he then accused her of levity and indifference.

Her letters were intercepted and opened by him, and he also examined and sealed those which she wrote to her family. Nothing was sacred: her writing-case and workbox were frequently searched; he would ask for her keys, and rifle every thing belonging to her, not with the view of setting his mind at rest, and convincing himself of her purity, but with the detestable hope of being able to discover some grounds for further reproach and ill usage. A new ring or a trinket which he had not observed before, excited at once his suspicion and his choler. If, in order to avoid all motives for his displeasure, she divested herself of every ornament, he would accuse her of slighting his presents; and these were few;—if, on the contrary, she wore his gifts together with any other trifle, which had previously belonged to her, he swore it was only "to throw dust into his eyes," and that these were all memorials of Colnbrook! He would steal quietly to her chamber-door, enter suddenly, and, if he found her in tears, upbraid her

for eternally "moping and snivelling;" and then again taunt her with the name of Colnbrook.

It was seldom that he permitted her to accompany him into society, or that he invited any body to his own house; except a few profligate young men, or low sycophants, whose conversation, especially when heated with wine, (of which no small quantity was consumed at his table,) was utterly unfit for the ears of a young and modest female. Nay, he would even permit himself, in her presence, to make remarks on her person, and to discuss subjects which even disgusted his low-born companions. If, having permitted her to accept the invitation of any of their neighbours—for he would not let her go to town—the conversation fell upon any subject with which he thought her unacquainted,—he would talk *at* her, and, if possible, excite a laugh against her. Instead of encouraging and supporting her,—instead of trying to show off, to the best advantage, her talents and accomplishments, with the natural pride of a husband, he would endeavour to expose her with the malicious ill-nature of an

enemy;—instead of being desirous to elevate her above the world, it seemed to be his pleasure to degrade her beneath all others. He did not at first actually strike her, though, horrible to say, even blows were not spared at a late period; but his language and his threats were ten thousand times more painful even than blows; for there was no coarse or indelicate expression which he did not employ; he sullied her virtuous ears, in the moments of his fury, with expressions of which, fortunately, in the innocence of her mind, she did not comprehend half the abomination.

Licentious, faithless to his vows, he was not content with his infidelity and profligacy, but he even shocked her with the recital of his indiscretions; nay, he even went so far as to instal at a cottage near his domains, one of the wretched victims of his perfidy, whose subsequent destiny was even more dreadful than that of the unfortunate creature whom Arthur had encountered in the street. Turned out and abandoned in a moment of caprice and satiety, the miserable girl (the daughter of a respectable farmer) had preferred death to further degradation. After

being missing some days, her body was found floating on the surface of a sheet of water, close to Maltby Hall; and then, as if in derision of the causes of her dreadful act, a coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "Found drowned!" Had those two simple words been traced upon her grave-stone and met his eye, and had not his innermost soul quailed with remorse and horror, his heart must have been as obdurate as the very stone itself. They were—he read them,—and yet he felt not!

It will be asked, how could Lady Roxmere—how could any woman submit to a continuance of such treatment? The answer is soon given; she had become a mother,—and what cannot a mother's heart endure for her child! Why did not her friends—her relations interfere? Interference between man and wife, unless loudly called for by one of the parties, is a most delicate, and always a most ungrateful task; besides, she never murmured at her fate!—she never complained, even to her mother; she felt that she had cast the die herself, and she was bound to abide by the chances; yet for her infant's sake, and for that alone, she resolved to bear

all. There was a haven to which she looked forward with hope,—it was her only chance of relief.

For many months subsequent to her marriage, Lord Colnbrook and Fanny had not met; the peace of mind of which he had robbed her, was in some measure restored, and the blight which he had cast upon the budding affections of her young heart, began to wear away. Devoted, in despite of her husband's ill usage, to the strict performance, to the very letter, of her vows, and diverted by the tender duties of a mother, she strove—earnestly strove—to chase Lord Colnbrook from her memory, but it was impossible to effect this altogether. Whenever Maltby's taunts, or any other casual circumstances, recalled this loved but dreaded image to her mind, she fled from it, as from something unholy; she prayed for fortitude, and, above all, for forgetfulness; but it is not so easy a matter to eradicate entirely from the bosom the memory of a past, a long-cherished love: one may attempt to tear it forcibly from the heart, but it is a barbed arrow, which will long rankle in the wound.

By one of those contradictions neither easily accounted for nor difficult to be met with, Lord Colnbrook no sooner found that he had wilfully, irrevocably lost the treasure which might have crowned his days with harmony and peace, than his affection for her rekindled. He knew her virtues,—he was convinced of her excellence,—he was aware of the real cause which had driven her—an unwilling sacrifice—into the arms of Maltby; a thousand and a thousand times he cursed the weakness and vanity which had induced him thus to trifle with his own happiness. Disgusted with himself, and abhorring Lady Atherley and her confederates, for being in a great measure instrumental to his loss, his thoughts recurred incessantly to the anticipations of former times; and, to the surprise of all who knew him, a melancholy dejection and misanthropy took possession of his mind, and he withdrew himself almost entirely from society. Now endeavouring to find amusement in travelling, now seeking distinction in politics, he alternately tried one and the other; but Mrs. Maltby's image arose before him at every fresh transition of the scene; and even in the very

heart of the senate, in the middle of the debate, her portrait would suddenly rush upon his mind, and utterly absorbing his thoughts, enchain his tongue.

The remembrance of her haunted his dreams, and engrossed his waking hours, and the more insuperable the barrier which had been raised between them, the more ardent became his passion, now, indeed, robbed of all its worth—now, divested of all its purity, for she was the wife of another. He felt all this,—his heart acknowledged its immorality and impropriety; but reason, in such cases, is unfortunately but a feeble opponent to the violence of the feelings. Were it otherwise, the great world would present a far different picture,—society a more consoling aspect; vice, from its variety, would almost become a virtue; and domestic happiness would then be as much the portion of the great, as it is now almost the exclusive property of the more humble classes.

Not only Lord Colnbrook's sentiments, but those of the most prominent personages in this tale, may appear extravagant and unnatural; they will doubtless be so considered, by the

generality of the world: but those who have had much intercourse with it, those who have made Nature their study, and who are well read in the great book of human passions, will not find the picture too highly coloured. It is true, that it shows man under the most unfavourable aspect, but it also shows that which is at once a melancholy and incontestible truth: that we are weak, vacillating, and erring creatures, glorying to-day in a wall of strength, that the mere turn of to-morrow's tide may undermine and wash away.

During the course of the autumn immediately preceding Beverley's return to Europe, Lord Colnbrook had been induced by some friends, with whom he was upon a visit in the country, to attend the races at ———. Wishing to obtain a better view of the race, the Marquis dismounted from his horse, and ascended one of the crowded stands which commanded the whole course. Having entered the building he seated himself at the extreme edge of one of the long benches, and without taking the slightest notice, or even observing who were his immediate neighbours, he amused himself in watching the pro-

gress of the horses. For a few seconds he sat with his eye fixed upon the scene before him, the racers being in the act of coming in; suddenly, however, he felt the arm of the person next to him tremble in the most violent manner, he heard the deep and difficult breathing of agitation,—he turned round,—Good God! it was Lady Roxmere. She had instantly recognised him upon his entrance, having caught a glimpse of his features as he entered the stand.

The sound of the voice she had loved too well, sent a thrill through her whole frame; it was the first time they had met since the Duke of Ulsdale's fête; she would have given the universe to have been miles away: she would have risen from her place and fled; but the density of the crowd, and her own agitation, rendered it impossible. In a moment afterwards, Colnbrook seated himself at her side—she felt his very arm touching her—she heard him breathe—her emotion became intense—in vain she averted her head and attempted to conceal her features and her feelings.

This unexpected encounter was more than she could sustain; her heart beat violently, every limb quivered, she felt a sickening faintness creeping over her, and she would have fallen to the ground had not the Marquess sprung to her support.

Alarmed beyond measure at the deadly paleness of her features, and scarcely less surprised and agitated than herself, Lord Colnbrook loudly called for assistance; forgetting the extreme publicity of the place, forgetting that a thousand curious eyes and gossiping tongues were observing and criticising him, he hung over her with looks of the deepest anxiety and interest, and even addressed her in a manner which too plainly demonstrated the nature of his feelings. Finding, in despite of smelling-bottles and vinaigrettes, that she did not immediately recover, he first apostrophised in no very measured terms the crowd who pressed around them impeding the circulation of air, and at last pushing them back, lifted up the Countess, and, assisted by three or four ladies, carried her into one of the Marquess's tents, immediately contiguous to the stand.

Here after a while Lady Roxmere evinced symptoms of returning animation; drawing a deep sigh, she opened her eyes, and upon recognising Lord Colnbrook, looked at him with an air of mingled entreaty and terror, the import of which could not be misconstrued; and then said, "Good God! you here, my Lord? For Heaven's sake, leave me to the care of my friends. Where is Lord Roxmere? Where are my servants? I beg, I request your Lordship will leave me." Scarcely had she time to disengage herself from Lord Colnbrook's arm, which still supported her, ere a horseman galloped up to the opening of the tent; it was Lord Roxmere, who had been informed of what had taken place. Springing from his saddle, he darted into the tent; and casting a look of fury at his wife, and another of hatred and defiance at the Marquess, he said in a half whisper to the former, "D—— you, Madam, you shall suffer properly for this when we get home;" and then turning to Colnbrook, he exclaimed, "I was not aware, my Lord, that it was the custom for gentlemen in England to thrust their company upon those with whom

they were unacquainted ; Lady Roxmere has no further occasion for your services ; and I, as her husband, request that this may be the last time you will attempt to intrude them upon her." Lord Colnbrook was about to reply to this speech in the terms it merited, but he observed the imploring eye of Lady Roxmere, who, dreading lest some serious altercation might arise, clung to her husband's arm in a state of agonizing fear and agitation. Drawing up his figure, which for manly beauty and grace formed a remarkable contrast to the heavy form of Lord Roxmere, the Marquess calmly replied : " Although your Lordship may consider my presence here as an intrusion,—and an intrusion it would be, under any other circumstances,—yet I trust Lady Roxmere will forgive me for having ventured to offer her those common marks of politeness which she must have met with from any man who had witnessed her indisposition ; from which, however," he added significantly, " I trust she will suffer no farther ill effects." Then coldly bowing to the Earl, and scarcely venturing to look at the Countess,

he quitted the tent, and disappeared amidst the crowd.

No sooner did Lord Roxmere reach Maltby Hall, than he forthwith commenced putting his threats into execution. Breaking forth, even before the servants, in terms of the most violent reproach and invective, he followed the Countess to her apartment, where there was no menace, no vile or abominable expression, which he did not make use of. In vain Lady Roxmere protested against the cruelty and injustice of his suspicions, and implored him to listen to reason;—in vain she threw herself on her knees, and called Heaven to witness that she was utterly unconscious of Lord Colnbrook's presence on the race-course until it was impossible to avoid him; and that her agitation at seeing him so suddenly, as well as her fears lest he (Lord Roxmere) should misinterpret her conduct, had completely overcome her feelings, and given rise to her indisposition. This latter observation served but to increase Roxmere's ungovernable rage. Her tears, her assurances were of no avail—he spurned her

from him ; and then, after reiterating a string of opprobrious epithets, he vowed she should not see her child for a month, and left her with a command to dress and come down to dinner as soon as possible.

Nothing could be more fatal to Lady Roxmere's peace of mind than the occurrence of this day, since it called into new life those sentiments which it had been her constant study to extinguish since the hour of her marriage. Though she had never loved her husband, and had certainly married him from pique, yet she hoped to obtain his confidence, and to repay him with her esteem ; but his glaring profligacy, his flagrant infidelities, as well as the brutality of his language and conduct, at once disgusted her mind, and completely crushed every rising feeling of respect or regard. Still, he was her husband, and the father of her infant ; and such was the excellence of her principles, that the idea of cherishing, even in secret, the slightest sentiments of affection for another, was abhorrent to her mind.

Hitherto Lady Roxmere had lived in the

delusive hope that Colnbrook had been forgotten, and that she should be able to meet him with indifference; but the moment they did meet, the fatal truth burst upon her mind; and she felt convinced, in despite of his conduct, in despite of every tie and duty, that she still loved him; and she recoiled, with all the horror of a virtuous mind, from her own thoughts. Above all, she dreaded lest her agitation should have betrayed to the Marquess the existence of a sentiment, which she justly considered as the most unholy and sinful which could enter into the heart of woman. Her fears on this latter point were not altogether groundless; for Colnbrook had too much knowledge of the world, he was too close an observer of human nature, not to perceive in a moment that her former attachment to him was not extinguished:—it was more than he hoped or even wished—it subverted at once all those good resolutions to which he had hitherto strictly adhered.

Though suffering with a violent headache, and in a state of mind ill suited to join a large and boisterous party, Lady Roxmere, in obedience to her husband's commands, had taken her

usual place at the dinner table, when she was the only lady present. Overcome at length by the fumes of the viands and the noise of the guests, she was obliged to quit the room; whence she retired to her boudoir, an apartment situated on the ground floor, and opening by glass doors into a small retired flower garden.

Upon approaching the table, she perceived a letter placed upon it; and on holding it to the light, instantly recognised the handwriting of Lord Colnbrook. Her alarm and agitation was only equalled by her surprise, though these sentiments were not unmixed with a feeling of pleasure. Taking it up, she turned it over and over, gazed at the well-known and beloved handwriting, and examined the seal; her inclination to peruse it was intense; never was there such a struggle between principle and curiosity; she hesitated, looked around, laid it down, and again took it up—her heart palpitated violently, it seemed as if the inanimate paper had been endowed with life, for it sent a subtle thrilling fire through her whole frame as she involuntarily pressed it to her lips. Her trembling

fingers were already about to break open the seal, but at this moment she caught the reflection of her own figure in the large mirror opposite, and she started back as though she had seen some horrid vision. Principle in a moment regained its empire; burning blushes of shame shot instantly over her whole face and neck; and she cast from her the dangerous paper, as though it had been an adder; and, as it lay upon the floor, looked at it with a convulsive shudder of conscience-stricken terror, though tears of tenderness chased each other down her cheeks.

How this letter came into her apartment it was impossible to divine, and this uncertainty increased her embarrassment. To make any enquiries of the domestics would perhaps awake disadvantageous suspicions in their minds; to destroy it, might lead Lord Colnbrook to conceive that she had read and retained it, and would naturally encourage him to address her a second time. On the other hand, to return it by the post would inevitably betray it to her husband, who always closed and examined the letter-bag himself; and although with any reasonable man such an act would

have met with praise and affectionate thanks, yet she too well knew the violence of her husband's temper, and dreaded lest the discovery of her having even received a letter should not only subject her to increased abuse and ill usage, but, what was still worse, produce a duel, and then that the blood of one or both perhaps would be upon her head. After a few minutes' consideration, she remembered that an old labourer and his wife, who were entirely dependent on her bounty for support, dwelt at a cottage which formed a sort of lodge at the end of one of the shrubberies; she was also aware that neither of them could read; and she made up her mind to hasten down, and to dispatch one of them forthwith to the neighbouring post town. Taking up the letter, and enclosing it in an envelope, she put on her shawl and hat; and trusting that she should be back long before Lord Roxmere left the dinner table, she sallied forth into the garden, and hastened with all speed towards the cottage.

Scarcely had she proceeded two hundred yards from the house, ere she was startled by the sound of footsteps walking parallel to her in

the Park. Dreadfully alarmed, she paused to listen; from the thickness of the foliage, she could see no one; the noise however increased; the person was evidently approaching; there was a rustling in the enclosure; her knees smote violently together, her teeth chattered for very terror, and in a moment there stood a man before her; nor was her alarm diminished when, disguised in a countryman's frock, she recognised Lord Colnbrook.

"Away, away, my Lord, as you value my reputation and peace of mind!" exclaimed Lady Roxmere, summoning all her courage and strength of mind: "if you have any pity or generosity, leave me.—Here is your letter; to return this unread is the only cause of my being here at this late hour."

"What! will you not even condescend to read it?" rejoined the Marquess.

"Never, never," replied Lady Roxmere. "How dare you insult me, my Lord, by addressing me!—how dare you," continued she, although the agitation and even the softness of her voice contradicted the severity of her words—"how dare you intrude yourself upon my path!

Leave me this moment, I command you—if Lord Roxmere should discover you, we are both lost."

"Never, by Heavens!" replied Lord Colnbrook,—"never, until you hear the justification of my former conduct. Let ten thousand Roxmeres come, I can lose but one life; and were that life divided into hundreds, I would sacrifice them all for you." Then taking her hand, he added, "I implore you, by the recollection of former days, in mercy, in pity, listen to the accents of repentance and misery."

"Not for an instant," replied the Countess. "If you detain me against my will, I must call for assistance. Do not force me to expose myself and you; the consequences may be dreadful."

"This is too cruel; it is evident you hate me," rejoined the Marquess: "if you wish my death, by Heavens you shall be satisfied!"

There was a wildness in Lord Colnbrook's manner which terrified Lady Roxmere beyond measure. The moon's rays fell upon his fine features; they were pale and haggard—it was evident that he had suffered much since she had

last seen him—her affection magnified his ill looks; and her alarm augmented to a frightful extent as she saw him draw from his bosom a pistol.

"Oh, I do not wish your death,—I do not hate you," answered the Countess, "I—I—still," and the secret she would sooner have perished than divulged had nearly escaped her lips; but recovering herself she added, "I only wish you to leave me: if you are anxious to obtain my esteem and gratitude, fly instantly from these grounds; it is cruel of you to persecute me; your only desire must be to dishonour me."

"No, by Heavens," replied Lord Colnbrook; "your honour is dear to me as my own life. My only object is to declare to you my repentance, my anguish, my undying attachment. I never ceased to love, to adore you."

"Your very words are an injury, an insult," replied Lady Roxmere, with all the dignity of virtue:—"every instant I listen to you must be atoned for by a year of repentance."

"Oh, say not so, madam," rejoined Lord

Colnbrook: "my only remaining wish in life is to rescue you from the monster who so horribly maltreats you."

"Recollect, my Lord," said Lady Roxmere, though her heart acknowledged the justice of the Marquess's remark, "that you are speaking of my husband."

"Curses on the very word!" exclaimed Colnbrook: "the torments I now suffer are a just punishment to me for having driven you into his arms—fool, wretch that I was, I knew not the value of the treasure I neglected—I knew not its worth until it was lost to me for ever. But say that you do not hate and despise me; I will not quit this spot until you do."

"Spare me, spare me for God's sake!" replied the Countess in the greatest agitation. "Oh leave me, I implore you, and I will say any thing; yes, I do forgive you, and do not hate you, but we must never meet again. If you have any regard for my honour or my feelings, avoid me—fly me—forget me!"

Then summoning all her force, she turned round and flew with the speed of light towards the mansion, which she entered without being

observed; and hastening to her own chamber, fastened the door, threw herself on her knees, and amidst a flood of tears and sobs, prayed for that courage, fortitude, and resignation, of which she stood so much in need. From that time, until the period of Arthur's return to England, she had not met Lord Colnbrook; though, in spite of all her efforts, his image, and his alone, sat deeply engraved on her heart.

## CHAPTER XI.

ATTENDED by his odious companion, Beverley entered one of the small streets in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn, where they shortly drew up at the door of a building, whose dingy, gloomy exterior, and narrow-barred windows, announced one of those horrible receptacles for misfortune and profligacy called sponging-houses—a name which can only have been derived from the unblushing manner in which the proprietors are permitted to drain the pockets of their captives of the few remaining shillings which their follies, misfortunes, or the villany of others, may have left in their possession. The bell having been rung, the door was opened by a man whose surly, bloated countenance, scowling eyes, short crook-

ed legs, and shabby characteristic dress, appeared admirably calculated for the Cerberus of such a den; and in a few moments, Beverley found himself in a dark and dismal little chamber, which served as office and dressing-room to the bailiff. Seating himself at a sort of desk, the latter forthwith proceeded to make some entries in a large ledger which lay before him. "You see we can't get rid on it, not no how," said the fellow, as he continued writing.

"Get rid of what?" demanded Beverley.

"Why, the blood of that soldier officer what cut his throat just where you 're a standing now," answered the other. "Dang it, my Missis says it makes her quite queerish of an evening; but then she 's grown as timid as a dove since she saw the Castle Spectre at Doory Lane."

"Be it on the head of the unfeeling brute who drove him to the dreadful deed!" said Beverley, as with a shudder he turned round, and perceived the stains of the unhappy young soldier's blood, which had spurted against the wall, and streamed upon the floor, where, in spite of scouring and scrubbing, it had left a broad and

dark discoloured mark. Without paying any attention to the expression of disgust which was evident on Beverley's features, the bailiff said, "Well, now, I suppose, as you have not breakfasted, you wouldn't mind taking a bit of something?"

"I have no appetite, thank you," replied Beverley, who felt a horrible nausea creeping over him at the bare idea of touching food in such a place, "conduct me, therefore, I beg, to the room which I am to occupy; I wish to be alone."

"Alone!" grumbled out the second personage, who, by the bunch of keys which he held in his hand, appeared to be the groom of the chambers,—"alone! Why, bless your eyes, you can't have a room to yourself, not if you were to pay a ten pound note for it: we're as full as a *h*egg, and always is in Spring."

"Then, where am I to be confined?" demanded Arthur.

"Oh, any where you please," returned the bailiff, "why there 's the back parlour."

"That 's hired by the Irish Major, until he

goes over the water to be whitewashed—he can't have that," observed the assistant.

" Well, then, there 's No. 2."

" That 's bespoke for the two ladies which your young man is gone to grab up by the New Road, and he can't have that," rejoined the other; " but there 's the common room."

" That aen't fit for a gentleman like him," observed the bailiff; " there 's more nor a score there already, all tag rag; and a body can't see his hand for 'bacco smoke."

" Well then," replied the porter, " there 's the front drawing-room, which has only got four or five gentlemen in it."

" Very true, and a nice, airy, and pleasant look out it is, and only half a guinea a day."

" Since I cannot be indulged with an apartment to myself," said Beverley, " I should prefer being where there is the fewest number."

" Well, then, I 'll step up and ask the gentlemen's permission," answered the bailiff. " I always wishes to do every thing like a gentleman, as I said afore;" and he then proceeded up-stairs, when, amidst loud laughter produced evidently

by something the fellow had communicated, Beverley heard the words, "Trot him up, by all means; but first make him come down with a handsome footing—a guinea for you, and a rump and dozen for us." This speech, which was most probably not intended to reach Beverley's ears, at once opened his eyes, however, to the kind of *gentlemen* who were his fellow captives. In a few seconds he was rejoined by the bailiff, who coolly said, "The gentlemen says that they haven't no objection to your company, if you 'll pay a guinea footing."

"Suppose that I 'd not choose to submit to such an infamous exaction?" answered Beverley.

"Then you must go up to the common room," replied the man. Thinking that it would be better to acquiesce in the lesser of two evils, Beverley, after a moment's consideration, consented to the extortion; in addition to which, he was desired by his host to pay half a guinea in advance for the privilege of occupying the apartment; and then, by way of a corollary, the crooked-limbed Cerberus stepped up and said, "Please to remember the porter, sir; it 's al-

ways the custom." Having satisfied these three demands, Beverley followed his conductor upstairs, and was ushered into the close, dismal apartment called the drawing-room, in which the fumes of porter, stale segars, spirits, and broiled meat, were so powerful as nearly to overcome him.

The expression of Beverley's features clearly betrayed what was passing in his mind, and appeared to afford great amusement to some of the inmates of the chamber; for he had no sooner entered, than a shout of laughter burst from a group of individuals who were seated round a table, demolishing a breakfast of huge rank kidneys, and thick tough underdone woolly mutton chops.

"Gentlemen," said Beverley, as soon as his voice could be heard, "I am glad to see that men who are in the same disastrous predicament as myself can make so light of their misfortunes. I envy them their philosophy, but I must venture to tell them that I am not in the humour for being laughed at, and therefore request they will direct their mirth towards some other object."

The individuals, whose manner, if not their dress, evidently indicated that they were any thing but gentlemen, received this observation with renewed laughter. "Hang it, Governor," said one, "don't come Captain Grand over us." —"Slugs in a saw-pit won't do here, my boy," added another.—"If you have a mind for a bit of a set-to," exclaimed a third, throwing himself into a boxing attitude, "dowse your toggery and unmuzzle."—"Take and give," added a fourth; "this is Liberty Hall; no upper, no lower house;" and then roaring out in a gruff voice, "Give me a cup of sack, boy; I'm a rogue if I've drunk to-day;" he swallowed down an immense draught of porter, offered the pewter jug to his neighbour, and then broke into the following couplet:

"Here's a curse for John Doe, and a fig for Bill Roe,
The rogues cannot long involve us;
For we'll show up our schedules, and laugh at T. O.
The act it will soon absolve us."

Beverley, who felt convinced that, unless he assumed a decided tone with these men, he should be subject to further insult and annoyance, replied with a calm and determined voice,

"I understand a joke as well as any man, in due time and season; but as I am a stranger, and have no intention to interfere with you, I request the same indulgence at your hands; and shall therefore merely add, that the first man who ventures to molest me, will have cause to remember it as long as he lives;" then turning round, he retired towards the window.

The firm and resolute manner in which he pronounced these words, combined with that decided influence which men of superior minds and manners immediately obtain over those of an inferior class, aided perhaps by the possession of a figure remarkable for nerve and strength, appeared to impose upon the laughers, who, with the exception of the singer, made no further observation; he, however, who was a kind of wag in his way, exclaimed, "Well, most grave signor, and reverend for all I know, every one after his kind, cheek by jowl, elephants and tom tits, as they went into the ark, say I; but if you prefer pairing off by yourself, as the Irish Member said to the Speaker, why it's quite optional;" then turning round to the mis-shapen porter, who stood by the table,

he added, "Come, Crookshanks, don't stand grinning there like a boiled crab, singing 'cherry ripe,' to a crimped skate; tip us a swig of your namesake." This excellent piece of wit was rewarded by a shout of applause from his comrades, who, however, paid no further attention to the new comer.

Beverley, being left to his own reflections, had now leisure to cast his eye round the apartment, as well as to examine the remainder of his fellow-captives. The former bore evident marks of its being at present occupied by men utterly reckless of all care, and insensible to the degradation and disgrace of being even for a moment its inmate; there was a sort of contamination in the very air, something disgusting and revolting in almost every object around. Here, upon a table still reeking with the remnants of the last night's debauch, and still wet with the circular stains of wine glasses and porter pots, were scattered the remains of half-smoked segars and burned paper, mixed with the shells of nuts, and fragments of bread, and broiled bones, together with a bottle, which, from its neck being smeared with tallow, had evidently

been a substitute for a candlestick. Upon the floor lay three or four volumes of greasy novels, a pack of not less dirty cards, a thumbed sporting calendar of ancient date, and a couple of pair of boxing gloves, which, to judge by their colour, must have been coeval with Mendoza. In one corner stood a wash-hand basin, a jug without a handle, and a towel which might have scarified a rhinoceros, flanked by a triangular morsel of dismal-looking soap, which appeared to stand much more in need of being purified, than of being itself in a condition to perform that kind office for others. An inferior kind of coal was smouldering away in a grate, which left great doubts as to its ever having been polished; on either hob were mugs of ale or porter, placed there "to take off the chill;" whilst a poker, which, to judge by the size of the nob at one end, must have once appertained to the kitchen, and had probably owed its promotion in the drawing-room to its diminution in length and weight, stood in a corner, and looked much like one of those huge-headed dwarfs which one sees in old pictures. Over the notched and smoke-stained chimney-piece hung an engraving

of some defunct Lord Chief Justice, whose venerable countenance had received sundry additions and alterations from successive amateurs; such as spectacles, a pipe, black mustaches, immense whiskers, and, last of all, a hunting cap, which was perched in rather a coquetish fashion on the top of his wig.

From these objects Beverley turned his eyes towards the different groups which occupied the apartment; they were not numerous, but characteristic. In one corner sat two men playing at picquet; and it was evident, from their disordered dress, and the intense eagerness of their manner, their red eyes, pale and haggard countenances, and the remains of segars and candles at their side, that they had not quitted their game during the whole night. The sight of these two beings was enough to have disgusted the most inveterate gamester with that most fatal and accursed passion.

Stretched upon a sofa lay a young man enveloped in a fashionable cloak, ornamented with *ponceau* velvet and a gold cord; his thin shoes, open silk stockings, and evening dress, showed that he had been captured either in going or re-

turning from some party, and that he had not been allowed time even to change his apparel. In despite of his own dejection, Beverley could scarcely restrain a smile at the appearance of this personage, who, from shame or some other cause, had drawn the velvet of his cloak round his face, so as to conceal the lower part; and had tied a white silk pocket handkerchief over his head and under his chin; and further, to avoid all observation, had turned his back, and buried his head in a corner of the sofa; from which, however, he now and then raised himself, gave a momentary peep, and then bobbed down again, much like one of those white-headed divers which one sees on ponds and mill streams.

In an opposite corner sat a young man, having the air of a respectable tradesman, whose manner and appearance made a deep impression on Beverley. Heedless of the noise, the poor fellow continued motionless, and absorbed in thought, with one hand thrust into the bosom of his coat, and with the other pressed against his forehead, whilst the contraction of his brow and the compression of his lips plainly demonstrated that he was suffering intense mental

agony. By his side sat a young and interesting female, evidently his wife, whose neglected dress and dishevelled hair sufficiently showed that her whole thoughts were engrossed by the misfortunes of her husband. With that fortitude and strength of mind, which women so often evince under the most severe trials, the poor woman was exerting herself to encourage and sustain the drooping spirits of her unhappy partner. One of her hands rested upon his arm, whilst with the other she supported a smiling unconscious infant which reclined upon her knees. Her affectionate eyes were fixed upon the countenance of her husband; and though a forced smile played upon her countenance, her cheeks were still bedewed with tears.

"As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sun-beam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, that its wings be wet the while:—"

Although Beverley could not catch the import of her words, they were evidently those of hope and comfort, and had the desired effect of soothing her husband, for he suddenly started, roused

himself as it were from a dream, and throwing his arms round her waist, pressed her to his bosom, saying, "Yes, dearest, I will hope and take comfort; you bid me do so; and you never did deceive me." Then, burying his face between his hands, and again giving way to his feelings, he sobbed aloud. "Good God!" said Beverley to himself, forgetting that he was at this moment the victim of his own generosity: "until this moment, I never felt all the bitterness of poverty. O that I were what I once was, what I ought now to be, and your words of hope, poor woman, should be realized!—but thank Heaven," added he mentally, "thank Heaven that I am alone, and that I have neither wife nor child to participate in my misery; the thought of their sorrow would annihilate me." His further reflections were now interrupted by the announcement of his solicitor's arrival, and as it appeared that the two ladies had been fortunate enough to escape the vigilance of the bailiff's followers, Arthur, upon the further payment of a guinea, became the tenant of a dismal hole.

Entering at once upon facts, the solicitor

stated that, upon hearing of his client's arrest, he had immediately communicated with Scraggs, who would listen neither to accommodation nor compromise—nothing but the absolute payment of the whole sum would satisfy him; and, consequently, Beverley's only prospect of liberation depended on his sacrificing the ten thousand pounds before alluded to; but that, in so doing, he must of course abandon all thoughts of carrying on his lawsuit. The alternative, therefore, which remained, was either to continue a prisoner and pursue his claims, or to obtain his liberty, and abandon them; and the solicitor, recurring to his former reasoning, earnestly recommended the latter measure, to which however, Beverley, in despite of every possible argument, positively objected. Upon this and the following day the topic was repeatedly renewed; but Beverley's resolution remained unshaken; he made up his mind to sacrifice his liberty for ever, rather than renounce his purpose—a determination in which he was warmly encouraged by Mrs. Makesop; who, notwithstanding her attachment to what she called the "real Lord," and her detestation

of the false one, would rather have seen the former perish, than that he should yield up his birthright. Anxious to escape from the extortions of the bailiff, Arthur, in declaring his final determination to his solicitor, desired him to take the necessary measures for his speedy removal to some regular place of confinement; and it was therefore arranged that he should proceed on the following evening to the King's Bench.

## CHAPTER XII.

EAGER to join Beverley as soon as possible, Delmore and his daughter travelled without stopping, until they reached London, where they arrived on the morning subsequent to the foregoing scene. Leaving Lucy to repose at the hotel, and promising speedily to return with Arthur, Delmore hastened to Mrs. Makesop's; and his consternation may well be imagined, when the particulars as well as the causes which had led to Beverley's arrest were announced to him. Fearing to alarm his daughter by any protracted absence, Delmore determined to return to the hotel before he visited his young friend, though he felt the utmost perplexity as to what course he must then pursue. To announce the truth to Lucy would, he feared,

have a dangerous effect in her present state of mind; and yet to conceal it, was impossible; he trusted, however, that his daughter's distress would be diminished when she knew the motives for which Beverley persisted in remaining a prisoner, and, above all, when she was informed that an act of friendship was the original cause of his embarrassment, and that a calamity, which no human foresight could have guarded against, had immediately led to his arrest.

It was with a throbbing heart that Lucy heard her parent's footsteps approach the door; she listened, and he was alone; and it was not without a feeling of disappointment that she advanced towards him, exclaiming, "How is he? how does he look? why did he not come? —and yet," added she, blushing, "I should not have had courage to meet him." Delmore made no immediate reply; but there was an expression of dejection and mystery in his manner, which his daughter instantly observed. "Good God!" she continued, "what has happened? Something which you have not courage to announce; your countenance betrays it: for Heaven's sake, dearest Sir, speak!" and she

herself became as pale and agitated as her father.

"I have not seen him," replied Delmore mournfully.

"Not seen him!—how strange!" retorted Lucy."

"I am sorry to say," replied Delmore, "that an accident has occurred which will, I fear, prevent your meeting."

"An accident!" said Lucy, and the intelligence fell like an ice-bolt on her heart; "what new calamity has befallen him? Tell me, I beseech you, the truth!"

"He is in perfect health," rejoined Delmore.

"Then, what do you mean? why have you not seen him? Ah, perhaps it is on my account that he refuses to see you—yes, it must be. Would that I had not quitted Beverley!"

"You do yourself and him injustice," rejoined Delmore. "Listen calmly for one moment; you know the generosity and liberality of his disposition, and his utter disregard for himself."

"All who know him acknowledge the one, whilst the whole population of Beverley, nay,

the very waves of our bay, can bear witness to the other."

"You are aware of his friendship for Harley—to rescue his friend from distress and perhaps from disgrace, he became security for him to a very large amount."

"Generous creature!" exclaimed Lucy enthusiastically; "money was like the dross of the earth to him, who repeatedly hazarded his life for others."

"Such was the nature of the engagement he entered into for his unfortunate friend," resumed Delmore, that, at Harley's death, he became responsible for the immediate payment of the whole sum. In short, he has been arrested, and is now in prison."

"In prison!" exclaimed Miss Delmore, associating with the loss of liberty all the horrors of chains and dungeons—in prison! "Unhappy Arthur, when will your persecutions cease? But is there no means of releasing him? If you, dear father, were to speak to his jailer, and promise that the money should be paid by degrees, they would, I am sure, believe you."

"My promises, my dear child, would have

little effect in this great town; and the fact is, he possesses the means of relieving himself instantly; but he prefers the idea of imprisonment to that of obtaining his liberty by sacrificing a sum which he has devoted to his lawsuit."

"He is right, he is right!" exclaimed Lucy, and a beam of pride and dignity animated her expressive countenance; "what is the loss of liberty to that of name and honour? what is personal freedom compared with the happiness of rescuing the memory of his parents from disgrace?"

Delmore fondly pressed his high-minded daughter to his heart, and answered, "I confess that I am, in some measure, of your opinion; and although I must regret the effects, I cannot but applaud his motives: particularly since I understand from Makesop that it is a most nefarious case of usury and extortion. The bond is, it appears, signed for ten thousand pounds; but of this, little more than half was advanced in money. Taking advantage of Harley's distress and Beverley's inexperience, the rogue,

Scraggs, obliged the young men to accept of the remainder in goods of little value. Thus, independent of immense interest, the villain obtained a clear profit, from the beginning, of nearly four thousand pounds."

During the latter part of these observations, Lucy had been walking up and down the room, in a thoughtful mood; but instead of being deeply affected, as Delmore expected, her countenance suddenly brightened, a ray of pleasure and inward satisfaction shot from her eyes; and taking her parent's hand, she said, "Will you consent to my passing a day with Makesop, whilst you visit Mr. Beverley? your presence will console and comfort him."

"Certainly, my dear," rejoined Delmore, both surprised and piqued at the apparent levity with which she treated the subject; "and I am glad to see you have supported this distressing intelligence with so much philosophy."

"I could not have received any intelligence more gratifying," assumed Lucy, smiling.—"Come, I see you are surprised," added she, her soft blue eye beaming with filial affection

and tenderness; "nay, you are angry. But ask no questions. I possess your confidence, do I not?"

"My utmost, my unbounded confidence, dearest child!" rejoined the father, amazed with himself for his momentary ill-humour.

"Well, then, ask no more questions," answered Lucy: "the day advances: you shall know all this evening. Remember that he is in prison; hasten to him; and allow me to walk down with the footman to Mrs. Makesop's."

Delmore assented; and, proceeding to the spunging-house, was immediately ushered into the chamber occupied by his young friend.

Upon his entrance, Beverley, who was occupied in writing, started from his chair. The sudden appearance of one so intimately connected with all the happiest days of his boyhood, with all the most tender feelings and associations of his mind, filled his heart with a thousand conflicting sensations, and he stood for a while overwhelmed and motionless. At length, rousing himself, he sprung across the room, and exclaiming, "Friend of my youth, my second father, my dear Delmore," he rushed

into the friendly arms which were extended to receive him, and pressing the worthy pastor to his heart, remained several seconds without being able to utter a word. Both, however, soon recovered themselves; and after an hundred mutual congratulations, a thousand questions were asked and replied to. Beverley, each inhabitant, the old castle, each shrub, every animal, each rock, each blade of grass, Lucy, above all, Lucy was inquired after by Arthur with eagerness and the most lively interest. Absorbed in conversation, Beverley forgot for a while his difficulties and his sorrows. The hours flew rapidly, and the usual time for excluding strangers had nearly arrived when Mr. Scraggs was announced.

A feeling of disgust and indignation filled Beverley's mind at the very name. "What can the fellow want?" said he, "is he come to insult me in my misfortune?" and as the mercenary rogue entered the room, it was with difficulty he could refrain from kicking him down-stairs. Scraggs, in whose low forehead, small piercing eyes, projecting under jaw, and turned up nose, cunning, avarice, and selfishness, were strongly

defined, came bowing and cringing into the room; and upon Beverley's demanding to what circumstance he was indebted for a visit, the other answered, "We are distressed beyond measure, my Lord."

"I am no Lord," replied Beverley sternly.

"We beg pardon, Mr. Beverley—no offence, we hope—we merely intended to express our regret at the *little* inconvenience you have suffered; much against our inclination, we assure you; but our client, our client, Sir, is one of the most merciless fellows in town."

"The events of the two last days," answered Beverley, "have given me a pretty good insight into your client's character and disposition, Sir."

"A man we hate doing business for," replied Scraggs, grinning and showing the jaggy remnants of some tawny teeth,—"a man, Sir, without more bowels than the living skeleton:—he thinks all the world wish to rob him:—egad, Sir, we verily believe that he would not trust his right hand without a constable, if the key of his strong box was in his left."

"Your client, Sir," returned Beverley, fixing

Scraggs with a significant and contemptuous look, "forms an exception to the proverb; he may be a knave, but he is no fool."

"A *leetle* satirical, Mr. Beverley,—a *leetle* pungent," said Scraggs, again grinning.

"If you have any communication to make," returned Beverley, "do it speedily, for I have neither leisure nor inclination to listen to any superfluous observations."

"A *leetle* impatient, my Lord;—that's to say, Mr. Beverley; but, we assure you, we are grieved immensely at having unwillingly produced some inconvenience to you; but we solicitors have a most unpleasant duty to perform, and ought to meet with a *leetle* indulgence; defendants are too apt to visit us with the severities of the law, of which we are but the mere instruments."

"The performance of a duty, however painful, requires no excuse," answered Arthur. "An honest man executes his duty faithfully, and, conscious of his integrity, does not condescend to degrade himself by any apologies."

"We like to observe the *suaviter in modo*," replied the other.

"Nothing can be a greater proof of it than the directions you gave to the bailiff:—but proceed, Sir," said Beverley.

"A *leetle* patience," answered the fellow, with great calmness: "we must be permitted to repeat, that if we were the innocent means of causing you some trifling inconvenience, we are now happy in having it in our power to communicate a *leetle* information that will surprise you."

"Nothing can surprise me on your part," said Beverley, who began to lose all patience, "except an act of honesty or kindness."

"A *leetle* hard on us, Mr. Beverley, eh!" rejoined Scraggs, still grinning,—a *leetle* caustic, eh! particularly since we are come here merely to say, that you are at liberty, and may quit our friend Flummock's premises instanter."

"At liberty!" exclaimed Beverley. "Good God! are you not jesting?"

"Never were more earnest in our lives," answered Scraggs.

"Have you then withdrawn your proceedings?"

"Not precisely," said the other; "but notwithstanding that, here is your release,

signed and sealed in due form; and you are as free as air, as Pope says."

"To what am I indebted for my release?" demanded Beverley.

"To the payment in toto of debt, principal, and interest. This is the duplicate of the receipt."

"Paid!" said Beverley, examining the paper; "and by whom?"

"That, Sir, we are forbidden to disclose, Sir," answered Scraggs — "*sub sigillo, sub sigillo.*"

"To whom can I be indebted for this act of kindness?" said Arthur, turning round to Delmore, who listened to the intelligence with equal pleasure and surprise: "can it be to the kind-hearted Dorimont, or to the generous Colnbrook?"

"Know their Lordships well," observed Scraggs; "and can venture to say it was neither the one nor the other,—no!" added he, grinning, "*fœmina dux facti.*"

"What! a lady!" exclaimed Beverley: "do you know her name?"

"All we know is, that a lady came to our

office with a solicitor, called for the account of Cramp *versus* Beverley, examined, paid, and received the receipt in due form."

"Was she young or old, Sir?" demanded Arthur.

"Both,—that is," said Scraggs (who had forgotten his promise of secrecy), "there were two: the one old, dressed in black, and a little lame, and very particular, objecting strongly to some of our charges; the other young, tall, light hair, blue eyes, and with a real India shawl on."

"By heavens! exclaimed Beverley, "the one must have been Makesop, and the other Miss Delmore."

"Ah ah! a conquest, a conquest! we thought so," exclaimed Scraggs. "These things, Sir, will happen in the best arranged families. I remember a case in which we were employed."

"How generous! how kind-hearted!" said Beverley, without paying any attention to Scraggs; "it must, my good old friend, have been you."

"Evidently," answered Delmore, suppressing the emotion which he felt rising in his heart from another cause.

"Alas! Delmore," continued Beverley, "she has rendered me a cruel service; the money must be repaid instantly, and with it must be abandoned all farther pursuit of my claims. Liberty on such terms is to me a worthless gift! But I will not be ungrateful; let us hasten to thank my generous benefactor for this unparalleled act of kindness."

"The sooner we quit this place the better: I am equally anxious to express my feelings to your friend."

As they were quitting the room, Mr. Scraggs, who had in the mean time been arranging with the bailiff, advanced to Beverley, and said, "If ever you, or any of your friends, should want any leetle pecuniary assistance, we shall always be happy to be of service; large and small sums always at our command, on the most advantageous terms. All men of fashion now and then require a leetle bolstering: they will, you know, my Lord"—and he then nodded, grinned, and shook his elbow very significantly, as if his hand contained a dice-box. Having settled the enormous demands of the bailiff, for his miserable

lodging, and not less detestable fare, Beverley and his friend quitted the house and hastened to Clarges-street.

No sooner had they reached Makesop's residence, than Arthur flew towards her, and poured forth expressions of his gratitude in terms the most touching and enthusiastic. "It is not to me, my Lord, that these thanks are due," answered the good old lady, interrupting him.

"Not to you!" said Arthur with astonishment.

"No, it is to a younger and better person—an angel—to Miss Delmore."

"Miss Delmore!" re-echoed Beverley, starting with increased astonishment.

"Yes," replied Makesop, "the dear, the noble-minded girl has sold out the legacy bequeathed to her by my Lady."

"May the blessings of the righteous be upon her virtuous head!" exclaimed Delmore

"May Heaven reward her with happiness here, and peace hereafter!" added Makesop.

This intelligence almost deprived Beverley of his respiration, and he stood for a while lost in mute wonder and emotion. Turning at last to

his friend, he said, "Good God! Delmore, how could you permit this?—it is unkind, unfriendly in you not to have warned me of her generous purpose!"

"I knew it not," answered the other; "and had I known it, I should also have remained equally silent; but she is now tenfold my daughter, now am I indeed proud of her.—Where is she?" added he, whilst tears of parental tenderness bedewed his cheeks,—"where is she, that I—I her father, may throw myself at her feet, while I thank the Almighty for having given me such a child?"

"Delmore," said Beverley, pressing the clergyman's hand, "where shall I find expressions to give utterance to my feelings?—it is impossible. I am overwhelmed with shame, admiration, and gratitude:—if you could but look into my heart, if you could see what was passing there?—This noble sacrifice is too much; indeed I cannot accept it—the money must be repaid to-morrow."

"What! would you insult my poor child? would you requite her attachment to the memory of those relatives who are gone, by such an act of unkindness?"

"I would requite her by the sacrifice of my

life; with the wealth of Indies, were they in my possession," exclaimed Beverley; "yes, I would repay her noble disinterestedness towards me, and her attachment to those who are gone, by devoting my existence to her happiness: but I am an outcast and a beggar,—alas! I have nothing to offer but my affections!"

"What more precious gift can you make to her? what offering more valued by me?" answered his kind friend. "No, keep your money, and repay her with that heart which is more acceptable to both of us, than all the gold and glory you speak of."

"That she possesses to the utmost extent of which a human being is capable of giving it," replied Arthur calmly.

"Then let us hasten to her," rejoined Delmore, "and confirm with your own lips the certainty of the only happiness she covets in this world."

Beverley paced up and down the room in a state of the utmost agitation, but made no reply. Perceiving his hesitation and distress, Delmore approached him, took his hand, and in

the most earnest manner said, "Listen, my dear young friend, to the voice of reason, sincerity, and friendship—preserve what little fortune still remains to you—abandon your claims—the case is hopeless. Hearken, I beseech you, to the advice of your solicitor—follow the dictates of prudence and experience—you have not the most distant chance of success—defeat and ruin will alone be the result."

"And do you,—*you*, the friend of our house, —advise me to an act of cowardice?"

"It would be an act of folly, of absolute madness, to act otherwise; I have documents to prove that no expense, no trouble, no legal measures, were neglected by your grandfather to establish the proofs of your legitimacy, but in vain; he died with the conviction that you could not succeed; this conviction shortened his life, and embittered his last moments. Was there even a shadow of doubt, the slightest glimmering of hope, I should be the first to abet, the last to dissuade; but there is neither—nay, Arthur," added Delmore with dignity, "do you suppose, if I were not convinced of this,

that I should appear before you on the part of my daughter?—parental honour, dignity, and pride forbid."

"She requires no advocate, my dearest Delmore," replied Arthur, deeply affected: "it is I—I, that require a mediator and intercessor."

"Conscious of her disinterestedness, and of the rectitude and stability of her principles," rejoined Delmore, "I may *now* be candid: she loves you,—she has loved you from childhood. I have watched the progress of her affections from their infancy—they have remained unshaken through the severest trials; nay, when we thought you numbered with the dead, her widowed heart still clung to your memory with undying tenderness and fidelity; she could not have loved you more, knowing you to be alive, than she deplored you, imagining you to be no more."

"Speak not thus, Delmore, I beseech you," answered Beverley: "dear to my heart as may be the certainty of your daughter's love, yet it fills my soul with perplexity and anguish. Your candour calls for equal sincerity on my part—your daughter's magnanimity must be met with equal generosity. Yes, Delmore,

though I love her beyond all power of utterance; although, with a slight interval of mad infatuation and blindness, I have tenderly loved her from my earliest years, and feel convinced that poverty with her would be a greater blessing than wealth without her; yet it must not, cannot be—never shall it be said that a Beverley, preferring his own gratification to the welfare of the woman he loved, had entailed beggary and disgrace upon her for ever."

"Beggary!" exclaimed Delmore. "You will have quite sufficient to live with respectability; she has been reared in habits of care and frugality; her wants are few; her hopes and wishes centered in you alone;—and as for disgrace," added he, "I had hoped, my young friend, that your ideas were more liberal, and your feelings superior to such prejudices. The rights of legitimate birth, whether of patrician or plebeian origin, are essential to social order, both in a religious and moral point of view, and must ever command respect; but the man who renders his own name illustrious by his virtues and good conduct, and gains for himself that name, that station in the world of which the errors of

his parents have tended to deprive him,—that man is, in my estimation, a thousand times more honourable, more estimable in the eye of the Christian and the philosopher, than he who has nothing to recommend him but the accumulated wealth and titles of his ancestors, or the pretensions of legitimate birth. It is, moreover, my intimate conviction, as a Christian divine, that the Almighty will not visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unless the sins of those parents are renewed in their issue."

During these observations, Beverley continued absorbed in meditation.

"But come, my friend, dear to me as my own child," continued Delmore, after a short pause; "let me return and prepare my daughter for your reception."

"It cannot be," retorted Beverley, in the utmost agitation and distress of mind. "My honour and pride forbid it—do not, however, mistake my motives; it would be the glory of my life to call your daughter mine; but it shall not be said that I, who neglected her in the days of my prosperity, could be base enough to seek her hand when I was destitute and deserted.

Let her not think me ungrateful, or ungenerous; my bursting heart can bear evidence to what I suffer; but I should be unworthy of the blood which flows in my veins, unworthy of her affections and of your esteem, if I acted otherwise. Do not attempt to shake my resolutions,—they are unalterable. Go, I beg, to your daughter; tell her that my tenderest and most devoted affections are hers,—say that my gratitude is unutterable,—and add that, if ever Providence permits me to offer myself to her notice in a manner worthy of her virtues and excellence, I will then fly to her, and implore her to accept the purest attachment which man ever offered to woman. In a few days I shall quit England, never to return, or to return to claim her hand."

"Will you not see her, before your departure?" demanded Delmore.

"Ask it not of me, my friend," answered Arthur. "I have not courage: at the sight of her, every good resolution would vanish. With your permission, however, I will write to her this evening;—but now, adieu—I need repose: come to me in the morning; pity me, forgive

me,—and, above all, accept the warmest, the sincerest expressions of my gratitude."

After much vain endeavour on the part of Delmore to alter Beverley's resolution, he bade his young friend good night, and with a sorrowful heart returned to his daughter, who shortly after received the following epistle:

"Clarges-street, March, 1814.

"Think me not unkind or ungrateful, dearest Miss Delmore, if, in return for that noble act of magnanimity and disinterestedness to which I am indebted for the blessing of liberty, I deny myself the happiness of expressing to you personally all the gratitude and admiration which fills my heart. Unworthy as I have proved myself of the good opinion of one so noble, so virtuous as yourself, yet I would have eagerly flown to your feet, and implored you to accept the homage of my heart and hand, did not every principle of duty, and even affection itself, forbid me. The cruel privation which honour imposes on me is a tenfold aggravation of the distress I otherwise endure. How wretched is my fate, that I must fly from her who is dearer

to me than life itself! Ah! why—generous and noble-minded girl,—why should the proudest moment of my existence be embittered by the miserable necessity of denying myself that happiness, the prospect of which has alone cheered my soul through the severest trials and persecutions? But I am the child of misfortune—bitterness and sorrow are my heritage. It is meet that I should be alone. Fate has set her seal upon me; and to wilfully entail my woes on another being dear to me, would be a crime which would justify some of those ills which I am born to endure. Think of me sometimes, I implore you—do not banish me from your memory; think of me, even as I shall dwell upon your loved image through every vicissitude of life. Yes, though oceans or empires divide us, my thoughts, my heart will be with you, my generous, my most kind benefactress—but no more,—and yet one word. If ever fortune should again smile upon me; if ever I can offer you even a portion of those worldly enjoyments to which your beauty and your virtues entitle you, I will fly to you on the wings of affection; until then—farewel. That every blessing and

happiness may attend you, is the prayer of the unhappy BEVERLEY."

The effect of this letter upon Miss Delmore was at first most afflicting; but confident of the affections in the man she loved, her mind gradually assumed resignation; and her father was happy to perceive that her health, if it did not improve, did not at all events decrease, though the medical men informed him that the utmost care and attention were absolutely necessary, and strongly recommended her removal to a warmer climate.

After dispatching the above letter, Beverley wrote to his solicitor, informed him of what had taken place, announced his intention of abandoning his claim to the Roxmere peerage, and desired him to take immediate measures for the repayment of the sum advanced by Miss Delmore, and terminated by declaring his intention of quitting England forthwith.

Having, according to Lord Dorimont's advice, left his name at the Palace, Arthur, in the course of the next day, was agreeably surprised with the following note:

"Buckingham-House, March, 1814.

"Lady —— has received her Majesty's commands to request that Captain Beverley will call at the Queen's Palace to-morrow, at two o'clock. Her Majesty has, however, graciously expressed her wish that this may not interfere with any private business of importance with which Captain Beverley may be occupied."

To this note Beverley immediately replied, stating that no business, however important, could prevent him from obeying her Majesty's most gracious commands; and at the hour appointed he proceeded to the Queen's Palace.

Having entered at the door near Pimlico gate, Beverley traversed the long unseemly corridor, and mounted the small staircase which conducted to the suite of apartments on the second story, occupied by the royal family. Here he was requested to wait a few minutes, whilst one of the attendants announced his name. During this interval, Beverley could not avoid remarking that extreme simplicity and absence of all show and ostentation, which is so peculiar to the residences of the British royal

family. Here were neither gardes de corps, chamberlains, pages, halberdiers, or gendarmerie; none of that ceremony, glitter, and ostentation; none of that inundation of swords, feathered hats, embroidery, and shoe-buckles, which one meets with on the Continent, more especially in all the small German courts. Had it not been for a couple of sentries at the outer gate, a single police officer in the porter's lodge, together with three or four footmen in crimson and gold liveries, nobody could have imagined it to be a royal abode, still less the palace of the Queen of such an empire as Great Britain. He had, however, no great leisure to make any further observations, for the domestic returned almost immediately, and he was ushered into a spacious apartment, where, on passing round a japanned skreen stretched across a portion of it, he found himself in the presence of the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary, who were attended by one or two ladies in waiting.

Upon making his obeisance, their Royal Highnesses rose from the work at which they were occupied, and received him with a degree of unaffected dignity, tempered with con-

descension and courtesy, well calculated to place a stranger at his ease, without allowing him for an instant to lose sight of that respect due to their exalted rank.

There was none of that haughty formality, or stiff unbending arrogance in the deportment of the Princesses which one so generally meets with on the Continent, especially amongst those petty potentates whose quarters are more numerous than their contingent, and round whose dominions one might easily walk between breakfast and dinner, without being over fatigued. They did not overwhelm him with a string of those short, sharp, and often unintelligible questions with which royal personages think it necessary to address those who are presented to them; their manners were gentle and unaffected,—in a word, *lady-like;* their questions apposite, and their observations just. The history of Beverley's recent misfortunes appeared to be well known to them; and with that peculiar tact and benevolence which is no where so striking as in the royal sons and daughters of England, the illustrious ladies touched upon the most striking circumstances

of his life, condoled with him on the peculiar hardship of his present situation, encouraged him to be resigned for the present, and to hope for the future—in short, such was their kindness and condescension, that Arthur's heart was almost overpowered with emotion.

In answer to a question from the Princess Elizabeth, whether it was true that his kindness to a friend had subjected him to considerable personal inconvenience, Beverley narrated modestly but candidly the facts, and dwelt with enthusiastic gratitude upon the mode of his release.

"I never heard of a nobler or more disinterested act," said the kind-hearted Princess Mary, whose benevolent countenance expressed all she felt; then turning to her lady in waiting, she added, "Pray, Lady Mary, write to Miss Delmore, and tell her it will give me great pleasure to see her before she leaves London."

"And join my name also," added the elder Princess, whose dark and spirited eye sparkled with generous approbation.—"You must permit me," continued her Royal Highness, addressing Beverley, "to tell the Queen of a circumstance which reflects as much honour on Miss Delmore

as upon yourself; such conduct is a credit to human nature, and sufficiently ennobles without the necessity of a patent:" then quitting them, she proceeded to the apartments of her Royal Mother.

In a few minutes her Royal Highness returned, and requesting Beverley to follow, conducted him into the cabinet occupied by the Queen. In this small apartment, remarkable for the extreme simplicity of its furniture, Beverley found the venerable consort of his King seated at a small desk, apparently occupied in unravelling and assorting the materials of different pieces of gold and silver tissue, which were cut into strips and placed near for that purpose. A lady seated near the window, had evidently been employed in reading to her Royal Mistress portions of the daily journals, whilst an elderly nobleman in the Windsor uniform, who had been honoured with a private audience, was preparing to quit the room. Upon Beverley's entrance the Queen rose, bowed, and again resuming her seat, said in language in which a very slight foreign accent was perceptible:

"It gives me great pleasure, Captain Beverley, to see you once more, and I hope with all my heart that you may not only recover from the ill effects of your sufferings, but that I may soon have it in my power to address you by a title which was one of the first that I learned to respect on my arrival in this country."

Beverley bowed, and said,—

"From the sufferings to which your Majesty alludes, I have long recovered, but—"

"We have all our sorrows and tribulations in this world," rejoined the Queen, interrupting him; "none are exempt; the crowned head as well as the peasant must bow to the dispensations of Providence;—but you," added her Majesty, "have a great consolation; your misfortunes are not produced by any misconduct of your own, and excite universal regret."

Beverley again bowed, and answered, "Your Majesty's gracious approbation and sympathy is one of the greatest consolations which I could receive."

"May I ask, without indiscretion," said the Queen, "if you intend to bring your claims before the House of Lords?"

"Such was my intention, Madam," replied Arthur; "but important reasons have induced me to renounce all attempts, at least for the present."

"So," said her Majesty; "well, I will not ask your reasons. From what the Princess Elizabeth has told me, I think I can divine them; they do your heart and character the highest credit; and I am happy to see, that in despite of all the abuse which is levelled against the corruption of courts, that you, who are an old King's Page, should have given a convincing proof of principle and high-minded integrity. Pray, what are your plans?"

"It is my intention, Madam," answered Beverley, much affected by her Majesty's kindness, "to proceed to Paris, and to devote the remnant of my shattered fortunes, and even my life, if necessary, to substantiate the marriage of my parents; if I fail, I shall seek employment in some foreign service."

"In a foreign service!" answered the Queen; "that would be a great pity."

"Your Majesty may be assured that the bare idea is most painful to my feelings," re-

turned Arthur; "but the state of my affairs is such as to render it impossible for me to support the expenses attendant on the mess, uniforms, and usages of a British regiment."

"I hope, however, that something may be done to prevent your being forced to this unpleasant alternative," replied the Queen; and then addressing the Princess, she said, "Remind me to speak to the Duke of York this evening."

"I never received a more grateful commission," answered the good-natured Princess.

"Should you adopt this resolution, into whose service are you disposed to enter?" demanded the Queen.

"That of the Duke of Brunswick, Madam."

"I am glad of it," rejoined her Majesty; "he is a good man; he supported his misfortunes with the courage of a Christian and philosopher; and I hope that the adversities which he has been subjected to as a man, will not render him less fit to govern as a sovereign; have you been presented to him?"

"I have not had that honour, Madam."

"Well!" answered the Queen, "you shall have a letter to him, as well as to my family at

Strelitz.—I envy your going to Germany," added her Majesty, after a pause. " I should have been glad to have seen my father's land once more before my death. Yes, much as I like Old England,—much as I have cause to like it,—still I cannot help thinking of my native land without *Sehnsucht*, an expression which is not less difficult to translate into English, than your word gentlemanlike into any foreign language," observed the Queen: then after a pause, she continued with more vivacity and enthusiasm than Arthur could have anticipated, " Yes, I often gaze upon the clouds, and feel inclined to exclaim, in the words of our great Schiller:

Eilende Wolken! Segler der Lufte!

* * *

Grüsset mir freundlich mein Jugendland:

but after living so many years in England, and with my grey hairs, I ought not to indulge in the romantic sentiment for which we German women are said to be so remarkable. I think, however, you will like Germany, Captain Beverley; you will find a kind-hearted, unaffected, and friendly people; possessing many

of the sterling qualities which distinguish well-educated and enlightened Englishmen, combined with a considerable portion of French urbanity and gaiety.—But tell me!" said her Majesty, turning to the nobleman who still remained in the apartment, "what is your Lordship's opinion?"

"You Majesty is well aware that I am scarcely a fair judge," answered the Peer, "since the happiest days of my life were passed in that country, and the dearest recollections of my heart are interwoven with its inhabitants; besides, Madam, thirty years' attendance on your Majesty, even had I never been in Germany, would have been quite sufficient to have rendered me partial."

"I am an old woman," answered the Queen, smiling and bowing, "and may, therefore, listen to such compliments; but still you have not told me what is your opinion of Germans in general."

"I think, Madam," answered the Earl, "that Captain Beverley will meet with men of the highest principle, the soundest judgment, and the most profound erudition, and yet the greatest simplicity; perhaps a little too

much inclined to indulge in the speculative theories of mysticism and metaphysics, rather than to embrace the safe principles of pure moral philosophy; and certainly possessing less of that extensive worldly knowledge, and acquaintance with human nature, which is to be met with in the learned men of France and England;—but this proceeds from their secluded habits, from the confined sphere in which their lives are passed, and from the consequent absence of practical matter, and not from any organic defect, or want of observation."

"Forget that you are a courtier, and tell me what you think of the German women," said her Majesty smiling.

"I cannot forget, Madam," answered the Earl, "that I have the honour of serving your Majesty; all I can say is, that it has been my good fortune to meet with women, sensible, cultivated, and accomplished, uniting the lighter graces necessary to the enjoyments of society, with all the essentials requisite to the happiness of domestic life. Captain Beverley must not credit what he may read in books written for the most part by those who have had little op-

portunity of judging of the superior classes; and it is, of course, amongst those, and not amongst the wives of merchants, that one must fix a basis for observation."

"I must confess," answered the Queen, "that the latter are not upon a par, either in cultivation, or social qualities, with the same class in other countries,—they are but mere housekeepers, having no thoughts beyond the petty details and uninteresting minutiæ of every-day life."

"Your Majesty's observation is very just," rejoined the Nobleman, "but this defect must, in a great measure, be attributed to the conduct of their husbands, which certainly does not tend to diminish these insignificant propensities, or to elevate their minds; for the German merchant, speaking collectively, is not the man of extensive information, refined education, and enlarged views which one finds in the same classes both in this country and in France.—In higher orders, however," continued the Peer, "I know of no country where the women are more accomplished without frivolity, better informed without pedantry, or more fascinating

without coquetry; or, in short, more admirably adapted to impart that charm to society which is the peculiar province of their sex."

"Do you not think that the works of our authors, Schiller and Goethe in particular, have done much to increase that natural inclination to sentimentality which is inherent in their character?" demanded the Queen.

"I was too much pleased, Madam, with the flower to think of analyzing the seed which produced it," replied the Earl. "Indeed, I never observed any of that overstrained sentimentality which is laid to their charge, though there is a softness and tenderness in their manner, and a degree of elevated enthusiasm and delicacy in their ideas, which is peculiarly grateful and interesting, and I may indeed say, refreshing, in these days, when there is so little real feeling or nature in the conversation or manners of either sex.—In talking over this subject one day with the King," continued the Earl, "I remember his Majesty saying, 'I think they carry the practical education of women in Germany too far: all women, however elevated their rank, should be instructed in the duties of a

mistress of a house in all its details; but there is something ignoble and degrading in their identifying themselves with their cooks and washerwomen. There is something very prosaic and material in hearing one lady interrupted in a sentimental discourse on the merits of Goethe's Faust, by her being obliged to weigh out the ingredients for a party, or hearing another refuse to attend a concert because the '*Grande Lesive*' begins at home that day. The female nobility are educated as if they were intended to be cooks or farmers' wives.' 'Your Majesty must permit me to observe,' replied I, 'that our cooks and farmers' daughters in England are brought up as if they were intended for Duchesses:—the extremes are both vicious; and that of England, perhaps, the more vicious of the two.' "

"Ah!" said the Queen; "but then, you know, you have no such things as *mesalliances;* with you, there is no reason why a cook should not marry a Duke; but in Germany, you will never find a Count who would marry his cook. I do sometimes, indeed, see very funny people at the Drawing-room."

After a few other observations, her Majesty again addressed Arthur, saying,—

"I shall take great interest in your future welfare, and although I cannot expect that my days will be much prolonged, yet I trust that I shall live to see the grandson of my old friend presented on the accession to the titles of his ancestors;" then adding, "I wish you much success and happiness," she bowed significantly, and Beverley withdrew.

In less than a week from that period he had quitted London, and in a few days more found himself in an hotel in the Rue de Richelieu.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THOUGH Beverley's arrival in Paris was immediately subsequent to its surrender to the Allies, yet his mind was too much engrossed with melancholy reflections upon his own desolate condition to permit him, in despite of its novelty, to enjoy the singular spectacle which the conquered city presented at that interesting moment. With mingled feelings of filial affection, and painful curiosity, he determined to visit those parts of the town which had obtained a frightful celebrity from the tragic scenes of the Revolution, and which possessed the deepest interest to him from their connection with the misfortunes of his family.

Taking his course across the *Place Louis* XV. towards the fauxbourg in which was situated the hotel of his ancestors, Beverley saw before him one of the many splendid monuments to which Paris is indebted to the great man whose meteor-like course was destined to terminate in a manner so melancholy and inglorious. Delighted with the beauty of the structure, Arthur stood for some seconds absorbed in admiration, until he was aroused by the valet de place, who acted as his guide, saying, "Does Milor know where we now are?"

"No," rejoined Arthur.

"Ah! I thought so," answered the other. "This is the *ci-devant Place de la Révolution*, and precisely on the very spot where Milor has put his left foot, stood the basket."

"What basket?" demanded Arthur.

"Ah! what basket? why, that of *l'Abbaye de monte à regret*," rejoined the man.

"I do not understand you," answered Beverley.

"That is to say, the guillotine," replied the valet: "here it was erected *en permanence*. I mean the red basket for the heads;" then

taking from his pocket a small volume, added, "*Parbleu, ces droles en ont joliment fauché—Tenez, Milor, regardez*—here is a name precisely the same as that on your passport,—perhaps a relation of Milor's?"

Beverley cast his eye upon the open page, and read the following extract:—"*Séance de 29 Floréal. Le Tribunal Révolutionaire, salle de la liberté, à condàmné à mort la nommée Julie Claudine d'Avrancourt, femme Beverley; agée de 18 ans, fille d'ex-Noble, d'ex-Marquis, convaincue de conspiration contre la souveraineté du peuple, et d'avoir fourni des secours en argent aux enemis de la nation; executée le 29 Floréal.*"*

Beverley started back with a shudder of horror, his blood curdled in his veins; he stood on the identical spot which had been moistened

* "Liste générale, et très exacte des noms, âges, qualités, &c. de tous les conspirateurs qui ont été condamnés à mort par le Tribunal Révolutionaire établi à Paris. A Paris, chez tous les libraires.—L'an 2eme de la République, une, indivisible, et impérissable."—In the first eleven numbers of this frightful catalogue, embracing a period of about as many months, are inserted the names of more than 2790 victims. It is some consolation, however, to observe that the name of Carrier, the detestable perpetrator of the *Noyades* and *Fusillades* of Nantes, appears as No. 2788 upon the list.

by the blood of his unhappy mother; on the same spot where thousands upon thousands of the most illustrious, the most virtuous in France had fallen victims to that detestable tyranny, which for a while overwhelmed its citizens. A bitter groan burst from him—with an involuntary movement he thrust his hand into his bosom, and grasping the miniature of his murdered parent, which hung round his neck, pressed it to his heart; and then, uttering an inward vow never to rest until he had revenged her death upon D'Arville, he rushed from the spot, but in a manner so wild and distracted, as almost to justify the observation of his *laquais de place*, who, as he picked up the book which Beverley had cast from him, coolly muttered to himself: "*Sacre bleu! qu'ils sont drôles ces diables d'Anglais! c'est comme s'ils jouoient dans une 'Visite à Bedlam;' nous ferions mieux de prendre un coucou pour aller à Charenton.*"

After waiting for some minutes to recover himself on the bridge, Beverley proceeded to the Hotel D'Avrancourt, which had been sold to one of the Marshals, and thence continued his route to the Conciergerie, with the double pur-

pose of visiting the cell in which he had first seen the light, and of obtaining, if possible, some information respecting the humane couple to whom he was indebted for the preservation of his life. From the minute description given of the former in Mrs. Beverley's letters, it was easily discovered; but Arthur's feelings were too much excited to permit him to take more than a momentary glance at the horrible den, which had witnessed the last insults offered to his mother, and he therefore quickly quitted the building, having first ascertained that the Philipons had both fallen victims to the times.

Whatever might have been Arthur's previous hatred to D'Arville, his abhorrence and thirst for vengeance were now roused to the highest pitch. Upon inquiry, however, he was told that the wretch was not in Paris; for no sooner had he perceived that the affairs of Napoleon were on the brink of ruin, than he hastened to swear fidelity and attachment to the Bourbons, by whom he had been favourably received, and confirmed in the Prefecture; and as his estates were all "*Biens patrimoniaux*," obtained by the murder of his relations, he felt none of that un-

certainty and alarm which caused so much inquietude at that period to the numerous possessors of national property. High in authority, influence and wealth, D'Arville was consequently as dangerous and powerful as ever; but this did not deter Beverley from his purpose; and he resolved, as soon as he had placed his affairs in Paris in a proper train, to proceed to ——, and either to immolate his enemy, or to sacrifice himself in the attempt.

Several days were occupied, partly in consultations with lawyers, and partly in endeavouring, through the agency of the notorious Vidocq, to discover some witness or document, by which he might be able to confirm the marriage of his parents. Every effort, however, proved fruitless; and he was on the point of abandoning all further search, and quitting Paris, when he was agreeably surprised by a visit from Lord Colnbrook, who had made the campaigns with one of the foreign armies. Beverley immediately detailed to his friend the measures he had adopted, as well as his determination of demanding personal satisfaction of D'Arville.

"I should strongly recommend your aban-

doning such an idea," said the Marquess, "there is no chance of his giving you a meeting."

"By heavens!" exclaimed Arthur, "he shall meet me, or I will insult him, though it were in a hall of justice, or in the presence of the King."

"You may rest assured that he would not hesitate to revenge himself privately, for any insult offered to him in public," answered Lord Colnbrook; "and in the present unsettled state of France, there will be no lack of agents ready to execute any dastardly scheme which he may project; look to yourself, therefore, my dear Beverley, and instead of running after him, see that his myrmidons do not overtake you."

"What, Colnbrook!" said Arthur in return, "do you think that I will renounce that sacred vengeance which has been bequeathed to me by my parents, from motives of personal safety?"

"It will be a wanton sacrifice of your liberty," retorted the Marquis, "and perhaps of your life."

"That is all which now remains for me to lose," answered Beverley, "and I am reckless

how soon it terminates; as for assassination, the laws—"

"Will protect him as a high public functionary," replied Lord Colnbrook, interrupting him, "whilst the slightest aggression on your part will be treated as the act of a criminal or lunatic, and you will either be sent to the galleys, or ordered to quit the French territory within twenty-four hours."

"I must trust to the protection of the King; he will thank me for purging his kingdom of such a monster."

"The laws are above the King," answered Colnbrook; "and even were it otherwise, you must not expect much support in that quarter; however great the inclination, there is not the power. Oblivion of the past, and security for the future, are guaranteed to all."

"What!" exclaimed Beverley, "to such a monster as this D'Arville?"

"Yes; with few exceptions, a general amnesty has completely sheltered hundreds whose infamies cried out for punishment: however painful to the King's feelings, you may rely upon it,

that he cannot even recompense, as he would wish, the faithful services of those who have shared his exile and misfortunes."

"I was near him when he landed at Calais," said Arthur, "and heard him say, 'I have only two wishes, in returning to my beloved France, —the one to forgive the injuries of my enemies, and the other to reward the attachment of my friends.'"

"A noble sentiment," returned Colnbrook, "and worthy of a descendant of Henry IV.; but I fear he will find it less difficult to compass the one than to gratify the other."

"Good God!" said Beverley, "must I then submit to see this blood-stained villain revelling in the fruits of his iniquity, nor attempt to chastise him?—I should look upon myself as a worthless coward."

"Nothing can be more natural than the feelings which animate you," rejoined the Marquess; "but remember, there is a wide distinction between cowardice, and a wanton sacrifice of life.—I feel convinced that even the slightest verbal collision with D'Arville, would not only compromise your personal safety, but that you would entirely de-

feat the great object of your residence in France. Take my advice—continue your exertions and researches; publish in every native and foreign journal large rewards for the discovery of witnesses or documents; established your legitimacy;—that will be the most deadly vengeance you can take."

Beverley's hatred to D'Arville, and his eagerness to meet him, were, however, too great to be overcome by his friend's prudent counsels; and in despite of every argument, he made up his mind to quit Paris on the subsequent evening. As it was probable that he should not meet his friend again for some time, it was agreed that they should pass the remainder of the day together; therefore Arthur intended to accompany Lord Colnbrook to the Opera, and thence to a ball at Prince Blucher's, where the allied Sovereigns were to be present.

"It is certainly a strange sight, to see the population of a city whose walks are filled with victorious troops of every nation, from the mountain fastnesses of the Caucasus, to the fertile plains of Andalusia, in such a state of utter indifference and apparent levity," said

Beverley, as he gazed round the crowded Opera House.

"Gaiety and lightness of heart never forsake a Frenchman, even in the most perilous moments," answered the Marquess; "besides, I really believe, such is French vanity, that the good Parisians are convinced in their own minds, that the allied armies are not conquerors, but captives, brought to Paris as a spectacle for their amusement; and, instead of feeling a sentiment of humility or degradation on seeing their victors traversing the Boulevards, they really imagined that it was French urbanity alone prevented the allied troops from being marched past the monument, in the Place Vendome."

"Why, to do the French justice," answered Arthur, "there is some excuse for their vanity; victory has been so long familiar to them, that it is no easy matter to reconcile themselves to the idea of defeat."

Much as Beverley was struck with admiration at the excellence of the French dancers,—for they had purposely gone late to avoid hear-

ing the Opera—yet the attention of the native portion of the audience appeared to be much more occupied with the foreign spectators, than with the brilliant spectacle before them. For the first time in their lives, the majestic Clotilde and graceful Bigotini failed to attract admiration—Albert, for the first time, vainly showed the vigour of his aplomb; and the agile Paul sprung unapplauded into the air; Cupid and Psyche now sighed unheeded; and, in short, all the deities, from Jupiter to Proserpine, were forgotten,—Nymphs, Graces, and Muses included. The foreign warriors, who were scattered through the body of the house, being the only objects of attention and criticism. Exclamations of *Sont ils drôles! Ah! que c'est rococo! Comme c'est romantique! Dieu, qu'ils ont l'air baroque!* and a thousand other similar observations, were heard every moment, as officers of different nations entered the house. One or two Englishmen seemed particularly to attract their attention, and excite their laughter. In their eagerness to quiz the tasteless costume then worn by our military, they appeared to

forget that the little shaveless hats, pendant feathers, and long waisted coats, were worn by men who had chased their countrymen from the walls of Tariffa to those of Toulouse.

A sudden stir in one of the boxes, in which stood a group of Swedish officers, attracted the attention of all to that quarter; there was evidently something in agitation; frequently the officers who occupied it retired, and again returned; at last, they were called out into the corridor, and in a few seconds one or two persons, holding wax tapers, approached the door, and ushered in a middling-sized dark man, with black hair and peculiarly prominent features. Pausing for a while at the entrance, as if waiting to be called to come forward, this celebrated personage stood and gazed on the house; a few persons, scattered over the pit and galleries, were then heard uttering feeble cries of "*Vive le Prince Royal!*" "*Vive Bernadotte!*" "*Vive Charles Jean!*" Placing his hand on his heart, His Royal Highness, for it was in fact no other, came forward, and bowed with marked affability, and even humility, though he was evidently disappointed and surprised. Fortunate, as he ought

to have considered himself, in being acknowledged as heir to the crown worn by the great Gustavus Adolphus, he had expected far different results from his visit to Paris—for there is little doubt that he then aspired to the empire which had been wrenched from his former master; and in despite of the command which he possessed over his countenance, disappointment and surprise, at the discomfiture of all his hopes, were plainly visible.

Scarcely had this fortunate soldier seated himself, ere the Duke de Berri, who occupied the adjacent royal box, rose from his seat; and as the slightest movement of any of these distinguished personages was then watched with peculiar interest and anxiety, all eyes now turned towards him. Having retired for a moment, His Royal Highness again made his appearance conducting an English officer—it was the Duke of Wellington. With admirable courtesy, the Prince had no sooner conducted the Duke to the front of the box, as it were to present him to the spectators, than he himself withdrew a few paces, as if unwilling to divert the attention of the house from the illustrious

soldier. Strange as it may appear, no sooner was his Grace recognised, than nearly the whole audience stood up. Shouts of applause burst forth from every quarter. Exclamations of *Vive Wellington! Vive le bon, le brave Wellington! Vive le Turenne Anglais!* resounded for several minutes. Overwhelmed with surprise at such a reception, the Duke bowed; but it was evident from the expression of his features, the curl of his mouth, and the peculiar elevation of his eyebrow, that however flattering this tumultuous and unlooked-for applause might have been to his vanity, it had not raised his estimation of the French. There was a singular contrast between the obsequious and almost beseeching manner of the Swedish Prince, and the open frankness and surprise of the British warrior. The sharp, short "Hah! I think I can lick them for all that," which Beverley had heard the great soldier utter, more than once in Spain, when the numerical superiority of the foe, or the advantage of his positions, was mentioned, came forcibly to his recollection. With the confidence which every soldier in the British army felt in their commander, Beverley

had anticipated the fulfilment of this prophecy; but he never expected to see his General applauded for having kept his promise, by the very countrymen, and still less in the metropolis of the vanquished.

"*C'est indigne, c'est honteux!*" exclaimed a French gentleman, whose striking countenance and deep thrilling voice particularly attracted Arthur's attention. "You must not judge the French nation by what you see and hear this night," continued the Frenchman, addressing Beverley, in whose features surprise and astonishment were strongly pourtrayed,—"*Ce n'est que la Police.*"

"You would not find a police officer, or any one else, I hope, in the British dominions, who would join in applauding a foreign general under similar circumstances," answered Beverley.

"*Ce ne sont que les Claqueurs de Vidocq, les Croates de la Préfecture,*" replied the other.

"I am glad of it, Sir," returned Lord Colnbrook; "for although your journals may call this grandeur, and generosity, and homage to the brave, it is carrying courtesy too far.

Much as we esteem and appreciate the valour and skill of your soldiers and seamen, I do not think that even a convict would join in the cry of 'Long live the French Nelson,' if Villeneuve had brought up his fleet victorious to Blackwall."

"I could scarcely have credited it myself," replied the Frenchman, as he roared out in a deep and sonorous voice, whose rich and powerful intonations appeared to be recognised by almost all his countrymen, "*Silence! à bas les Claqueurs, c'est indigne! ce n'est pas Français.*"

"*Taiez-vous, mon ami, vous allez nous compromettre,*" whispered a lady who sat close to him; "*nous sommes entourés de Mouchards.*"

"*Eh, bien! que l'on m'empoigne,*" replied he. "*Il ne s'agiroit alors que de crier Vivent les Cosaques! Vivent nos Vainqueurs! et on me lacheroit sur le champ.*"

"There is nothing, Sir, more contemptible than the applause of the multitude in any country," observed Lord Colnbrook; "nothing more fickle."

"You are right, Sir," rejoined the other; "and I believe I know as much as most men,

both of it and the people;" and then to the surprise of the Englishman, he repeated from Shakspeare, almost without the slightest accent—

"He that depends
Upon their favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang them!
Trust them?
With every minute they do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now their hate,
Him vile that was their garland."

After some further conversation, the Frenchman, who Colnbrook easily perceived was not only warmly attached, but had enjoyed the confidence of the fallen Emperor, observed, "This reminds me of what 'le grand homme' remarked to me one day as he looked from the windows of the Tuileries upon the assembled multitude in the gardens beneath. 'Look,' said he, 'do you mark that shouting crowd?'—'Yes, Sire.'—'Well, I hate them.'—'How, Sire, and they love you so much?'—'Love me!' replied he bitterly; 'they fear me, and I know them—there is the secret of their attachment—there the key of their allegiance!' and he pointed to a detachment of his old

guard. 'Your Imperial Majesty does yourself and the Parisians injustice.'—'No!' returned he, with prophetic solemnity. 'Were the star of my destinies to be overshadowed—were some new inundation of Vandals to ravage our plains, and approach the capital, those voices which are now wildly shouting for me, would be equally clamorous in applauding the invaders; the same tongues which condemned to death my predecessor, would be equally ready to pronounce my sentence.'—Alas!" continued the Frenchman, "the prophecy has been too fatally accomplished." Then quitting his seat, he bade good-night to the Englishmen, whom he left in ignorance that they had been speaking to the celebrated Talma. Beverley and the Marquess shortly after quitted the theatre, and hastened to prepare themselves for the ball.

Upon entering his hotel, Beverley found the *Porte cochère* obstructed by a superb English Dormeuse, from which several waiters, porters, *trotteurs*, commissioners, and chambermaids, were discharging a multitude of those indispensable travelling conveniences, without which

no well-disposed Englishman thinks he can safely travel, even from Park-lane to Richmond. In addition to the never-failing dressing, blacking, writing, perfume-bottle, and God knows how many other cases, there were cloaks, travelling-caps, sandwich-boxes, liqueur-flasks, green leather pillows, sketch-books, guides, iteneraries, maps, manuals, portable washing apparatus, and ditto walking-chairs, besides canes, parasol-like umbrellas, and last, though not least, not a pistol, but a guitar-case.

On one side of the vehicle, in all the glory of green and gold, stood one of those galloping linguists, professing to speak ten, but unable even to explain themselves intelligibly in one language, and whose appearance in a town is the signal for a general attack upon the purses of the caravan of good-humoured Milors whom they precede. Near him was a St. Denis postilion, who having extricated himself from his huge boots, was grumbling horribly at receiving a *pour boire à raison de* 50 *sous*, that sum being merely double the amount usually paid by the most munificent of his countrymen.

On the other side stood a dust-covered Eng-

lish *valet de chambre*, in all the utter helplessness and inutility of that tribe of gentlemen's gentlemen when transplanted to the Continent. Extending one hand, in the open palm of which were several coins, of whose value he was decidedly ignorant, he was permitting an arch-looking companion to select for himself a piece of fifteen sous, which had all the legal qualifications for one of double that amount; with the other hand he was endeavouring to retrace the pugnacious propensities of a huge white poodle; which, in despite of being half throttled by the silken cord passed round its neck, was using its utmost exertions to establish an affair of honour with a huge Angola cat belonging to the mistress of the house.

This superb personage, much too proud to pay any attention to her newly arrived guest, was listening with no unwilling ear to the fleurettes of a *brave*, whom she called *Monsieur le Major*; though, in despite of black stock, long spurs, moustaches, and a piece of figured ribbon thrust through his button-hole, it was evident that he was a calico of the first class That Major, as Miss Biddy Fudge says,

"That major—I can scarce commit it to paper,—
That Major's no more than a vile linen-draper."

Having escaped from the confused din of the numerous *Sacre bleu! Babettes! Ote-toi de là!* Tiens! Antoines! and Es tu bêtes! of the assistants—intermixed with the *Oepes*, *Heeks*, *Yacks*, and *Crrri mâtins* of the postilions, and the snorts, squails, grunts, and kicks of the horses, Beverley ascended the staircase. On passing before the open folding-doors leading to the grand suite of apartments on the first floor, Arthur espied an individual, equipped in a pair of red embroidered Russian boots, a fur cap and sky blue trowsers *à la Cosaque*, with a sort of pelisse thrown over his coatless shoulders, who was examining himself in the mirror, and endeavouring to coax out a curl from the few straggling hairs on his upper lip, which, in despite of wax and lampblack, slipped through his fingers, and again subsided into a provoking state of apathy. Unwilling to satisfy his curiosity at the expense of his good breeding, Arthur was mounting the stairs when the personage, recognising him in the reflection of the mirror, turned round and exclaimed, "Cospetto de Ve-

nere! Caro mio! I am enchanted to see you! have you any of Smyth's lavender water? I'm the most miserable creature alive."

"Ah! Penfold!" returned Beverley, "I thought it could be no other; what has happened?"

"Every thing, every thing, odious, nasty, and abominable," replied the nobleman; "primo, poor dear Lindoro!"

"Lindoro! and who may he be?" demanded Beverley.

"What, not know Lindoro! why it is the dog La Colbran gave, me—Povero! it was so horribly ennuyed with the monotony of the road from Calais to Paris, that it contented itself by eating my *dictionnaire de poche*, and tearing my Genlis manual of six languages into shreds; whilst I fell asleep over a novel of the Viscount's;—and I am a wretch," continued he, "if the detestable pavé has not shaken every syllable of French out of my pericranium; you know I think it musical, unharmonious, scarcely bearable in the *arias*, and insupportable in the *recitativo obligato;* so tell me, in the name of decency, what 's French for starch."

Arthur could not restrain his laughter: he replied, "If that 's the only cause of your sorrow, I can assist you; but why in the world are you walking about like a solen peasant, *al fresco*, with his jacket over his arm?"

"Does it not put you immensely in mind of Figaro,—I mean Rossini's, eh?" said his Lordship in return; "but the fact is, poor Lindoro, who was horribly sea-sick all the way from Dover to Calais, only recovered his spirits and appetite at Amiens:—poor dear! then he commenced by hopping on the table, and devouring a whole *fricandeau de Vecci à l'oseille*, which condiment not agreeing with his inward dog; *Domino Iddio!* mention it not in Gath; ere I could stop the carnage—only fancy the horror—my coat, ah phui! my coat was the sufferer."

"Then why not put on another?" demanded Beverley, laughing.

"*Oime!*" replied Penfold, "only fancy that preposterous varlet, my dresser, having got tipsy with Vendu Pags, if he had not as pretty a baryton as one could wish to hear, I would have *chassed* him forthwith, and left him as he did my keys at Abbeville."

"That's unlucky, but you can soon get the locks picked," answered Arthur.

"Impossible! they are all patent locks, Bramah himself could not pick them; so I must have all my trunks and cases burst open."

The cook, who chanced to have a gruff voice, now entered the room, with the carte, and asked what *Monsieur Milor* would choose for supper.

"Supper!" replied Lord Penfold, "why, thou egregious *basse taille*, I have not yet dined;" and he then ran over the long list of delicacies; after puzzling himself with the string of *sautés*, *sulmis*, *fricassées*, *entrées*, *entremets*, and *hors d'œuvres*, his Lordship at length relinquished the selection to the cook, merely desiring him to remember that he could not dine without *pommes de terre unies*; but whether this meant plain boiled or raw, the cook did not seem to comprehend.

"I shall see you in the morning," said Beverley; "but I must now leave you: I have promised Colnbrook to go with him to a ball."

"A ball!" exclaimed Lord Penfold; "how exquisite! do you know the woman of the

house; can't you take me? say I sing, that will be quite sufficient recommendation."

"I fear that would be no recommendation to old Blucher," said Beverley; "but the fact is, I have not the honour of knowing the hero myself; I have been merely invited through the kindness of Count W—; and so good night."

Having attired himself in his undress Highland uniform, Arthur waited some time for his friend's carriage; but finding it did not arrive, he determined to proceed on foot to the *Rue Taitbout*, where Lord Colnbrook resided. Upon descending into the street, he perceived two men standing opposite the door, whose large red mustaches, marked countenances, and peculiar appearance, bespoke them to belong to that class of men which was only to be met with in the old French army.

Upon seeing Arthur quit the hotel, they approached close to him, and stared, but said nothing: and as he proceeded, followed, passed him, and again stared; but in a manner much more offensive than before. Beverley's blood boiled in his very veins; he felt convinced they

intended to insult him, gratuitously insult him; but he determined, if possible, to avoid any altercation, well knowing that Paris was then filled with a multitude of desperate beings, whose fortunes and career had been ruined by the downfal of the Emperor; and who, reckless almost of life, were seeking any opportunity to wreak their rage and disappointment on the officers of the Allied armies.* Although the men looked round several times, swore, and talked loud, yet Beverley did not regret his forbearance; for, upon their reaching the small street which conducts from the Rue de Richelieu towards Favart, they turned to the left, and disappeared, whilst Beverley proceeded direct towards the Boulevards.

The night had been clear and moonlight; thousands of beautiful women and gay courtiers of every European nation had, a short time previous, crowded these promenades; the atmos-

* The death of poor Mr. Gordon, of the Coldstream Guards, who was insulted without the most distant pretext, and afterwards fell by the hands of one of these desperadoes, at Cambray, is known to many of my readers, and is a striking instance of that vindictive spirit.

phere was now, however, clouded, and a heavy shower of rain had dispersed the idlers, and either driven them home, or forced them to seek shelter in the neighbouring cafés; a few stragglers were only seen here and there. Upon reaching the crossing opposite the Rue Taitbout, the two individuals, who had passed him, came again suddenly upon him, and their object was now clear; for, as he moved on one side to allow them to pass, they not only moved in the same direction, but stared at him in a manner the most insulting and offensive; whilst one, who had a cigar in his mouth, leant on one side, and puffed the whole contents in his face. This was more than human patience could endure. Beverley's knees smote against each other from rage and indignation; the honour of the uniform he wore cried out for instant reparation: suppressing, however, not only his anger, but the inclination he felt to knock down his assailant, he said, "Was it your intention to insult me?"

"*Nom du diable!*" replied the smoker; "*c'est comme il te plaira, Blancbec!*"

"*Il faut mettre les points sur les I autrement*

*la ganache ne te comprendra pas*," added the other.

" *Oh que si!* and thus I answer," exclaimed Beverley, as springing in, he planted a tremendous left-hand blow upon the mouth of the first, and then drawing his sword, he darted the point through the hat of the second, and whirled it into the middle of the street.

The rage and fury of the two men is not to be described; they had been totally unprepared for such a decisive return. Oaths, execrations, and blasphemies of the most horrid kind, burst forth from them; and immediate satisfaction was demanded—they stamped, raved, tore their hair, and became like madmen. Beverley, on the other hand, had now regained complete possession of himself, and in proportion as the fury of the others augmented, his coolness increased. Taking out his card, he said, " Here is my card; to-morrow morning I shall be happy to give you every satisfaction; you will be more cautious in future, I hope, how you dare to insult inoffensive strangers."

" Coward, miserable! not to-morrow, this very night, this minute; here under the lamp,"

exclaimed one, whose rage increased almost to frenzy.

"By God! you shall not live ten minutes," added the other; "draw, Canaille, draw! or I will run my sword through your body;" and unbuttoning his large great coat, he drew forth a small sword.

"For your own sake, do not make any attack upon me, Sirs," answered Beverley; "I can defend and avenge myself; besides, as there is a squad of Gendarmerie now approaching, we had better be more temperate—to-morrow morning, I repeat, I will meet you where you please in the Bois de Boulogne."

A shower of most horrible abuse was the only answer Beverley received; every epithet the most degrading and insulting was used to induce him to proceed with them immediately. At length his patience, though not his self-possession, being exhausted, he said, "Well, I will attend you now; it is necessary for me, however, to go as far as the Rue Taitbout, for a friend and pistols."

"No pistols, no pistols! we fight with

swords; we have the right to choose—Come, instantly, come;" and they repeated the words, "Brigand! Lâche! and Poltron! you are afraid; you dare not."

Requesting one of the bystanders to step over to the Rue Taitbout, for Lord Colnbrook, Beverley said, "The first of you that makes use of a single insulting word, I will shoot through the body; I am prepared;" and he then drew from under the folds of his plaid a small double-barrelled pistol, and presented it at the head of the nearest, who started back, and remained silent. In a few minutes Lord Colnbrook (who had heard the whole affair from a messenger) made his appearance, when two coaches were called, and they proceeded direct to the Champs Elysées. Having arrived at the fourth or fifth lantern, they descended; Beverley gave his small pistols into Lord Colnbrook's hands, threw off his jacket and bonnet, selected one of the small swords presented to him, and his adversaries having settled the precedence between themselves, the two combatants placed themselves opposite one another.

Nothing could be more painful and embar-

rassing than Lord Colnbrook's sensations at this moment; the affair had not only come upon him by surprise, but there was every probability of its terminating fatally; for Beverley's vigorous mode of replying to the insult he had met with, rendered all prospect of accommodation impossible. Indeed, the oaths and execrations of the two Frenchmen, who swore not to quit the ground until both Englishmen were killed, was not at all satisfactory to a man who had expected to pass his night at a brilliant fête, instead of witnessing, and probably being obliged to take a principal share, in a midnight duel.

It was, in fact, a strange scene: in the centre of the road stood the two combatants; the reflection of the lanterns above flashing brightly from their drawn swords, and showing the deadly expression of revenge and animosity which gleamed from the eye of the one, whilst it lighted up the mild but decisive countenance of the other. On one side was Lord Colnbrook in full uniform, with the small pistols which Beverley had been recommended to carry for his own protection in one hand, and with his friend's jacket and plaid in the other. Opposite

was the second Frenchman, pacing up and down, without his coat, his shirt sleeves tucked up to his elbows, a small sword under his arm, and his tongue uttering the most horrid string of blasphemies and menaces. Independent of the nature of the affair itself, there was something awful and imposing in the hour,—the surrounding darkness and stillness, only broken by the clicking of the swords or curses of the two desperadoes.

Lord Colnbrook watched the movements of the antagonists with nervous and almost breathless anxiety, as springing, stamping, lunging, and parrying, each sought every opportunity to gain some advantage over the other. The contrast between the two was extraordinary; for the one fought with almost frantic rage, whilst the other, cool, steady, and self possessed, kept his ground with a degree of firmness and tenacity, which astounded and encouraged both principal and second.

"*Allons, allons! tu t'endors,*" exclaimed the latter with a brutal curse; "*depèche-toi de l'arranger, ou laisse-moi prendre ta place.*"

His friend merely replied to this by an oath,

and by increasing the vigour of his attacks, of which Arthur took no other notice than by a look full of stern defiance and contempt, and by grasping his sword more firmly in his hand. At length, having guarded a desperate thrust, he himself gave point, was parried, sprung back, again lunged, but forced to change his ground by the violence of his adversary's attack, slipped, and in an instant Lord Colnbrook saw the Frenchman's weapon pierce through his friend's sword arm, enter his left side, and reappear behind his back, covering his shirt with blood. Beverley staggered as if in the act of falling, whilst his adversary struggled violently to disengage his weapon in order to replunge it in Arthur's body. At this moment a third person, muffled in a cloak, suddenly stepped from behind the shade of one of the neighbouring trees, fired a pistol, and exclaimed, "*Voilà! pour te finir, partons!*"

"*Ah! D'Arville! monstre! assassin! je vous reconnois,*" said Beverley, seizing with wonderful sang-froid his sword in his left hand, and pressing it with his whole weight upon his adversary, who vainly endeavoured to extricate his own

weapon. A desperate struggle now ensued; Arthur's blade glittered above his head; a horrible curse was heard, then a groan, and in a moment the two combatants fell senseless to the ground.

## CHAPTER XIV.

BEFORE Lord Colnbrook could recover from his surprise, or attempt to raise up his friend, a patrol of gendarmes, attracted by the report of the pistol, galloped up to the spot; a coach was sent for, and the Marquess was ordered to place himself inside, between the bleeding and senseless body of his friend and that of his antagonist, whose second, as well as the third person who fired the pistol, had darted among the trees and escaped. Upon reaching the corps de garde, Beverley was found to have received a sword-wound through his right arm, a second through his left side, whilst the pistol-shot had broken his collar bone, and, although he quickly came to his senses, yet the surgeon declared him to be in a most perilous

state. Upon investigating the body of the other, who was pierced to the heart by Arthur's sword, the brand-mark of the galleys was found on his shoulder; and upon further inquiry before the commissary of the quarter, he was instantly recognised by the Police as a most desperate character, a natural son of D'Arville's, and one of the finest swordsmen in France. He had once been a soldier; had been degraded for infamous conduct, and driven from the service. After a multitude of minor crimes, he had been subsequently condemned to death for the assassination of his mistress and her child, but, through the interest of his father, this punishment had been commuted to that of perpetual labour in the galleys; eventually, however, he had obtained his pardon, and had been latterly employed as a secret agent in Vidocq's band.

After a short examination before the proper authorities, by which it appeared evident that the whole affair had been a preconcerted plan to entrap and assassinate Beverley, the two Englishmen were set at liberty; but although the strongest circumstantial evidence of D'Ar-

ville's criminality existed, yet, as there were no direct proofs beyond Beverley's word, no legal measures could be taken against him, nor was it thought prudent to deprive him of his place.

Such were the nature of Beverley's wounds, that weeks and even months elapsed ere he completely recovered his strength. In the meantime, his feeble resources were fast dwindling away, and he found himself under the necessity of not only abandoning all further prospect of discovering the wished-for documents, but of quitting France without the probability of revenging himself upon D'Arville. Having been recommended sea-bathing, he resolved to pass the winter and spring in retirement, at a small Flemish port; when Napoleon's landing at Frejus, and the prospect of an immediate war, determined him to proceed to Brunswick and offer his services to the Duke. A relapse, however, prevented this, and it was not until his Highness had arrived at Brussels, that Beverley was enabled to pay his homage, and deliver to him the letters of recommendation with which he had been furnished.

His reception from the Prince was, however,

all he could have wished; and in a few days he found himself as comfortably established, as if he had been known to the Prince all his life. It would be an act of presumption, and an encroachment on the privileges of the historian, to dwell here upon the character of the brave and unfortunate Prince, whose independent resistance and hatred to the oppressor of his country, had forced him to seek hospitality and refuge on the British shores.

To say the truth, there was little in the outward appearance of his Highness, which denoted, at first sight, that energy of mind, that activity of body, and chivalrous valour, which so eminently distinguished a life gloriously terminated on the field of battle. The general outlines of his features bore some affinity to those of his royal relations in England, though with less perhaps of that manly dignity, benevolence, and grace, which are the peculiar characteristics of our own Princes; his stature also, being beneath the common standard, detracted still farther from this resemblance; but on a nearer inspection, one remarked an expression of grandeur in his lofty forehead, a fire and spirit in

his blue eye, a tone of settled determination in the lines of his face, and a degree of strength in his well-knit limbs, which showed that if he had the mind to propose and the soul to resolve the most desperate enterprises, he had also vigour of frame and energy of body sufficient to carry them into effect. The constant recollection that he was a fugitive from the land of his forefathers, and that his fair inheritance had become the spoil of the usurper, combined perhaps with the danger to which his life had been incessantly exposed during his bold and hazardous expedition from Silesia to the banks of the Weser, had given a shade of wildness, or rather melancholy distrust, to his look, which inspired a stranger with mixed feelings of fear and regret. There was a natural bluntness also in his manner, which showed that his mind had been devoted to the ruder occupations of camps, rather than to the refined blandishments and gallantries of courts; indeed, when one saw the flash of light which shot from his eye, and the gleam of animation which illuminated his countenance at any martial allusion, a warrior of that heroic race, whose blood has

moistened almost every great battle-field of Europe for the last four hundred years, stood conspicuously before one.

Inclined by nature to trust to the sword rather than to the more tedious operations of the diplomatist or tactician, inheriting also too large a portion of that tempestuous valour, which forms an integral part of the hereditary apanage of a Guelph, there was little probability of his ever becoming a captain of the first order; but if he could not be compared to Frederic, Napoleon, or Wellington, it must be allowed that he was a most intrepid soldier, a just prince, a constant friend, and honourable man.

Continually occupied with his illustrious master in exercising and improving the discipline of the corps which the brave prince had in so short a time raised, equipped, and led in person to the army, Beverley had little time to enter into the society of Brussels; and he regretted it not, for he was happy to escape from the petty jealousies, intrigues, dissensions, and personalities, which appeared to be carried on with so much virulence amongst the British residents.

How contradictory and how anomalous is

the eagerness exhibited by the generality of English on the Continent, to tear each other's character to pieces! how incomprehensible and ungenerous their constant efforts not only to degrade and vilify each other amongst themselves, but to impress the natives of whatever country they chance to inhabit, that all others except themselves are of no family, unknown to good society, and paupers, fortunate if they do not add that all their male neighbours are rogues, and all the females no better than they should be! There is something which one can pardon in the pride and reserve of those who, to the advantages of exalted birth, unite the eclat of fortune, and the still greater glory of acknowledged worth and talents; but if there be an animal in the shape of man or woman more contemptible, more insignificant than another, it is the little great—if there be a pride more ludicrous than another, it is that of the would-be fine. Beverley, however, found that he had no occasion to avoid, for with the narrow selfishness of little minds they saved him the trouble; a penniless, illegitimate soldier of fortune could not expect common civility from persons of that

stamp. In fact, he found himself completely neglected, save by one or two families of rank, and, above all, by the valiant Prince to whom thousands had once eagerly looked forward as the future King-Consort of England. The friendship of Lord Colnbrook, who had been twice to visit Arthur, as well as his constant correspondence with Delmore, amply repaid him for the neglect of the mock-genteel. It was in one of Lord Colnbrook's letters that Beverley received the following information.

"A fit of apoplexy has at last carried off Lord Atherley, and a French fortune-hunter Lady Bertha Grantham. She has exchanged her widow's weeds and the Grange for a marquisate and chateau in Picardy, by Grantham's will, who died about six months past; she loses by this marriage the guardianship of her son, and the right of residing at the Grange; but retains her jointure, which is all her present husband cares about. I saw the Delmores in town the other day, and I will fairly tell you I thought Miss Delmore looked very ill. I need not say, our principal subject of conversation was about you! The conduct of that brute

Roxmere, is, they say, worse and worse; but, in despite of the advice of her friends, his unhappy wife persists in continuing with him. Good God! what have I not to answer for? I was at the Drawing-room on the fourth of June: her Majesty and the Princesses asked most graciously after you."

Amongst the different English families who were attracted to Brussels at this period, (most of them on the speculation of disposing of some of their daughters,) were the Cornwalls. Beverley would gladly have avoided them, had he not received a visit from the young Squire, who brought him an invitation to dine with his mother, accompanied, however, with a hint, which left no doubt on Beverley's mind that this mark of condescension was intended as a bribe to get them invited to a ball, for which the Duke of Brunswick had issued invitations.

The situation in which Beverley found young Cornwall when he returned his visit at the Hotel Bellevue, was not less characteristic than original. Seated with a four-horse whip in his hand on a music-stool, perched on the broad end of a grand piano, which by four chairs placed in

front, was evidently intended to represent a stage-coach, the Squire was just in the act of administering the double thong to a red damask *fauteuil*, which acted as near-wheeler, encouraging it, at the same time, by stamping, growling, and crying out, "Tchut! tchut! hold up! hold up, Cardinal!" then untwisting his lash, and flecking a cane-bottomed chair, which personified the off-leader, he addressed it with increased stamping and exclamations of "Tst! tst! get on, timber toe!" On perceiving Beverley, the Squire raised his elbow in token of recognition, squared his arms, and threw himself a little back, as if pulling up his team; and then calling out, "Going down, sir? going down? there's room inside!" he flung his whip in due form to the ground, descended from his box, and cordially shaking hands with his visitor, said, "Ah! governor! here I am, keeping my hand in practice a bit: rather astonish the natives!"

After a conversation of some duration, in which Arthur ascertained that Mrs. Cornwall had put the last finish to her reputation, by eloping with an Italian music-master, and that

law proceedings were about to be instituted against her, the Squire said,

"By the by, there's my sister Dora going to be married."

"I congratulate you with all my heart," answered Beverley.

"So don't I," replied the Squire, "ever since I drove that kind of coach, I'm sick at the very word."

"I hope, at all events, that it is a good match," observed Arthur.

"Oh they step along well enough now," replied the Squire; "but that's nothing, it's all very fine just starting; but only you just wait until they come to the first hill;—besides, I don't like the fellow; there's a skrew loose somewhere, I am sure; but my mother and the girls will have it, and they've persuaded the governor to consent and to book up; and so it's none of my business."

"Who is the happy person?" demanded Beverley.

"Why, a foreigner, and that's what I don't like."

"A man of rank, of course?"

"Egad, he ought to be, for his name begins with Count, and ends with Duke; but, for all that, I would rather she had married an English farmer."

"I confess," said Beverley, "independent of difference of religion, habits, and prejudices, that there are many other serious objections to these unnatural alliances. With few exceptions, I never knew such overtures disinterested on the part of the man, and still more rarely have I seen the woman made happy. Out of the thousand marriages daily taking place in England, how few are there which are not overshadowed by some disagreement or domestic feud! but there, if a woman is maltreated, she is amongst her friends and relations, and can seek immediate protection and defence; but if she marry a foreigner, and abandon her country, she must also abandon all hope of succour, and is completely at his mercy. Ask these persons at the expiration of a few years, and you will scarcely find one who does not repent."

"So say I," answered the Squire; "but mind you don't tell the girls, or they 'll be

at you like a bag-full of ferrets: if you like, I 'll show you the man, he 's in the next room."

" I shall be happy to pay my respects to your mother," replied Beverley; " but as for your hero, I candidly confess that I have no great anxiety to make his acquaintance."

" I wish I had him at wheel for a couple of journeys, that's all," exclaimed the Squire.

On entering Lady Cornwall's apartment, her ladyship received Beverley with civil formality; the young ladies, however, who were conversing near the window with their future brother-in-law, scarcely condescended to notice him. " That is my intended son-in-law, Monsieur, Monsieur le Comte," said Lady Cornwall in a half whisper to Beverley. Monsieur, Monsieur le Comte, as her ladyship called him, (supposing it necessary to repeat the word in conversation as well as on the superscription of a letter,) was a dark, athletic man, with large bushy whiskers and moustaches, and with a peculiar expression of cunning, impudence, and vulgarity in his eye. On his forefinger he wore an enormous cornelian ring, large enough for a Roman buckler, a huge gilt watch-chain sup-

porting two ponderous agate and topaz seals, hung round his neck, rings glittered in his ears, and a piece of parti-coloured ribbon peeped through his button-hole. Beverley started when he saw the Count's features, for they were familiar to him, though it was impossible for him to recollect where he had ever met them before.

"Struck — evidently struck," said Lady Cornwall, observing Beverley's manner; "you need not however be alarmed, he is the most good-natured creature in the world; his family is immensely old, and he loves the English beyond any thing—Ah! I see you wish to be presented; he says he has immense estates in the plains of Luneburg, and he speaks English perfectly,—indeed he was in the English service."

"I shall be happy to have the honour of knowing your future son-in-law," answered Arthur.

"Monsieur, Monsieur le Comte," said her ladyship, "will you permit me to present to you;—" then turning to Beverley, she added, "I quite forget whether you are a Captain or a Mr."

"It matters not," returned Beverley, "say whichever you like best."

"Will you permit me," resumed her Ladyship, "to present Captain Beverley?"

The Count bowed, looked embarrassed, and without making any reply, turned away his face. There was something in this behaviour so uncourteous, that Beverley felt the greatest surprise; and his dislike for the whole party increased when he unwillingly overheard the following conversation, which was carried on in a half-whisper. Alluding to the black Brunswick uniform, worn by Arthur, the Count said in English,

"Vat he is, vat he is your black friend?"

"Oh," replied his bride elect, "only a poor soldier of fortune."

"Ah, ah! God dem," answered the Count, "dat is vat dee Irish call a pull, and vat ve calls a par of dogs."

"How intensely clear!" said Miss Flora.

"How immensely pleasant!" observed Miss Martia.

"How enormously severe!" added Miss Bella.

"I wonder what he means?" whispered Miss Dora.

"Vat I mean, vy, how can she be poor man, ven she got a fortoon?" replied the Count.

"Oh! I understand, a paradox,—but we mean that he has no fortune," observed Dora.

"Ah, ah! God dem! I know fer well, I only choke," answered the bridegroom, grinning.

"Yes, he is only a poor man, to whom mamma thinks it right to be civil—you know she is so charitable."

"Is he a milor? is he noble?" demanded the Count, curling his moustache.

"Noble!" exclaimed Miss Martia; "Oh dear, no, quite ig—quite low—he's nobody now."

"Do tell the dear Count, Dora," said her sister Bella, "that Mr. Beverley never had a Pepay."

"Ah, ah! ver fell, an *Enfant Trouvé*, a kind of littel Jean Jaques Rousseau: God dem! eh?"

"Exactly," replied Miss Dora, "that is to say, not quite;" and then turning round, she

added in a low whisper, "I wonder what in the world he means now?"

Beverley's disgust at the flippancy and impertinence of these young ladies, and his inclination to kick the Count, became so great, that, in order to prevent accidents, he thought it better to retire; and, apologizing to Lady Cornwall for not being able to accept her invitation, he bowed coldly to the girls, took no notice of the Count, and departed; nor did he hear any thing more of them until the evening of the ball at the Duke of Richmond's on the memorable 15th of June.

The first thing almost Beverley heard on that occasion was the rupture of Miss Cornwall's marriage, and the sudden departure of her family for England, and the cause of this event was soon spread throughout the room. Amongst other guests was Arthur's old acquaintance, Miss Scarsdale, who had arrived at Brussels upon a matrimonial speculation; for, in despite of increasing wrinkles, and decreasing *embonpoint*, she had not abandoned her attacks upon his Majesty's land and sea forces. Though Miss Scarsdale hated the Cornwalls in her

heart, yet she found it convenient to be invited to Birkenholt, and consequently corresponded with Martia, and had received a letter from her explanatory of the whole affair. This letter, while she affected to condole with her correspondent, she showed with malicious pleasure to every one in the room: taking Arthur aside, she read the following lines:

"Calais, 12th June, 1815.

"My dearest Minny,

"Mamma, knowing your affection for us, begs me to write a few words about 'the fatal catastrophe' which has blighted poor Dora's happiness for life. You heard of our joy at her approaching marriage: alas!—but before I recount the finale, I must tell you the beginning. You know we went to pass a fortnight at Huy, where the beauty of the environs filled our souls with romantic and melodramic visions. One evening, when we were driving out, we unfortunately got into a deep cross-road. The horses were weak, the carriage heavy, the road axle-deep, and the coachman furious; and there we stuck. So, after *sacry dewing* for a

long while, he said we must get out, or remain there all night. Only imagine our predicament—horrible thoughts of catching cold, rheumatism, and robbers, overwhelmed us; but out we got, knee-deep in mire. Whilst we sat shivering and trembling by the wayside, a handsome sportsman, with a dog and gun, made his appearance. The coachman respectfully took off his hat, and said, 'Monsieur le Comte, won't you please to give us a hand?' Conceive our horror and confusion at being caught by a Belgian nobleman in such a quandary. We were literally covered with confusion and mud; we felt ourselves red as crimson with blushing. In the mean time the noble stranger laid down his gun, and by his assistance the carriage was turned. There was something enormously romantic in the whole scene. Before we got in again, Mama said, 'May I request to know to whom we are indebted for this chivalrous attention?'

"'Oh, I 'm Monsieur Le Comte!' replied he.

"'Of what?' demanded Mama.

"'De Bois le Duc,' answered he.

"Upon this, Mama, who is intensely parti-

cular about our not speaking to any one unless we have been properly presented, said,—

"'Monsieur, Monsieur Le Comte de Bois le Duc, I am Lady Cornwall, and I regret that my husband, Sir Stephen Cornwall, who is now attending his duties in Parliament, is not here to thank you for your polite attention; but if you come into ——shire, he will be most happy to see you at Birkenholt.'

"'Ah! ah!' replied the Count, in English, 'I know England very well, and I love beef-steaks and porter exceedingly.'

"Mama then said, 'Monsieur, Monsieur le Comte, I thank you for the regard you express for our country and its indigenous produce; allow me to present my daughters, Martia, Bella, Flora, and Dora. Monsieur, Monsieur le Comte de Bois le Duc.' We curtsied, and stepped into the carriage.

"'We are going to remain a fortnight at Huy,' said Mama, ere we drove off, 'and shall be happy to see you, Monsieur, Monsieur le Comte, if you sojourn in this neighbourhood.'

"The invitation was accepted. He came often. We were enchanted; and poor Dora

transfixed. In short, he wooed; she consented; Papa and Mama likewise. He talked of his castle and domains on the Rhine; Mama, of her charity school at Birkenholt; and we, of the balls and *fêtes champêtres* to be given at Dora's Castle in the Seven Mountains! How uncommonly romantic! The day was fixed; every thing was purchased—but, alas!—on the evening previous, whilst the Count was selecting a *vergiss-mein-nicht* ring for each of us, the Commissary of Police entered the shop with an order to arrest,—not the Count, but, horrible!—Louis Pierrot le Comte, *Cabretier*, of Bois le Duc, chief of a band of robbers and poachers, who had long infested the country! Conceive the horrible idea!! Dora, the bandit's bride! We all fainted; whilst Mama ordered the carriage. Only imagine, had it taken place, the shocking idea of our being obliged to unite to poor Dora, Madame le Comte, instead of Madame, Madame la Comtesse."

As soon as Miss Scarsdale had read this, Beverley exclaimed, "Now I have it; I thought I recollected his face; he was chasseur to a Russian General, whom I met at——, and had de-

serted from one of the foreign regiments in our service, ere my departure; he robbed his master of a large sum, and disappeared."

In despite of Miss Scarsdale's hints that she was dying to take a turn, and that she knew Beverley to be an admirable waltzer, he made his escape, and placing himself in a corner, gazed on the scene before him with that melancholy abstractedness, which is inspired by music, and even by the dancers, when the mind is prone to sadness. Had it been possible, Beverley would have retired, for he felt utterly unfit to participate in the merriment of those around; their gaiety served but to increase his own depression of spirits, even as the gaudy splendour of their glittering uniforms contrasted with the solemnity of his own dark dress. The scene was one of the utmost splendour and hilarity: life, love, and forgetfulness reigned triumphant; hundreds of gallants, the flower, the chivalry of England, were there collected; all that was most distinguished not only in our native armies, but in the brave bands who had long shared her perils and glories, moved around him. Hoary warriors, who

had grown grey amidst the smoke of battle, as well as beardless striplings panting to draw their virgin swords. Care, sorrow, even thought, seemed banished from every brow; joy and pleasure sparkled in each eye; all was to-day, there was no anticipation of to-morrow.

Beverley was painfully affected; it was the first ball at which he had been present since that at Mrs. Prague's. "They have all a right to rejoice and be merry," said he to himself, as he gazed on the waltzers, and heard the merriment around. "There is not one, poor even as he may be, who cannot claim a name, a home, a country. I have none—I stand alone, an outcast! Bitter remembrances of the past, and hopeless prospect for the future, my only lot."—At this moment an officer approached the Commander-in-chief, who was standing near Arthur, and whispered something in his ear. Beverley instantly perceived by the elevation of the Duke's eye, and the never-to-be-mistaken expression of his features, that the intelligence was of the deepest importance. This surmise was confirmed, not only by the departure of his Grace, but by his being followed by

some of the principal staff. At first, however, little notice was taken of this circumstance; presently there were whisperings in corners, and inquiries; Generals collected in groups; officers stepped out of the dancing circle, and sought their hats and swords; something extraordinary was going on, no one knew what. The elder officers, one after another, slipped from the room, the younger continued dancing; but a cloud fell over all: there was an anxiety, a doubt in every face; merriment had fled: limbs moved swiftly, but hearts were sad. In a moment or two the Duke of Brunswick beckoned to Arthur, and merely saying, "To horse —they are coming on!" in less than twenty minutes he and his suite (whose martial costume required no changing) were mounted, and on the road to Quatrebras.

Very shortly after, the cause of this sudden commotion was revealed; the rattling of drums, the clang of trumpets, and the echoing of bugles, aroused the sleeping citizens; burgher and soldier sprung from their couch; lights flew from house to house; windows were opened, and doors unbound; there was a hurrying, a

confusion, a clanking of swords, and clamour of voices; the hollow rattling of moving cannon, and the tramp of horses' hoofs vibrated through the astonished city.—As black masses of warriors were seen forming in the square, or filing through the streets, shouts of "To arms!" "Mount!" "Steady!" "Forwards!" rose around. Mingled with the rough words of war, were heard the softer accents of female grief; sobs and wailings were borne upon the night wind; husbands tore themselves from the fond embrace of those whom they left to God, and their country's care. Young lovers bade adieu to weeping maids, for ever. Friend pressed the hand of friend, to meet no more. From the revelry of the feast, they hurried to the field of carnage. Never was the transition from the joyous pleasures of life and peace, to the awful struggle of battle and eternity, more sudden, more unexpected.

As the Duke of Brunswick rode towards the cantonments of his corps, he reined up his horse, and thus addressed his attendants:—"Should any thing occur to me—"

"God forbid!" exclaimed several of them."

"Well, well," replied the Duke solemnly, "my life is in God's hands; he gave it, he can take it—but should I fall, a letter will be found amongst my papers, addressed to Colonel Beverley, who, I request, will see my wishes fulfilled. I select him, because it will be necessary, after going to Brunswick, that he should return to England; if he falls, you Marnholtz, or you Herzberg, will open the letter."

Beverley bowed, assured his Highness of his readiness to comply with his commands, and then added, "The God who has protected you, Sir, through so many perils, will still watch over and defend you. But my life—" and here he stopped.

The Duke made no other reply than by a prophetic shake of the head, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped on. The presentiment of death was in his heart. In a few moments more, they reached the quarters of the corps which was quickly assembled, and conducted towards the point where the outposts were engaged.

It was a soul-inspiring sight to look upon the

troops of different nations as they approached the scene of action. There, hardy as the rocks of their native glens, irresistible as the foaming torrents of their *fatherland*, came the brave mountaineers. Their tartans waving, their black plumes nodding in the winds; with expanded nostrils and elevated heads they came, active as the wild deer, when he snuffs the morning breeze; their pace was hurried, for they were advancing,—their look fierce and gloomy, for the doom of thousands was in their hands. Beverley's heart beat wildly; he could scarcely refrain from springing to join their ranks, when he recognised his old regiment, and many of his old comrades—and, above all, when he heard their pipes peal forth a wild and exciting slogan.

"And Gallia's groans to that slogan replied."

There, with compact and well-closed ranks, marched the valiant men who, on those bloody days, so bravely earned the gilt grenade. In the perfection of cleanliness and discipline, firmly and steadily these beautiful troops passed

on; resolution in their eyes, order in their ranks, and confidence in their looks. So firm, so calm, so admirably compact were they, that one might have thought they were marching to their royal master's court, had not the deep silence and solemnity which reigned through the ranks bespoke their deadly errand; whilst here and there, by the uplifted eye and moving lip, one saw that some brave man was praying, not for his own safety, but for that of his wife and children. Contrasted with these glittering troops were the gallant bands with which Beverley had the honour to serve. Animated by the presence of a descendant of those heroes, who for centuries had led their forefathers always to battle, often to victory, these young soldiers advanced with all the steadiness and discipline of veteran troops—boldly and calmly they advanced, their sombre uniforms, as well as the emblem of death which peeped beneath their black horse-hair plumes, adding to the fierceness of their martial array. As the dark masses successively wheeled to take up their ground, the music which had accompanied them suddenly ceased. One heavy tap of

the drum was heard, and in an instant five thousand voices burst forth into the following stanzas of Körner's beautiful and affecting battle song.

"Gott, dir ergeb' ich mich!
Wenn mich die Donner des Todes begrüssen,
Wenn meine Adern geöffnet fliessen,
Dir, mein Gott, dir ergeb' ich mich!
Vater, ich rufe dich!" *

Then as they came to the last words, "*Vater, ich rufe dich!*" they simultaneously carried arms as a tribute of respect to Him, "the giver of all victory," and a dead silence ensued. Taking off his chako, the Duke rode nearer to them, raised his eyes and his sword-hand to Heaven, and in a solemn voice repeated

* To render these beautiful lines with any portion of the force and solemnity of the original is almost impossible. The following paraphrase may however give the reader some idea of the sense:

To thee, O God! I resign myself,
When the thunder of death salutes me,
When my torn arteries shall open flow,
To thee, my God, to thee I resign myself.
Father! I call on thee!

the first words of the couplet, "*Gott dir ergeb' ich mich!*" The whole mass then re-echoed the same strain and moved on. Buckling on his chako, grasping his sword firmly, making his horse curvet, and galloping forwards, the brave Prince exclaimed: "Children—for God and our homes! may he bless ye!" "And thee!" was the unanimous and impressive answer—and in a few minutes more the volleys which rattled from right to left bespoke that they were partakers in the work of death.

The heat and fury of the combat increased as fresh troops successively reached the ground. Charge succeeded charge, cannonade succeeded cannonade, volumes of smoke rolled around, and enveloped the combatants; the shouts of command, the groans of the dying, were overwhelmed by the thunder of the guns. The ground, the air, the trees, were riven by the shots; furious were the assaults, firm the resistance, terrible the slaughter. Never had England's sons more need of that undaunted firmness which is the attribute of their country; never had the brave Germans more need of the courage bequeathed to them by their fore-

fathers—they had no common enemy to oppose, the *élite* of France was in their front; and at the head of these, Ney, the valiant Ney, *le brave des braves*, found opponents worthy of his own valour. They did not cry out "*We die, but yield not*," but they did die, and died invincible.

A sudden gust of wind having scattered the smoke which enveloped the combatants, the Duke perceived a French battalion in confusion;—the moment was favourable for a charge. Throwing himself at the head of his black hussars, and wheeling them rapidly into line, he advanced at a trot, crying out—"Children! if I advance, follow me; if I fall, revenge me!!" At the very moment he was about to utter the command to "charge," a destructive and terrible fire of grape and musketry opened upon them,—a ball struck him. "Forwards! forwards!" was all his dying voice could utter,—his rein sslipped from his hand—his sword dropped by his side—and he fell on the pommel of his saddle. Beverley, Marnholtz and Herzberg sprung to his assistance—his pipe fell from his mouth—a deep groan escaped him—he was no more.

With a view of not disheartening his troops, a report was spread through the ranks that their chief was only badly wounded, and bade them revenge him; his soldiers fulfilled this behest,—bloodily, nobly fulfilled it—for their conduct was not only worthy of the hero who had fallen, but worthy of the valiant men with whom they shared the glories of those days.

Having escaped unhurt from this as well as the combat of the 18th, Beverley returned to Brussels, and in the course of a few days proceeded into Germany to execute the instructions of his late illustrious master.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE evening had already set in when Beverley reached the capital of the Brunswick dominions. From the influx of strangers clad in mourning, and from the numbers of peasantry who paraded the streets, habited in the quaint gold caps and huge red fête-day petticoats so peculiar to the country; from the firing of minute guns, and the heavy tolling of the Cathedral bells, Beverley instantly perceived that the last sad rites were about to be paid to the departed Sovereign. Having announced his arrival to the Marshal of the Palace, he was directed to take his station in the lofty chamber in which the remains of the deceased warrior were laid in state.

Upon a bed of honour, ornamented with

escutcheons and heraldic devices, and placed beneath a catafalque of state, reposed the hero's coffin, still unclosed. His head rested on a cushion; his features, though pale and stern, bore no marks of distortion or agony; he was attired in the uniform in which he had fought and died, and was decorated with the chivalrous orders which he had purchased at the point of his sword, and ennobled with his blood. Near the foot of the bed, as chief mourner, sat the poor blind Prince, brother to the departed; on either side were stationed aide-de-camps, ministers, and household officers, the latter attired in that peculiar mourning habit which has not been changed in form since the days of Holbein. A scene of this nature, always imposing and affecting, was rendered doubly so at present from the manner in which the Prince had met his end, as well as from the recollection that the Prince his father had likewise fallen on the field of battle.

At the last moment when the dead man's coffin was about to be closed for ever, the blind Prince rose from his seat, hung over the motionless corpse, clasped his hands, strained

his sightless eyeballs as it were to catch one glimpse of him who was no more, and sobbed aloud. On the other side the Duke of Cambridge, whose glittering uniform and brilliant decorations contrasted strongly with the sombre attire of the Brunswick mourners, conducted the orphan children of his deceased kinsman to take a last farewell of the fond parent whose dying thoughts had dwelt on them. There was something, however, in the behaviour of these illustrious youths, especially the elder, which surprised and grieved Beverley; for, of all the bystanders, he alone appeared unmoved. It is true, they were but boys; but still they had attained an age when such scenes, above all, the loss of such near and dear relatives, are wont to make the deepest impression on the youthful mind.

The coffin being screwed down, the sword, silver sash, decorations, and ducal coronet of the deceased placed on its lid, twelve veterans who had fought under the preceding Duke, bore it from the chamber to a splendid car drawn by eight white horses, and the melancholy procession moved on foot towards the

place of sepulture. There was something deeply imposing, not only in the darkness of the heavens, rendered more obscure by its contrast with the torches borne by the attendants, but in the solemn music, the heavy tolling of the bells, and the echoes of the cannon, but above all, from the windows of every house being lighted—dimly lighted, yet enough to show the bust of the departed Prince, crowned with laurels, and dressed with black.

As soon as the short, unimpressive funeral service of the reformed church was concluded, while yet the last notes of the organ pealed through the vaulted aisles of the cathedral, the coffin, which had been placed under a canopy of state, was again lifted up, and borne to the vaults beneath, followed by the principal mourners. A chill stole over Beverley's frame as he cast his eye around, and by the dim light of the few tapers, observed the long lines of niches tenanted with the mouldering bones of men who had once filled Europe with their fame, but whose existence and very name were now forgotten, save perhaps by the historian, or the guardians of this last melancholy man-

sion of mortality. There was something singularly awful and sombre in this atmosphere of death and nothingness,—in all this motionless assemblage of departed valour and dominion,—in this sudden transition from the abodes of noise and movement, to that of eternal stillness, whilst the tarnished time-worn coronets, and mouldering batons of command, placed on the various coffins, seemed but a mockery of the senseless dust within. Beverley was, however, soon aroused from his reflections, by the departure of the mourners, who, after repeating a short prayer, retired from the vault; and in a few seconds, sounds of cannon and musketry announced to the citizens that the mortal remnants of their valiant Sovereign reposed beside the ashes of his predecessors.

Overcome by the fatigue of the journey, and oppressed by his own feelings, Beverley felt himself so unwell on quitting the cathedral, that he was obliged to renounce returning with the cortège, and to lean against a wall for support. At this moment an elderly man, having the appearance of an ecclesiastic, approached, and in French politely offered his assistance,

an offer which the former did not hesitate to accept. Leaning on the stranger's arm, Arthur was conducted a few yards into a narrow street; the door of a small house was opened by a second personage still older than Arthur's companion, and he was ushered into an apartment, where he was no sooner seated, than the heat increasing his indisposition, a faint sickness came over him, and he sunk almost without consciousness upon his chair. Whilst the aged domestic hastened for water, the ecclesiastic loosened Arthur's cravat, chafed his temples, and tore open his tight military jacket; and when he came to himself, he found both the priest and his attendant standing before him in a state of the utmost astonishment and anxiety.

"Think me not, indiscreet, Sir," said the former, "but, I entreat you, say, whence had you that miniature?"

"This!" replied Beverley, putting his hand to his bosom: "it is the portrait of my mother."

"Your mother!" exclaimed the old man, with looks of amazement,—"your mother! Merciful father! can it be possible? Are you

the son of Julia d'Avrancourt—of Madame Beverley?"

"D'Avrancourt! Beverley!" re-echoed Arthur, springing from his chair. "What do you know of those names? Speak, Sir, speak, I implore you.—Were you acquainted with the original of this portrait?"

"Most intimately," answered the priest; "I was her confessor."

"As you hope for pity, Sir, hereafter," exclaimed Beverley, with breathless anxiety,—"as you hope for mercy, tell me if you know any thing of her marriage with Arthur Beverley."

"I do—I do," replied the ecclesiastic, crossing himself devoutly; "it was I—I that performed the ceremony,—secretly, but legally performed it."

"And I," added the domestic,—"I and the traitress Rose were witnesses."

"Can you swear to this before a tribunal of justice?" demanded Arthur eagerly.

"And before that of God also," answered the priest, raising his head, and lifting up the two fingers of his right hand.

"Have you any certificates, any documents,

by which you can prove the legality of the marriage ceremony?—Forgive me, Sir, for asking these questions; but my life, my honour, dearer to me than life, hang on your words."

"I have," rejoined he instantly;—"here,"—and stepping to an old desk, in which were a few books, he said, "Here is the register of the parish of St. ——."

Beverley took the book, and eagerly read the passage, which placed beyond a doubt the legality of his parents' marriage. To describe his feelings would be impossible: he stood thunderstruck and overwhelmed: he could scarcely believe his senses: he had undergone the extremes of moral and physical suffering; but the nature of his sensations, though they were now those of joy, caused him a pain more acute than he had ever before suffered. "Merciful God! I thank you," said he at length, recovering, "thy dispensations who can foresee! thy ways who can scrutinize!—Gentlemen," added he, turning to the Frenchmen, "it is scarcely necessary for me to tell you that I am the son of Mr. and Mrs. Beverley, the acknowledged son of Julie d'Avrancourt. Your evidence, to-

gether with this book, can re-establish her honour and my legitimacy; for such evidence I have vainly, anxiously sought for during many months.—Can I rely on your assistance?"

"As we rely on God," answered the priest, bowing devoutly, and crossing his hands upon his breast.

"Yes, yes! it must be," said the old servant. "Do you not, Monsieur l'Abbé, see the resemblance? her eye, her forehead, her very voice.—Son of my beloved young mistress," added the old man, "let me embrace your knee."

"Descendant of my unhappy benefactor and friend," exclaimed the venerable ecclesiastic, "may the God of all Christians—He who alike watches over Catholic and Protestant—may His blessings be upon thy head! the sorrow of twenty-five years will be effaced, if I am chosen the instrument of your restoration."

It would be a mere repetition of previous events, to repeat the conversation which now ensued; suffice it to say, it appeared that the Abbé and his aged companion had escaped from France shortly after the horrible scenes narrated in the early part of this story,

carrying with them the registers of the parish of St. ——, of which the priest had the *cure;* they had remained in the utmost privacy in a small village, within the Brunswick territory, until the Restoration; they had then removed into the town, intending to return to France; but the events of the *Cent Jours* put an end to that plan. Beverley, on his part, detailed all that had taken place since his youth,—all that had occurred touching the villain D'Arville, and the persecution he had undergone. After this mutual explanation, it was agreed that the whole party should immediately proceed to Paris, for the purpose of proving the marriage of his parents, which would of course at once establish the validity of his claims to the English titles and estates.

Having written a few lines to Lord Colnbrook, recounting the singular accident which had, he trusted, terminated all his worldly difficulties, announcing his intention of being in England within a few weeks, and urging his friend to preserve the strictest secrecy upon the subject, even to Delmore, whom Arthur wished to surprise in person; he paid his respects to

the minister of state, received the necessary instructions for fulfilling the deceased Duke's last bequests in England; and in less than twenty-four hours was rapidly advancing on his journey to Paris, attended by the Abbé and the venerable servant of his grandfather.

With a heart beating with joy and renovated hope, Arthur heard the echoing of the postilions' whips, as they drove rapidly down the boulevard, and galloped up to the hotel. Without a moment's loss of time, he hastened to the notary who had been charged with his affairs, and had the satisfaction to hear him declare, that the testimony of the two witnesses, as well as the register, was so clear, so genuine and decisive, that no doubt remained on his mind of the most favourable results. "I will consult Mâitre Dupin, and others of our most celebrated *légistes*," said the notary, "and if you will do me the honour to call at twelve to-morrow, you shall receive an answer."

Punctual to his appointment, Arthur hastened to the notary's on the following day, and was greeted with congratulations and compliments.

"Every thing as we could wish," said the

lawyer: "it is the unanimous opinion of our first counsel, that not a shadow of doubt can arise; nothing is required but to produce the register and the evidence before the proper tribunals, and your legitimacy, and consequent right to the property of your mother, will be acknowledged, though, according to the Salic law, you cannot inherit the title without a particular grant from the King."

"Both property and title are secondary considerations to me,—at least in this country," answered Beverley; "if I can but establish my legitimacy, the honour of my parents will, by that means, be reinstated; and all that will remain for me, will be to avenge their death."

"On whom?" demanded the notary.

"On D'Arville," rejoined Arthur.

"The law will save you that trouble," replied the other.

"What do you mean?" demanded Beverley eagerly.

"The story is very short," said the notary; "he was, you know, one of the first to desert the Emperor, prior to the first restoration; and, no sooner did he hear of Napoleon's re-

turn, and rapid advance towards Paris, than he was equally forward in betraying the King.—He was a traitor to both.—After our fatal disaster at Waterloo, he again attempted to persuade the Bourbons of his fidelity, but it was no longer time; he was rejected and disgraced. From secret information conveyed not long after to the *Procureur du Roy*, an order was suddenly issued for his arrest; his person and his papers were seized; and it appeared from these papers, as well as from the deposition of an accomplice, that he had been guilty of frauds upon the public treasury to an immense amount. His trial has taken place,—he has been declared guilty."

"God of justice!" exclaimed Arthur, "Thy vengeance is sure and terrible!" then taking leave of his notary, he gave strict injunctions that not a moment should be lost in carrying his claims before the supreme courts.

Upon returning from the fauxbourg St. Geneviéve to his own hotel, his progress was impeded near the *Palais de Justice*, by an immense crowd assembled before its iron gates; and, on looking for the cause, he saw half a

dozen malefactors brought there for exposure to the public gaze. The carriage having stopped immediately opposite the scaffold, on which the executioner was in the very act of planting the eternal mark of infamy on the shoulders of the criminals, Beverley's eye followed the man's movements with involuntary curiosity. Heating the iron, and approaching one of the wretches, the executioner tore the shirt from his shoulder, and applied the instrument; the skin crackled, and even smoked; the sufferer started, wreathed with agony and shame, and lifted up his head, and in an instant Beverley recognised the ghastly and distorted features of D'Arville. Rolling his glaring eyes around, they almost instantly fell upon those of Arthur; the unexpected sight seemed to have aroused a hell within his heart, for he gnashed his teeth, uttered a scream, which shot thrilling through the very soul of the spectators, and fainted with rage, anguish, and perhaps remorse.

In despite of all his manifold wrongs, and of his abhorrence of the monster before him, Beverley's generous heart sickened at this sight —shuddering with horror, he opened the door of

his carriage, sprung out, and making his way through the immense crowd, hastened on foot to his hotel. Infamy, degradation, and perpetual labour, were the punishments which had been awarded to his enemy.

The nature of the evidence and documents produced by Beverley were so conclusive, that he had the satisfaction, in the course of two or three days, to find himself reinstated not only in his legitimacy, but in the greater portion of his patrimonial estates; and by a particular act of grace on the part of the King, by whom he was kindly received, letters patent were ordered to be made out for his assumption of the title of his grandfather. He then quitted Paris, with a buoyant heart, and travelling night and day, soon arrived at the house of Lord Colnbrook.

After a short conversation with his friend, D'Avrancourt hastened to Mrs. Makesop's, but the good old woman was absent at the sea-side; thence he proceeded to his solicitor's, with whom he deposited copies of the various documents, evidence, and certificates necessary to the establishment of his claims before an Eng-

lish court. These matters being arranged, he communicated to Lord Colnbrook his intention of proceeding the same evening to Beverley, with a view of surprising Delmore and his daughter.

"Nothing is now wanting to my happiness," said Arthur, "but the consent of that dear being to our immediate union."

"I think it will be more prudent for you to write before you go down thither," answered Lord Colnbrook, whose manner became extremely serious.

"What can you mean, Colnbrook?" demanded Arthur, observing the sudden alteration in his friend's manner.

"I will fairly tell you, that my last accounts were not favourable," rejoined Lord Colnbrook.

Beverley turned excessively pale, and said, "Speak the truth, Colnbrook, but do not torture me with suspense, — what has occurred?"

"Why, she has never recovered the shock which her feelings received, on reading the account of your duel in Paris, where you were

said to be mortally wounded; her health has gradually declined ever since."

"Good God! why did not Delmore communicate this horrible intelligence to me?"

"Why should he have added to your misery by announcing such intelligence?"

"It would have been more merciful than to permit it to come upon me by surprise. What are your latest accounts?"

After a little hesitation, Lord Colnbrook replied, "I would have you be prepared for the worst."

"Oh, say the truth, Colnbrook, I implore you—I can bear it—I am inured to suffering—Is she—dead?"

"On my honour, I know not," answered the Marquess; "but when last I heard, her life was despaired of."

A bitter groan burst from poor Arthur's innermost soul. After some moments' consideration he said, "Let me have four horses; I will not lose a moment! What are life, honours, and rank, without her! Will you lend me your carriage; I shall thereby gain time?"

"I will accompany you myself," answered

Lord Colnbrook. "I also wish to see the neighbourhood—I too, my dear friend—But no more of that." Then ringing the bell, the carriage was ordered; and in the course of three or four hours the two young men had left London many miles behind them.

## CHAPTER XVI.

In despite of the traveller's anxiety, it was late on the succeeding evening ere they reached the post-town distant a few miles from Beverley. Arthur being desirous that his arrival should, for the present, be a secret from the neighbourhood; and Lord Colnbrook having also his own motives for concealment, they resolved to leave the carriage and servants at ——, and to proceed to the end of their journey on horseback. Aware that his features were familiar to nearly the whole population, Arthur stopped at a newly erected inn, on the outskirts of the town, where, from the lateness of the hour, and its being kept by a stranger, (as appeared by the inscription under the sign of "Giles, late Stud Groom to the Earl of Roxmere,") he thought

there was less probability of his being recognised, than if he alighted at the principal hotel. Being admitted, and having, for form sake, ordered supper, which the host said would require an hour to prepare, Arthur proposed that they should, in the mean time, stroll towards the vicarage; the nearest footpath to which traversed the village church-yard.

As the two friends entered the little wicket, which opened into it, they became silent; a sentiment of veneration, not unmixed with awe, stole over them. It was a lovely night, — the moon shone bright and clear, — myriads of glittering stars spangled the firmament, and shed their rays upon the simple monuments which marked the last abode of the departed villagers. A light and balmy breeze cooled the air, and gently fanned the drooping branches of the weeping ash and willow, which here and there waved above the narrow mansions of the dead. As the two friends passed by the belfry of the church, whose turret cast its lengthened shadow over a portion of the burial-ground, whilst the rest was strongly illuminated

by the moonbeams, they were startled by seeing the figure of a man hanging over one of the tombstones. The instant this person perceived them he started, stood for a moment erect, lifted his hand towards heaven, and then precipitately quitted the spot. There was an extraordinary resemblance between the figure of this man and that of Delmore. An unaccountable shudder, a horrible presentiment, came across the mind of Arthur: he looked—the grave near which the man had stood was newly made; it was that, also, of a young female, for garlands and flowers were strewed around; they were still fresh, they had not even lost their lustre; the night-dew sparkled on their leaves.

Arthur's heart's-blood chilled in his veins:—he grasped Lord Colnbrook's hand, and pointing with his finger, said in a low voice, "All is over." Quitting his friend's hand, and springing forward, the Marquess approached the grave, and instantly called out, "You are wrong, you are wrong."—D'Avrancourt awoke as from a frightful dream, and in an instant more he was at the side of his companion, and

read the following words traced upon a plain white marble tablet:

The Flower of Beverley,
Blighted by the Storm,
Lies Here.

"It is the grave of Jane Lawson, the unhappy girl whose history I once recounted to you," said Arthur, when he had in some degree recovered himself; "and I conclude that the man whom I mistook for Delmore must be her father, though I understood the poor fellow had died of a broken heart." Then quitting the still abodes of death, and walking rapidly across the fields, they soon reached the vicarage.

Leaving Lord Colnbrook in the lane, Arthur sprung over the low fence which separated the pleasure-grounds from the paddock, and immediately found himself in the little flower-garden, Miss Delmore's favourite resort. He looked around,—it was neglected; the hand of its gentle mistress had evidently for some time ceased to attend to it;—the ground was parched, the plants were withered; even the refreshing night-dew seemed to have no effect upon the few drooping flowers which faintly bloomed around.

With a heavy spirit and melancholy foreboding, Arthur approached the house; its inmates were retired to rest; there was no noise, no lights, even the watch-dogs slumbered or heard not. —Indescribable sentiments of emotion filled D'Avrancourt's bosom; a thousand remembrances of the happy days of his childhood flashed across his mind;—he could have wept, but the tears came not; in their place a suffocating sob burst from his heart. Half fearing to discover some confirmation of his fears, he looked at Lucy's window; it was closed,—he crept closer and listened,—all was silent; he strained his eyes to catch a ray of light; but there was none, or else the moonbeams glittering on the panes overpowered it. Suddenly there was a noise within: he listened with breathless anxiety. Oh happiness! A voice was audible,—it was that of Delmore calling down the blessing of the Almighty, as he bade his child good night; and in a moment Lucy herself replied, in accents of filial tenderness, to the good man's prayer.

Arthur's bosom now throbbed with new-born joy. "She lives! she lives! I have heard her voice, my friend," exclaimed he in an ecstasy

of delight, as he rejoined Lord Colnbrook, "and with God's blessing, ere a month is past, she shall be mistress of all these wide domains; —but come, I have no inclination to sleep, suppose we stroll through the park and return by the sea-side; I long once more to approach the dear old castle; we have no other arms than these my pocket-pistols, and shall not, I hope, be taken for poachers or smugglers; besides, there cannot be any indelicacy in it, as Maltby and his family are absent."

Lord Colnbrook consented to Arthur's proposition, and in a few minutes they found themselves within the noble park. After reaching the sea-side, and standing for a while to admire the beautiful effect of the moon's light upon the bay, they continued along the cliffs, and entered the plantations which skirted the base of the castle.

Upon turning the angle of the southern bastion, in the curtain of which was situated the late Countess's boudoir, to the surprise of both, they found they had been misinformed as to the absence of the family; for the room was

lighted, and through the folding glass-doors they perceived Lady Roxmere, clad in mourning, and seated near a table, upon which reposed the marble figure of a recumbent infant. Alas! poor thing, she had lost her sole worldly consolation,—her only child. She appeared in the deepest affliction; her cheeks were wan and pale; and her eyes, which were lifted up as if in the act of prayer, were dimmed with tears; yet never in the height of dress and splendour did she appear more beautiful.

Colnbroook started with surprise and admiration; he trembled violently; his first impulse was to rush into the room, and to throw himself at her feet—he had not seen her since the night of their meeting at Maltby. Observing the agitation of his friend, Arthur whispered in his ear,—

"If we stay here a moment longer, we shall compromise her honour; *he* may come—Hark! I hear footsteps in the corridor—See! she throws her black veil over the marble—it is her husband!"

Then putting his arm within that of his

friend, he tore him from the spot, and rapidly crossing the park, did not stop until they reached the path leading to the inn.

During this time neither the Marquess nor Arthur uttered a word; the former seemed too deeply affected by what he had seen to enter into conversation; whilst the latter was unwilling to allude to a subject of such delicacy. They were, however, suddenly aroused by the report of fire-arms in the direction of the Castle. "Ah! the smugglers at their old tricks," exclaimed Arthur, the exploits of his boyhood returning fresh to his memory. "I know their signal; if that bank did not prevent it, we should see a light near the Ness; they are going to run a cargo—but come, I will for once derange their plans." Taking from his bosom his pistols, and running up the neighbouring acclivity, he fired both barrels. "There," said he, "that 's the signal for the revenue officers being on the alert; and it will be answered by a gun from the vessel, which by the wind must be lying off the Merman—they 'll cellar, and not run; and with this breeze they 'll be off the Texel by daybreak."

Lord Colnbrook was too much occupied with his own reflections, to pay much attention to Arthur's learned observations upon the movements of the smugglers—the latter, therefore, again relapsed into silence; nor did he attempt to renew the conversation until they reached the inn.

Having finished the repast which was placed before them, they were on the point of retiring to rest, when they heard the sound of horses' feet galloping up to the house door. The rider stopped, and called loudly for the landlord—then there were exclamations, runnings to and fro, talking, oaths, and after a while, the horsemen galloped on. Whilst they were wondering at the cause of this disturbance, the host entered; there was something extremely mysterious, and even insolent in his manner—he walked round the room, stared at his guests, examined their persons from head to foot, and under pretence of removing some glasses, took up the pistols (which Arthur had placed on the table), cast his eyes on the pans, and without speaking, retired. "Hang the rogue!" exclaimed Lord Colnbrook: "he looked as sus-

picious as if he thought we intended stealing his silver tankard; but *tel Maitre, tel Valet;* what can one expect from a man educated in Mr. Maltby's stables?"

"It is fortunate my pistols were unloaded, or, I verily believe, he would have suspected us of an intent to murder," replied Arthur.

"To prevent a recurrence of his insolence, and of our being lodged in the cage for knocking him down, suppose we retire," replied Lord Colnbrook, wishing D'Avrancourt good night.

On approaching the door, to the amazement of both, it was found secured on the outside, and from the grating of feet in the passage, was evidently well guarded. In vain they called, stamped, rung, and threatened to kick through the pannels; no answer was returned; until at last, after a quarter of an hour past in fruitless efforts to obtain their release, the noise of several persons approaching the house was heard; the door was thrown open, two or three constables, attended by a dozen men, armed with bludgeons, hay-forks, and blunderbusses, rushed in, darted upon the young nobleman, and exclaim-

ing, "We arrest you in the King's name for murder!" instantly pinioned and secured them.

"For murder! arrest us for murder!" exclaimed Arthur, endeavouring to free himself from the vice-like gripe of the sturdy hinds who held him by the collar; "here is some horrible mistake."

"For murder!" re-echoed Lord Colnbrook, "are you mad? beware what you are about, or by Heavens you shall suffer for this false and infamous accusation."

"Down with 'em! kill 'em! tie their hands!" and a hundred other exclamations now burst from the assembling crowd.

"You will, at least, tell us, whose murder we are accused of," said Arthur, struggling with his captors.

"Why, my Lord's! and you know it well enough," was the general reply.

"What Lord?" again demanded Arthur.

"Why, Lord Roxmere, to be sure," answered a dozen voices.

"Lord Roxmere!" ejaculated both prisoners, "impossible! we saw him alive within this hour."

"Constables, do your duty; hearken, they confess having seen his lordship, within this hour," observed a little consequential man, who had hitherto taken up a safe position behind the landlady. In vain both noblemen solemnly declared their innocence and ignorance of the horrid crime imputed to them; every circumstance was unfavourable. The suspicious mode of their arrival—their having immediately quitted the house at that unusual hour—the pistols recently discharged—their own confession of having seen the murdered nobleman, as well as the agitated manner of Lord Colnbrook; whilst to add to D'Avrancourt's distress, as well as the chain of probabilities against him, he had been quickly recognised as the claimant to the dead man's title. Numbers of the inhabitants had entered, with a shudder of astonishment and horror, and turned away; for much as Lord Roxmere was detested by the townspeople, yet the idea of assassination, so abhorrent to an English mind, excited their pity for the murdered Earl, and their abhorrence of the supposed assassin.

After whispering for some moments with the landlord and others, the man who had previously

spoken, and who, as it appeared, was an attorney, said: "If you have any thing to state, gentlemen, it will be most prudent to reserve it for another place; I should strongly advise you not to add to the mass of evidence against you, by saying any thing which might criminate yourselves;" then turning to the chief constable, he added, "I think the best plan will be to take them at once before the nearest magistrate, obtain a warrant, and convey them at once to ———; to-morrow is the first day of the assize." This advice was adopted; and it was determined to proceed forthwith to the vicarage, Mr. Delmore happening to be the nearest magistrate. "Not there, not there! for mercy's sake, gentlemen," said Arthur, when he heard this decision; "it will kill her; rather convey me direct to prison."

Several of the most respectable townspeople now came forward, independent of their natural attachment to Arthur, and their grief at seeing one, whose name was cherished with reverence by all classes, in such a horrible situation. They were aware of Miss Delmore's affection for Arthur, as well as her state of health,

and were unanimous in endeavouring to persuade the constables, of whom the landlord himself was the chief, to spare Mr. Delmore and his daughter the frightful scene. Their humane efforts were overruled; the attorney's plan was adopted; and the miserable D'Avrancourt and his friend having been handcuffed and placed in separate postchaises, were conveyed to the vicarage.

The bewilderment and agony of Arthur's mind, as they proceeded to Delmore's abode, are difficult to describe. To be suspected, even for a moment, of a crime, at the bare idea of which his soul revolted, would have been enough at any time to have overwhelmed him with shame and distress; but it was more than his fortitude could sustain, to be directly accused of its perpetration, and that also accompanied with such an overwhelming weight of circumstantial evidence, as he himself felt was more than sufficient to condemn any man. His situation was indeed most horrible. Not only was the probability of an ignominious death before him, but his imprudence had also involved the character, and perhaps the life, of

his friend. He was about to appear before him, whom he regarded as a second parent, not as he had fondly hoped, reinstated in honour, wealth, and dignity, but as a cowardly assassin, a cold-blooded, dastardly murderer; whilst, oh horrible thought! she who had remained constant to him, through all the vicissitudes of fortune,—she who had honoured his memory, and gloried in his widowed affections, long after his supposed death,—must now (if she survived the shock) abhor his very name, and cast, with loathing, from her heart every recollection of his existence. Immediate death would have been preferable to the anguish of his heart, as the vehicle drew up at the door of the vicarage.

It was with difficulty that Delmore could support the fearful intelligence which awaited him, when, on descending to his library, he was informed of the crime which had been committed, and that the murderer was Beverley. Overwhelmed with grief and astonishment, he stood for several minutes unable to speak or move; then suddenly remembering his daughter, and fearing lest she should discover the presence

of her lover, he hastened to her chamber-door, and bidding her not to be alarmed, said that the disturbance arose from two smugglers accused of shooting at the revenue officers having been brought for examination; then throwing himself on his knees, and praying for fortitude, he returned to his library, and ordered the prisoners to be brought before him.

The fine countenance of Lord Colnbrook, upon entering the room, was pale and serious, but he betrayed no symptoms of fear or trepidation. Though he was fully aware of the peril of his situation, conscious innocence gave him courage—and with that respect which every Englishman (however exalted his rank) feels for the laws of the land, he bowed respectfully to the magistrate, and awaited the further proceedings. Arthur had also endeavoured to suppress his feelings; but on finding himself in the presence of Delmore, who stood trembling before him, his courage forsook him. Darting forward, and raising his manacled hands to heaven, he exclaimed,

"Delmore! by that great God who sees into

our inmost hearts, we are innocent, entirely innocent!"

"I believe it, I believe it from the bottom of my soul; and may *his* divine mercy aid you to establish it!" replied the unhappy clergyman as he leant upon his desk for support; and then in a feeble voice he added, "Where are the witnesses?—Clerk! take down the depositions."

In addition to the circumstantial evidence already detailed, several domestics from the Castle stated, that between half-past eleven and twelve o'clock, the Earl had been seen to enter the Countess's boudoir, and was shortly heard to make use of the most violent and abusive language. Indeed it was supposed, from Lady Roxmere's sobs and entreaties, that he had struck her. At this moment, however, the report of fire-arms, followed by the most piercing shrieks, resounded through the castle; the affrighted domestics rushed to the apartment, and there found Lord Roxmere weltering in his blood, and the Countess lying senseless by his body—one bullet had pierced his heart, another his throat; he was dead. Immediate search

being made for the perpetrators of the horrible deed, the marks of footsteps, corresponding precisely with the boots of the prisoners, were found on the sand walks opposite the shattered window through which the balls had passed; and this, said one of the witnesses, taking a silk handkerchief from his pocket,—this I picked up, your worship, close to the corner of the southern bastion." To the horror of Arthur, and almost all persons present, the words Arthur Beverley were worked in the corner of the fatal handkerchief.

Any asseverations of innocence, any attempts to explain the truth in the face of such varied and fearful testimony, was useless; and the miserable Delmore was at length obliged to sign the warrant for the committal of the prisoners to the county jail. "I have now done my duty as a magistrate," said he, "let me now fulfil that of a friend and parent;" and he threw himself upon Arthur's shoulder. "I will not leave you until your fate is determined:—but oh, my poor girl! my poor girl!" exclaimed the unhappy father, "this blow will kill her."—"Stay with her, for God's sake! conceal it from her; do any thing

but tell her of my dreadful situation," answered D'Avrancourt; if I am doomed to die, the knowledge of her sufferings will be a double death." Delmore could only reply by sobs, whilst tears bedewed the cheeks of almost all the spectators. —"Come, gentlemen," said Arthur, resuming all his firmness, do your duty—I am ready to attend you.—Forgive me, my dear Colnbrook," added he, addressing the Marquess, "my imprudence, alas! has involved you!—I am doomed to bring misfortune and sorrow on all those who approach me."

"The fault is more my own than yours; it is I that have need of *your* forgiveness," replied the generous nobleman.

"God bless you, Delmore," said D'Avrancourt, turning to the clergyman, "if"—and he looked upwards,—"if Delmore—it must be—you will not forsake me in my last moments.—Come, Colnbrook, let me show you the way;" and he moved towards the door.

At this moment the sound of voices was heard in the passage, and a man dressed in the garb of a sailor rushed through the crowd into the apartment, and throwing down a large horse-

pistol, cried out, "Stop, stop,—Mr. Arthur is innocent! there is the instrument which did the deed, and here the hand which pulled the trigger: 'twas I killed him!" The spectators started back; a general exclamation arose of, "Lawson, Harry Lawson!!"—"Even so," replied the sailor; then in a deep and solemn voice he continued, "He blasted the honour of my family for ever,—he brought my father's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave,—and my sister's fate is known to you;—I sought satisfaction at his hands, he refused me, struck me;—I swore to avenge the injuries of my family and my own honour; this night I swore it on my sister's grave.—Hah! hah! hah!" said he, bursting into a frightful laugh, which seemed to partake of madness or violent excitement. "I caught the monster in the act of striking his wife; curses and oaths were on his lips—I fired, and thus I sent him to his great account." The bystanders shrunk back with terror.—"Fear not," said he, turning round and presenting his hands calmly to the constables, "I am your prisoner,—I am prepared to die."

A second door, which D'Avrancourt had not observed from its being marked with books, now opened. A female figure, in the greatest disorder, rushed into the room, and throwing herself upon her knees, exclaimed, "Beverley! Beverley!—he is, he must be innocent!"

"As yourself, young lady," said the sailor.

"God, I thank thee!" ejaculated Miss Delmore, and she burst into tears.

In an instant D'Avrancourt was at her side, raised her up, and pressing her to his heart, exclaimed, "Not Beverley, not the outcast Beverley; but the acknowledged heir to exalted rank and fortune now claims his bride!"

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## POSTSCRIPT.

In little more than a year from this period, the guns from the batteries of Beverley, and a hundred bonfires flaming from the different headlands between the Merman's bridge and the Eastern Ness, announced to the surrounding country the christening of the son and heir

to the Earldom of Roxmere, as well as the marriage of the Marquess of Colnbrook to the widow of the late Godfrey Maltby, Esq.; which double ceremony was performed at the town residence of the former nobleman, by the Right Rev. Henry Delmore, D. D. Bishop of ———, grandfather to the young Viscount.

THE END.

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